Oct. 19, 1968

THE NEW YORKER

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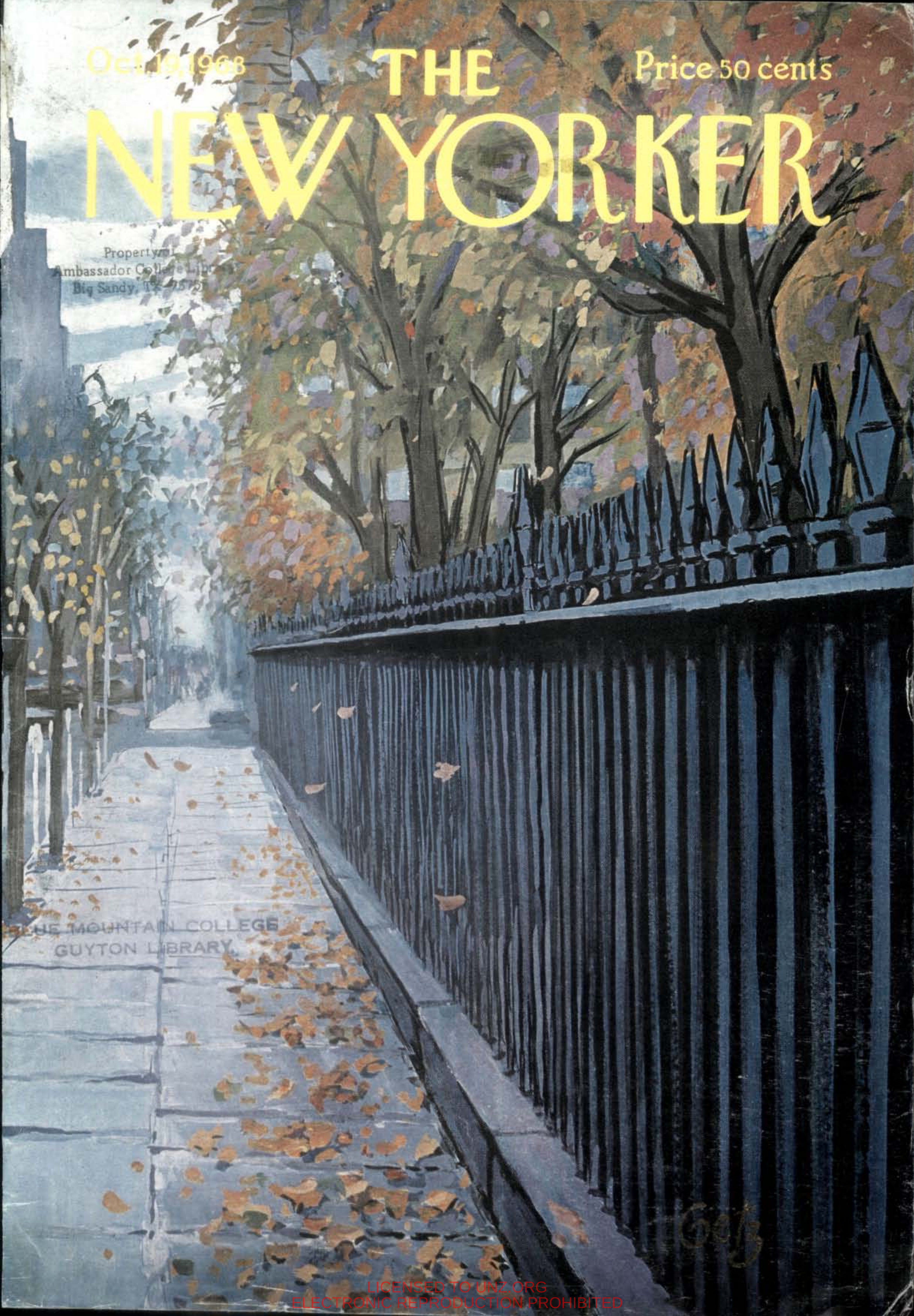

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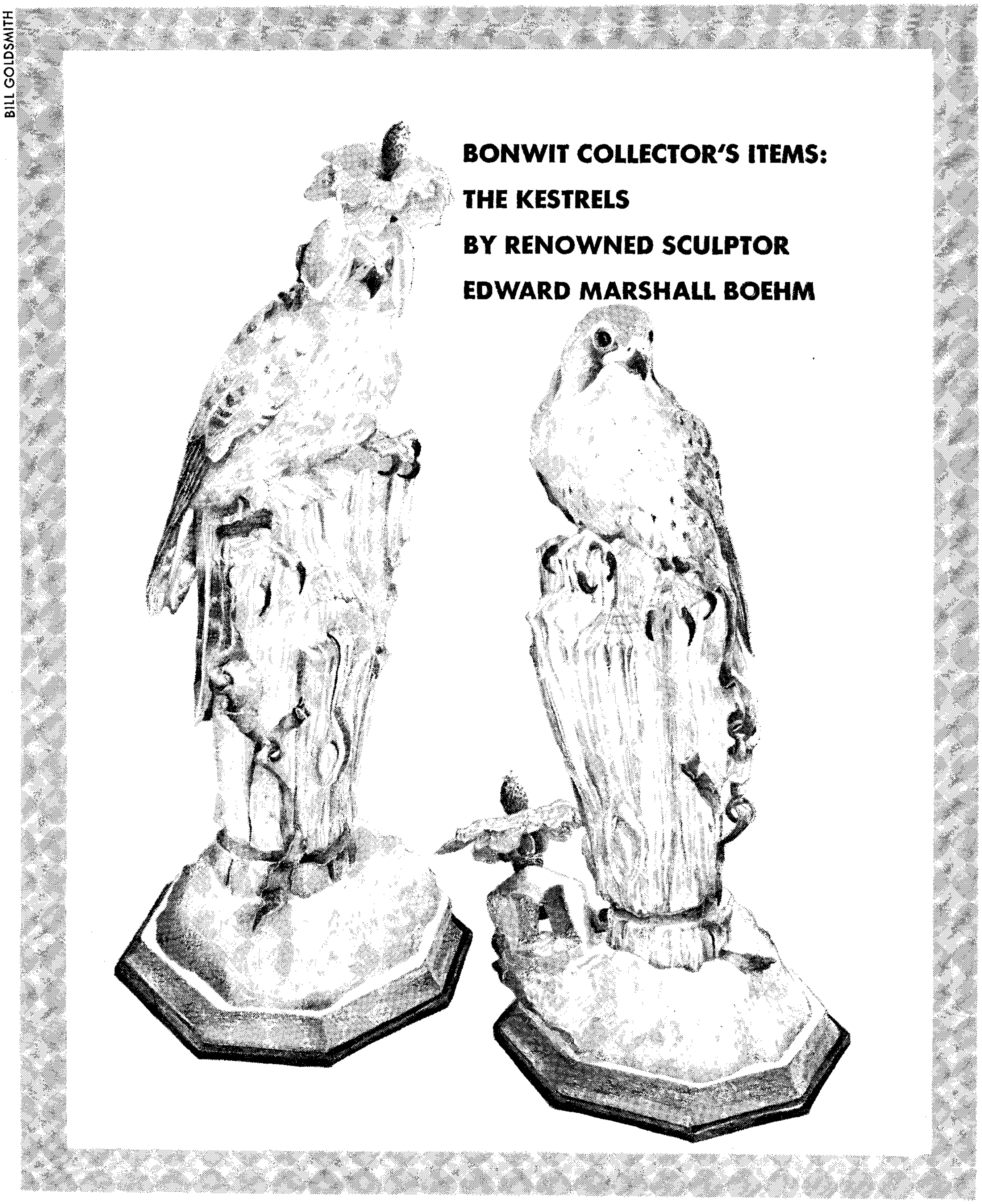

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

APA Repertory Company—T.S. Eliot's **THE COCKTAIL PARTY**: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17-18, at 8:30, and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30. . . . ¶ Molière's **THE MISANTHROPE**, in an adaptation by Richard Wilbur: Monday, Oct. 21, at 8:30; Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 2 and 8:30; Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24-25, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30 and 8:30. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877.)

Before I Wake—Martin Donegan and Vincent McNally in Trevor Reese's dramatization of the seventeen-year friendship of F. Scott Fitzgerald and Ernest Hemingway. (Greenwich Mews, 141 W. 13th St. 243-6800. Mondays through Thursdays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Cannibals—A play by George Tabori, with an all-male cast. Season subscribers (twenty or fifteen dollars) only. Membership performances start Thursday, Oct. 17. (American Place, 423 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 7 and Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Closes Saturday, Nov. 23.)

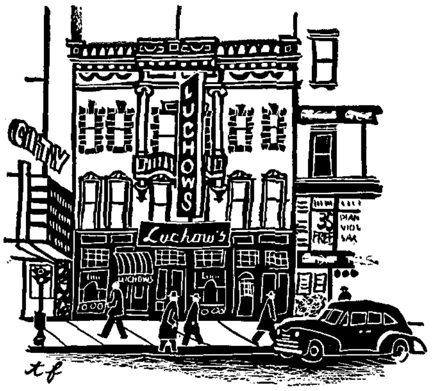
The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—James Earl Jones gives a superb performance in this long, noisy, pageant-like play, loosely based on the life of the Negro prizefighter Jack Johnson. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Living Theatre—The final performances in a three-week repertory of four plays. **MYSTERIES AND SMALLER PIECES**: Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30, and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 1:30. . . . **PARADISE NOW**: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, at 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7:30; and Monday, Oct. 21, at 8:30. . . . **ANTIGONE**: Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26

Lovers—Brian Friel has written a charming, sentimental play about the joys and miseries of Irish lovemaking. Art Carney plays the lead, assisted by several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company. The director is Hilton Edwards, also of the Gate. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—Four clumsy sketches that try hard to be funny and fail. The one crumb of comfort is that the cast is splendid. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Robert Shaw has taken the Eichmann case out of history and into melodrama, and it makes for an exciting if preposterous couple of hours. Donald Pleasence acts his tireless head off in the only part that matters. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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Playwrights Repertory—Beckett's **HAPPY DAYS**: Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:40, and Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:40 and 8:40. . . . ¶ Edward Albee's **BOX** and **QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG**: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19; Monday, Oct. 21; and Friday, Oct. 25, all at 8:40. . . . ¶ Beckett's **KRAPP'S LAST TAPE** and Albee's **THE ZOO STORY**: Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:40, and Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 23-24, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Albee's **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH** and **THE AMERICAN DREAM**: Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:40, and Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 2. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

Plaza Suite—Three determinedly funny skits by Neil Simon, guaranteeing a laugh a minute. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall are the stars, directed in broad, knockabout fashion by Mike Nichols. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Albert Salmi, Shepperd Strudwick, Kate Reid, and David Burns carry on a long, sometimes funny but mostly lacerating conversation in the gloomy attic of an old New York town house. It is good to have the playwright, Arthur Miller, mixing a few jokes in with his usual grim family flayings. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tea Party and **The Basement**—Two one-act comedies by Harold Pinter. Directed by James Hammerstein. (Eastside Playhouse, 334 E. 74th St. UN 1-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Bombed in New Haven—A play by Joseph Heller, starring Jason Robards and Diana Sands. The director is John Hirsch. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER**: A trifle by Abe Burrows that has to do with a philandering dentist, his doxy, and his starchy secretary. Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton are among those present. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE PRIME OF MISS JEAN BRODIE**: Zoe Caldwell in a comic study by Jay Allen of a half-mad Scottish schoolteacher and her adoring pupils. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD**: Tom Stoppard's account of how things might have gone in Denmark if the spotlight had been turned on R. & G. instead of on Hamlet. Brian Murray and John Wood lead the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly at 8:30. Matinée Saturday at 2:30. Closes Saturday, Oct. 19.) . . . **SCUBA DUBA**: Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING**: A quartet of brief plays by Robert Anderson about sex and concomitant confu-

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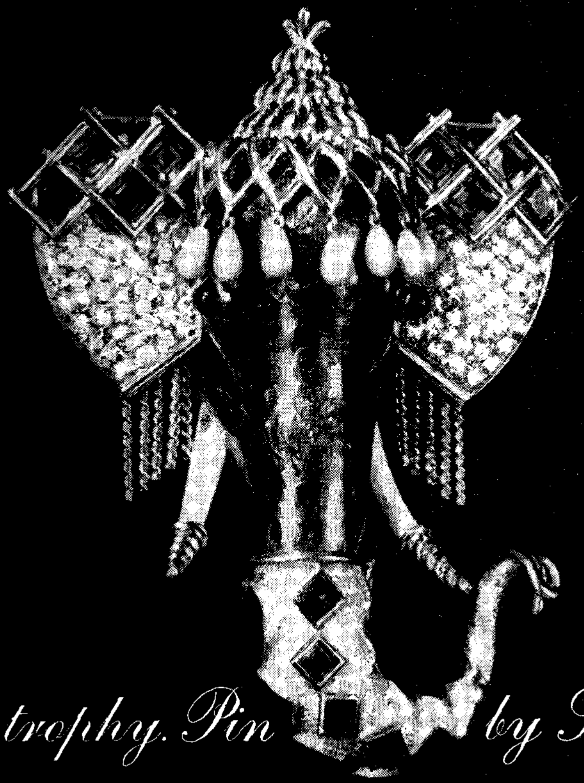

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sions. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

George M!—A sketchy account of a great performer who appears to have been singularly unlikable in private life. With Joel Grey as Cohan. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about hard times in Las Vegas—a preposterous subject, redeemed in part by many bouncy girls and fancy stage effects. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—Lots of clatter in lots of clutter, and the sooner your mind gives way the happier you will be. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Her First Roman—Richard Kiley and Leslie Uggams in Ervin Drake's musical, based on Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra." Directed by Derek Goldby. Previews through Saturday, Oct. 19. Opens officially on Sunday, Oct. 20. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. 586-5555. Nightly at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—A musical with music and lyrics by Oscar Brand and a book by William F. Brown. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Just for Love—A musical devised by and starring Jill Showell and Henry Comor. The score is by Michael Valenti. Opens Thursday, Oct. 17. (Provincetown, 133 Macdougal St. 477-4410. Opening-night curtain at 7; thereafter Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Maggie Flynn—Shirley Jones and Jack Cassidy in a musical with book, music, and lyrics by Hugo Peretti, Luigi Creatore, and George David Weiss, the book in collaboration with Morton DaCosta. Staged by Mr. DaCosta. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 22. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 23. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. 246-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—A tiny Israeli musical, mostly in Yiddish. If you don't know Yiddish, *oi!* (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CABARET:** Germany just before the Nazis took control. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec are among those in the cast. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **CURLEY MCDIMPLE:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.) ... **THE FANTASTICKS:** Place 6¢ stamp here. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FIDDLER ON THE ROOF:** Harry Goz in a saga derived from some Sholom Aleichem tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **HELLO, DOLLY!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAME:** A musical interpretation of the Patrick Dennis novel *about an antic aunt and an orphaned nephew* committed to her care. Janis Paige is the lady in question. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **MAN OF LA MANCHA:** Dale Wasserman's adaptation of "Don Quixote," with music by Mitch Leigh. Robert Wright plays the title role. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **YOU'RE A GOOD MAN, CHARLIE BROWN:** "Peanuts" turned into a musical. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **YOUR OWN THING:** As this rock musical goes its way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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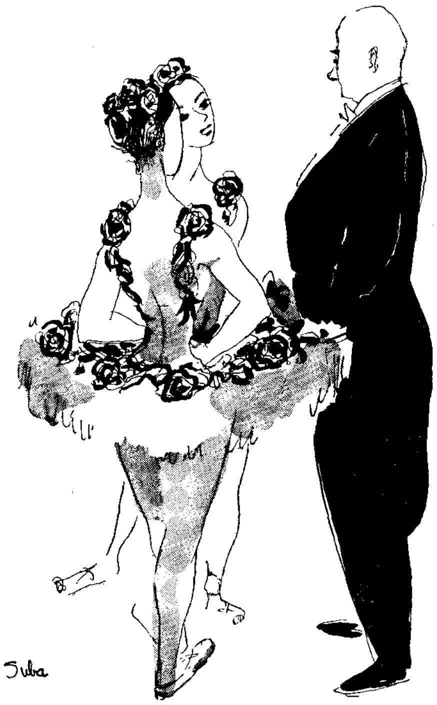
BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

City Center Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of the engagement—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30: "Moves," "Fanfarita," "Elegy," and "A Light Fantastic."...¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Opus 65," "Fanfarita," and "Astarte."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Con Amore," and "A Light Fantastic."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."...¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Secret Places," and "The Clowns."...¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8: "Moves," "Astarte," "Sea Shadow," and "Viva Vivaldi!" (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Martha Graham and Dance Company—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, Nov. 3—Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 7:30: "Seraphic Dialogue," "The Plain of Prayer," and "Alcestis."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:30: "Diversion of Angels," "Dark Meadow," and "A Time of Snow."...¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30: "Errand into the Maze," "Part Real—Part Dream," and "Cortege of Eagles."...¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: "The Plain of Prayer," "Dark Meadow," and "A Time of Snow." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434.)



Romanian Folk Ballet—Final performances of a one-week engagement by a company of a hundred dancers, singers, and musicians. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17-18, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:30 and 7.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 16.)

Gilbert Bécaud—The French bard, singing his own songs in both French and English. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Oct. 27.)

Victor Borge—Plus several other performers, including Marni Nixon, Leonid Hambro, and members of the New York Philharmonic and the Royal Danish Ballet, in a benefit show. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

"Cadillac Dreams"—Benefit performances of a comedy by Norman Jordan, produced by the Harlem Dramatic Arts Theatre. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 17-19, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 9-3108.)

La Contrescarpe—A French cabaret show consisting of songs, comedy, and satire. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

OUTLYING PRECINCTS

Plumstead Playhouse—*Ben Hecht's and Charles* MacArthur's **THE FRONT PAGE,** with Robert Ryan, Henry Fonda, Anne Jackson, Anthony George, John McGiver, Estelle Parsons, and John Beal. (Mineola Theatre, Mineola, L.I. Thursday at 8:30; Friday at 9; Saturday at 6 and 9:30; and Sunday at 7:30. For tickets, call 291-5551 in New York. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and cider are representative of the drinks, and the quarters are cramped, but the entertainment sometimes overshadows the wooden benches. The Caldwell-Winfield Blues Band heads the show. Starting Wednesday, Oct. 23, folk singers Joni Mitchell and Neil Young will be around. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—Dim, congenial, *echt.* Moby Grape, an unpredictable, hard-rock group from San Francisco, is on the bill through Thursday, Oct. 17. Various other groups will perform during the following week, and on Friday, Oct. 25, the Junior Wells Blues Band will move in. At eight-thirty each night, the Theatre of the Ridiculous is presenting a far-out production called "The Moke-Eater." The music begins at ten-thirty. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Some fairly provocative jazz from eleven to one—on piano and bass, with horns sitting in occasionally—as well as dining and drinking in a serene, red-brick setting. No live music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—No strain. It's an easeful spot. The

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

bandstand is in the middle of the bar, which is in the middle of the room, which is large enough for tables and a dance floor. The Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet is playing some satisfying, fairly salubrious jazz. On Tuesday, Oct. 22, another combo will succeed them. Some Italian dishes are served. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—An honest kind of place for traditional listening, where the patrons seem as much at home as the musicians—Freddy Moore, Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, and Marshall Brown. They play a confident, hale Dixieland from nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—Eighteen-nineties rinky-dink, complete with fire engine, but the banjo band is above average, and has even been known to come up with its own alluvial arrangements of some Top-Forty tunes, for what they're worth. Old movies are shown from time to time. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH 4-9682)—Another ode to the banjo—a small, neighborly place where people can buy straw hats and frilly garters and commune with their ancestors. The three-man band twangs from nine to three or four. The peanuts are free.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Keep walking—you'll get there eventually. It's a dark and elemental hole whose clientele knows pretty much where it's at. The Robin Kenyatta quintet is playing nightly. On Tuesday, Oct. 22, the Yusef Lateef quartet will take over. On Saturday, Oct. 19, from five to nine, the Harold Vick quartet will perform before the regular session, and on Sunday, Oct. 20, the Substructure, a multi-tuba organization, will do the same. Monday, Oct. 21, from nine to three, will be turned over to singer Marge Eliot.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—In the rustic upstairs you can drink or dine while listening to the polished, often intricate sounds of the Bill Evans trio. On Mondays, the trio is off, and new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, the Thelonious Monk quartet alternates with the Charles Lloyd quartet. On Thursday, Oct. 17, and then from Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 22-24, Gordon Rose and the Generation Gap will perform.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A subsurface box in which music stays near the van. Its present occupant is the Kenny Burrell quartet. Sunday, Oct. 20, is allocated to Chuck Israels' sixteen-piece band, and Monday, Oct. 21, is reserved for the loud and sometimes experimental sounds of the Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, performances by the DMZ, an incisive political revue, precede the music, which begins at about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Collard greens and black-eyed peas are on the menu, and sawdust is on the floor. The jazz, swingingly subdued, is on piano and bass; Nat Jones and Herman Wright play Monday through Wednesday, and Lance Hayward and Bill Lee play Thursday through Sunday, from eight-thirty to two. When the musicians take a break, you can go to the jukebox and play "Down in the Boondocks."

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Gosh, gang, here's *another* one of those places where you can put on boaters and listen to a banjo band and drink beer from mugs. Now and then, a girl sings songs of the past ("Button Up Your Overcoat," etc.). On Sundays, the fun runs from four-thirty to closing.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—A faintly Britannic, Plasticine scene for people who like to be thought of as swingers. Tiny tables, a minimal light show, and rampant recorded rock that shifts to the rampant live sound of the Younger Society. On Tuesday, Oct. 22, the Epitomé will succeed the Society. Dining is possible. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—A small restaurant-discothèque whose advantages manage to outweigh its pretensions. Waiters glide about discreetly, and the trappings—lacquered cabinets, Teutonic chandeliers, gilded griffins, and the like—are for sale. The clientele looks imperturbable, and the dinners are distinctive, if slight. Dancing to records from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

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Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—Pin-striped wallpaper, red velvet draperies, and moody, muted murals are reminiscent of the years 1795-99, when France wasn't quite making it. The cuisine—dinner and supper—is good, and a generally svelte-looking crowd dances to records on a small dance floor from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—Wow. Lights flash, flicker, and run, and clownish acrobats do unnerving, skillful feats while the customers groove on the elaborately gyro-undulating scene. Jeremy Steig and the Satyrs alternate with records over a potent system. On Tuesday, Oct. 22, the Smubbs will replace them. Alcohol is out. Closed Mondays.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—Kind of a cool place. Dancers swing expertly on the parquet floor, and the records stay up. Recorded music from nine to three or four through the week and from eight on Fridays. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—A fairly low-keyed, dressy establishment with Ivy overtones, where the lights are dim and the music is less than urgent. Table reservations are recommended on weekends. Without them, you can stand at the minuscule bar. The supper menu is sturdy enough. Closed Sundays.

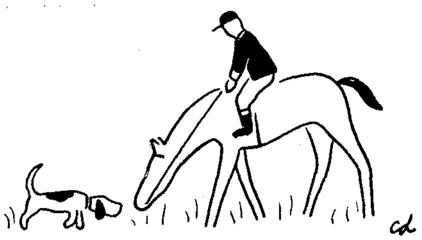
Salvation Too, 30 Central Park S. (PL 2-4365)—The alter ego of the Penthouse Club, which at ten each night ceases to be a restaurant and becomes a discothèque, complete with a Day-Glo floor, strobe lights, and recorded music that owes much of its vitality to Stax-Volt. Snacks are served. The view is magnificent. Things run till three or four.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Ceiling fans turn, and a sphinx guards the door. Is it the Nile? Musically speaking, it's the Mersey, Lake Michigan, or sometimes (good grief!) the Danube. Between record sets, a singer named Billy Fellows can be heard. A substantial dinner menu. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—An indoor street of sorts, with many aspects of an outdoor one—trees, lampposts, a bar, café tables, and shops. Dancing on the pavement to records, from seven to three or four. It sounds contrived, but it works.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Trafalgar Square has been crossed with a barn dance, updated, and Modified—see how it runs. The place moves, and so do the folk, whose dress is casual and whose look is knowledgeable. Los Bandidos, a rock group, alternates with records, which are mostly contemporary juke. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—Paisley walls in a burnished underground cave, with music that comes on big and stays there disc after disc. Action nightly from nine-thirty to three-thirty, with reservations a good idea on weekends, when standees wait patiently at the door. Crêpes and other light fare are available at street level. All the comely people—where do they all come from?



OTHER DANCING

(Dining, too.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Here every bracket is upper, and up, too, is the music of the spheres—the social ones, of course—that goes on every single night in the Café Pierre. It comes from Phil Wayne's band Mondays and Tuesdays, from Stanley Worth's band Wednesdays through Sundays; Ellen Harwicke, whose specialty is song with piano, fills in the chinks between the Worth sets. . . . **El Morocco**, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): It no longer looks like the Morocco of other years, and no longer sounds like it, because Peter Duchin's live-for-the-day band chortles in one corner and a discus thrower tosses his wares upon a turntable between sets. Closed Sundays. . . . **Delmonico's**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): The restaurant is paved with good intentions, such as a take-your-time menu, a workable expanse of parquet, and the resolute beat of the little band run by Ernie Warren, who has spent a night-lifetime at this sort of music. Eight to one in mid-week, eight to two Saturdays, not at all Sundays and Mondays. . . . **The Riverboat**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): The irresistible force of the drums propelled by Buddy Rich leaves no immovable objects when his band sets to, at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty every night but Sunday. Other music, too, beginning at six and ending at one-thirty. . . . **Roseland Dance City**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Old Colonial artifacts like the foxtrot and the two-step have been in the family so long that someone has set up a big, comfortable *musée* for them and their practitioners. Argueso's Latin crew is spelled by a pair of North American units; all are on view every night but Monday. Seven-thirty until one, mostly; Sundays, though, begin at 3:30 P.M.; Wednesdays run from six-thirty until twelve. The dietary laws are thinning indeed.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The den of the talkative Joan Rivers. The world is her oyster, and not a particularly good one, to hear her tell it—bravely, brightly, and brusquely. Ten and twelve are her witching hours during the week, but she strikes thrice Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Fear not the Greeks bearing guitars, the Armenians bearing ouds, the Israelis bearing banter, for they make common cause in this new republic on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean. The principals are Yoel Sharr and Avram Grobard, jokers; Tasso Mavris, guitarist; George Mgrdichian, oudist; and Navida, whose Oriental Twist is practically ritualistic. One may dine as the Israelis do. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

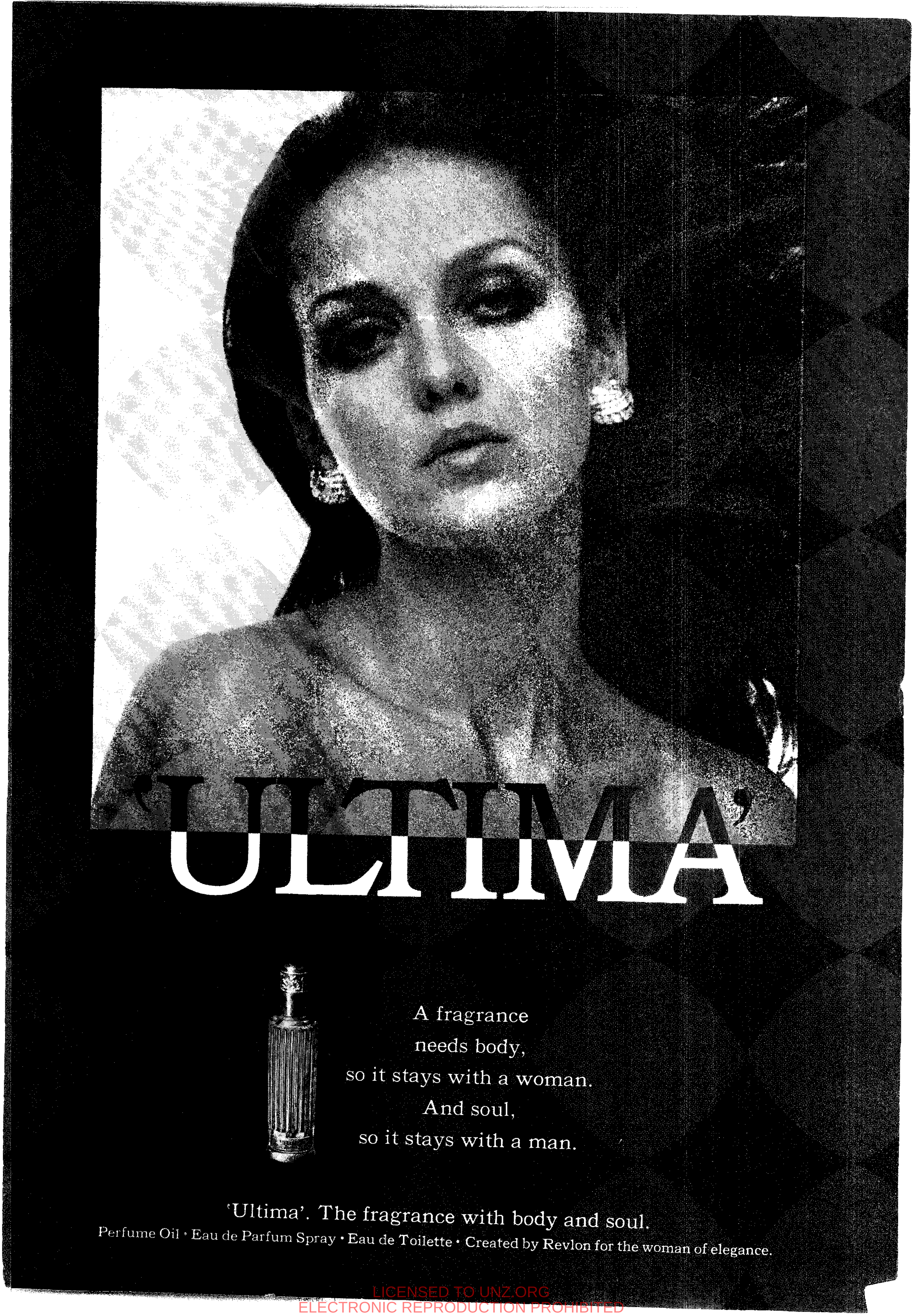
Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—"Instant Replay" is the name of the small boy-and-girl revue that takes place twice a night, except on Sunday. The cast exhibits unflagging zeal and uncertain technique; as for the skits, some are original thought and some are the sincerest form of flattery. Ronny Graham has, though, now been appointed head gardener, and there may soon be a harvest moon.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Tony Sandler (perfect manners and perfect pitch) plays man-about-Europe, jester, and songster during dinner and supper in the Royal Box. The foil off whom he bounces his jests is not quite major-league, but Mr. S. gets by with ease. The estimable orchestra of Lee Evans is a phoenix much more frequent. Closed Sundays.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—The Spanish mainspring here is Los Chavales de España, so romantic in song and story and instrumentation that it would be to die if they ever thought to take the thing at all seriously. The players' stint is dinner and supper during the week, and thrice on Saturdays. . . . ¶ In the much smaller Fla-



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

menco Room, life goes on, too, on a no-nights-off basis, enhanced with guitar from five o'clock on, and voice after nine-thirty. Neither of them stops until way past bedtime.

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jack Jones, tall, handsome, and lord of the manor, is throwing his facile tenor and the weight of a considerable orchestra around, a good deal of them on songs that aren't really worth all the pother. He resigns on Wednesday, Oct. 23, in favor of Don Rickles, a sort of lord of the *bad* manners, who arrives next evening. . . . ¶ The street-level bar undulates, after ten o'clock, to the slinky sight-and-sound you'd find in one of the more acceptable Vegas lounges.

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Back to the days of Latin Quarter yore and glory is where "Les Belles de Nuits," its new extravaganza, is going, bringing on not only *les girls* but an extraordinary European circus turn, the gracile ballet of François Szony and Nancy Claire, and a dawn-patrol song recital by Billy Daniels. Twice an evening, right up to Doomsnight.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Abbe Lane, who holds court, and holds forth, in the fine old Persian Room throughout dinner and supper, is a mixture of mobile and nubile; at times, her singing is little more than incidental. The orchestras of Burt Farber and of Mark Monte make the autumn evenings seem longer and more cheerful. On Tuesday, Oct. 22, Miss L. does her last sashay. Next evening brings on Florence Henderson, who will sing at ten that night, at dinner and supper thereafter. All quiet on Sundays. . . . ¶ In **PLAZA 9—AND ALL THAT JAZZ,** the leader of the pack is the trio of Dorothy Donegan, a jazz cat, true enough, but she's a jazz cat on a hot tin roof, too. Toots Thielemans, maybe the best harmonica man since Larry Adler, has his moment with another threesome, and Mousie Alexander leads an unexpectedly docile dance group. Starter's gun at eight; closed Mondays. . . . ¶ A pianoforte-and-fiddle crew commences its career in the Palm Court, from four-thirty to six-thirty every day, and then moves on to the Edwardian Room (except Sundays). And the Palm Court, ever a thing of beauty, becomes even more a marbled hall in which to dream when, at eight, violin and piano lightly turn their thoughts to Vienna. (No dinner or supper here, though.) Except on Sunday and Monday nights, the violin is the possession of Gunnar Hansen, the majordomo. Someone else fills in on Mondays, and no one shows up on Sundays.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Perched on a highchair, João Gilberto, surveying the world from behind his small, wistful face, sings about love and lovely girls—all the way from the one who walks the beach at Ipanema to the one who rides the clang-clang trolley in St. Louis (this one, too, speaks Portuguese). This enchantment occurs at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty; the quartet of Jonah Jones, beamish and boyishly boisterous, begins at eight. Curfew arrives around two. Closed Sundays.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Julie Wilson, patron saint of the Maisonette, enhances her old home during dinner and supper, carolling calmly and collectedly about big-city life. George Cort and Quintero run the two orchestras that boom away the rest of the time. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Tranquillity and rectitude are the attributes of La Boite, across the way from the Maisonette. Ernest Schoen's Mitteleuropa fiddle and Jules Kuti's piano are paired off in calm interludes of music. Closed Sundays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Saturday, Oct. 19, is the end of the road for Tony Bennett in the Empire Room—the road from San Francisco, where he so willingly left his heart. Dinner and supper are his time of night. On Monday, Oct. 21, Ed Ames will start singing. He will likewise be surrounded by the dance music, seven-thirty until two, of Charles Turecamo's orchestra and the Savages, whose rock can be as hard as their roll. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In Peacock Alley, a rather industrious (almost industrial) trio issues dance tunes from eight until one, and dinner and supper is on the hob. This happens Tuesday through Saturday each week; a piano works out in the bar from four through eight every night but Saturday and Sunday.

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SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The uptown branch of Louis Golson Hawkins' general store in Fort Deposit, Alabama. Southern comfort and Northern gossip are dispensed, along with piano that goes four-hand and furious around about midnight. Mr. H.'s aide in comforting and pianoing is, naturally, Wayne Sanders. Seven until four, if the shoppers are willing. Closed Sundays. . . . **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): Treasure Island as it is today, without pirates but still with a bottle of rum and some yo-ho-ho, this last accomplished by one or another perambulatory West Indian singer. Listening begins between eight and nine during the week, and ends between one and two. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): There are times when it does seem, as one casts an eye about the happy premises, that the don't-trust-anyone-over-eighteen regiment is communing only with itself and the modish, modernist music of Chuck Wayne's triad, which is distributed until late at night. No music Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): A small world, but a good one of its kind, especially when Bobby Short, fitted out with two sidemen, gets to his piano and his lyrics, which mostly deal with the small world so well exemplified by his locale. Closed Sundays. . . . **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): One must accept the fact that this is Casbah Country, and accept the fact that this grog shop is a piano bar. The rewards are Charles De Forest (singing ruefully or rhapsodically about the problems posed by the coexistence of man and woman) and Thelma Carpenter (the now rarely heard lark, doing her songs of sweetest sorrow). They stay home Sundays. . . . **GRENADIER,** 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): The décor and the diet have overtones of London, but the loudest, and merriest, overtones are in the sturdy voice of Lynn Richards, who is at her piano in the bar from nine until two, though never on Sundays or Mondays. . . . **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Lautrec may have designed Rita Dimitri, the franglaised soubrette à la grecque who sings at nine-thirty during the week and nine-thirty and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. There is dance music, too, quite subdued, from eight o'clock on in her salon. Closed Sundays and Mondays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Not so much New York East as it is Europe East: that is, it could almost be mistaken for the pavilion of, say, the Royal Hotel in Budapest. Tibor Rakossy is host, tenor, and local nobleman; Béla Babai's band is thoroughly Hungarian. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Asti, yes, implies the sort of menu and wine card, but La Scala at audition time is the attitude of the irrepressible waiters. Closed Mondays. . . . **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): The officers' quarters of this extremely shipshape seashell (crabcakes Maryland and such) is outfitted with a bar and the piano of George Taylor, a night owl whose songs are Broadway and *boulevardier*. Nine until two, except Sundays, is his watch.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): There is (spiritually, at least) a welcome mat on the drawbridge, which is always down. Beyond the portcullis, the violin of Norbert Faconi, as well as nourishment, awaits the weary traveller until late at night. He and his faithful pianist, Herman Arminski, begin their week's work on Tuesday and end it on Saturday. All is quiet Sundays, and on Mondays the piano of Victor del Monte goes it alone. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Eternal (praise be!) Rome. The musicians, both vocal and instrumental, know every romantic work in the book. They are usually present from seven-thirty until two. Closed every Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): A retrospective show of New York in its Edith Wharton days. In the bar, a piano gets to perform from six to midnight, except Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND,** Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): A baby grand is stroked from five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty in the opulent bar-restaurant. No music Sundays or Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): Decorators' delight. The accent is Andalusian, especially when Rogelio Reguera picks up his guitar, which happens between seven-thirty and eight. He does not cease until somewhat past midnight. No music Sundays. . . . **LA RONDE,** in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): Music quite literally in the round. The chair of applied piano is occupied by a professor—Ray Hartley is the name—from an institution of quite high learning. He works out from five-thirty until one, though never on Sunday or Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): Parking in *this* Roman plaza is restricted to the dining tables; the street is thus kept clear for Herman Honigsberg and his perambulatory rout of musicians to circumnavigate. Closed Sundays. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM,** 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Is this upstairs suite Ottoman Empire, a hanging garden of Babylon, or just plain Camp (both High and Kill Kare)? The piano music in one room is American for sure, though. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM,** in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): Yes, Milord; yes, Milady. George Feyer, whose manner is pillar of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, is at the piano from eight-thirty until half past one. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT,** in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): All the Talbot Brothers, from Alpha to Omega Talbot, prattle and chant from five to nine Sundays and from six to ten Mondays exactly as they have done ever since they invented Bermuda. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The Casino-on-the-Park, neat and as expansive as the playing fields of Eton, affords well-put-together piano by Bob Kail from six-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **POLO BAR,** Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Far from the madding crowd, and therefore lost (but not least) in calm and contentment Joe Miles runs the piano from nine-thirty until one, and has Sundays and Mondays to himself.

STREET CLOSED

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ERNST BARLACH AND KÄTHE KOLLWITZ—Sculptures, drawings, and graphics by two socially conscious European artists of the first half of the twentieth century; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Paintings, mostly of the female nude reclining on a sofa or armchair; through Nov. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

HANS BELLMER—Drawings, watercolors, and prints by a German Surrealist; through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

EDWARD BETTS—Paintings, gouaches, and collages, primarily of scenes in Maine; through Nov. 9. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

WILLIAM THEO BROWN—Paintings by a figurative artist who works on the West Coast; through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—An exhibition celebrating the artist's seventieth birthday and consisting of twenty-two recent gouaches, twenty ink

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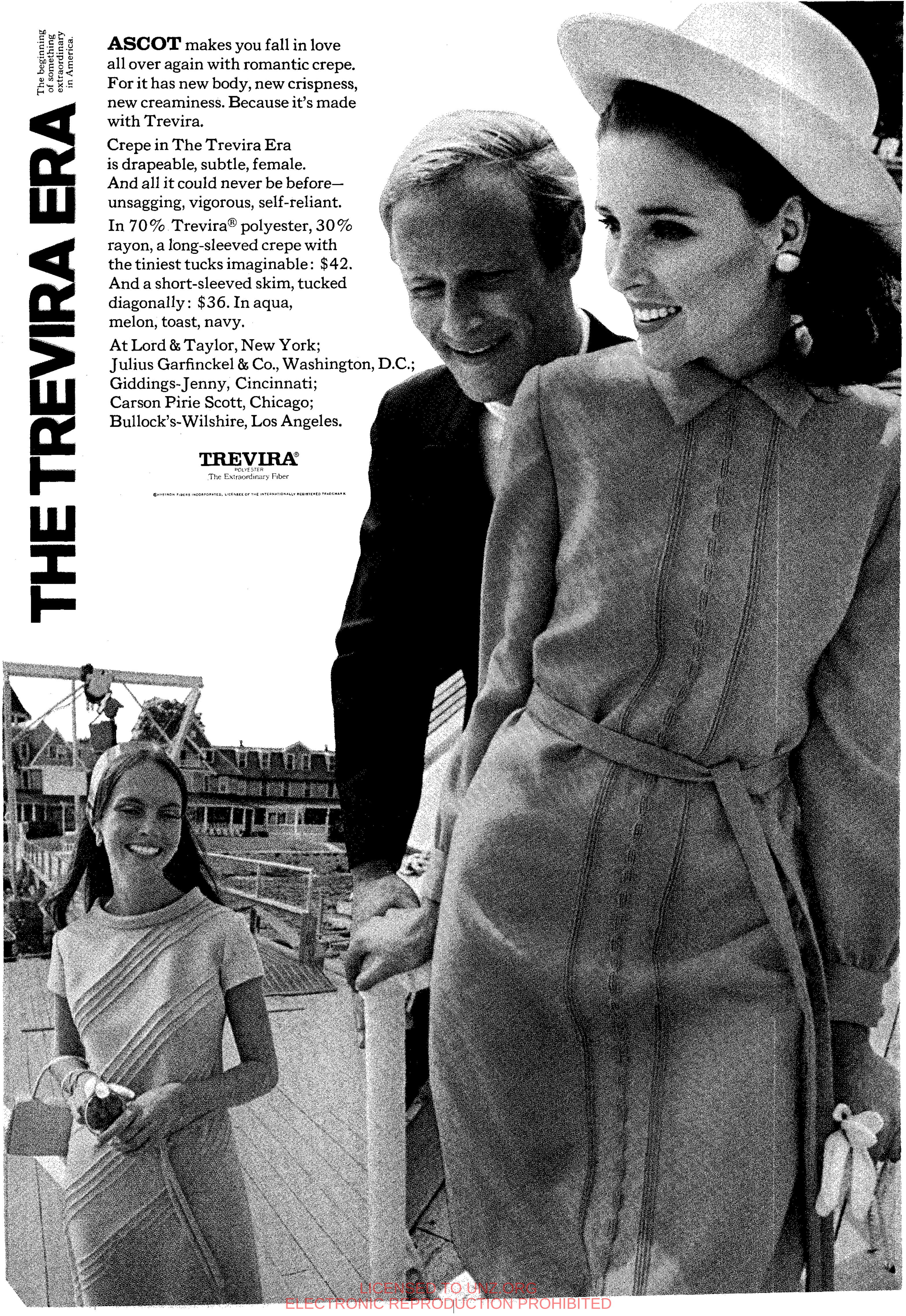

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawings (1930-32), plus early and late mobiles; through Nov. 9. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Chang Dai-chien—Paintings derived from traditional Chinese modes by a contemporary; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Caro, 41 E. 57th St.)

Thomas Downing—Paintings that give the illusion of being able to fold; through Nov. 7. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sally Hazelet Drummond—Paintings by an artist who creates tone surfaces by means of dots of color; through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Duran—Arrangements of painted panels below eye level; through Oct. 30. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Louis M. Eilshemius (1864-1941)—Oils, watercolors, and drawings by a much-admired American eccentric; through Nov. 30. (Lewison, 35 E. 64th St. Closed Mondays.)

Sorel Etrog—Bronze and marble sculptures of interwoven machinelike forms; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.). . . ¶ Painted constructions, 1952-60; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St.)

Lawrence Fane—Abstract sculptures in bronze and in steel and concrete; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.)

Elias Goldberg—Modest easel-size self-portraits and cityscapes; through Oct. 31. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

Balcomb Greene—Characteristically ambiguous images of figures and seascapes; through Nov. 9. (Saidenberg, 1037 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Colin Greenly—Geometrical constructions of aluminum and glass or Plexiglas; through Wednesday, Oct. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

Al Held—Black-and-white geometrical paintings in a new vein by an artist known for his mammoth canvases; through Thursday, Oct. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guén Inokuma—Oil paintings by a Japanese familiar to the New York art world; through Nov. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Ellsworth Kelly—Colored panels by a leading Minimalist; through Nov. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

Jonan Kinigstein—Figure paintings based on the play, "Marat/Sade," and the hippie world; through Nov. 2. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

Aaron Levy—Panels of painted Lucite making use of light; through Nov. 2. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Claude Monet—About twelve large paintings of cliff and sea; through Nov. 9. (Hahn, 960 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Murray—Huge metal constructions, each painted in a single color; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Nelson—Sculptural constructions featuring assemblages in boxes; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Minoru Niizuma—Large sculptures made of canvas and smaller works in stone, by a Japanese artist; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Opper—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color; through Friday, Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Serge Poliakoff—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by a Russian artist widely known in France; through Nov. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lucas Samaras—Eighty drawings done since 1960, plus a mirrored stairway, boxes, and transformed objects; through Nov. 12. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Gerald Scarfe—Life-size sculptures caricaturing current political candidates and related public figures—e.g., news commentators and cops—by a leading British cartoonist; through Nov. 9. (Waddell, 15 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Shahn—Paintings and drawings since the late twenties, commemorating the seventieth birthday of America's leading socially conscious painter; through Nov. 2. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kenneth Snelson—Five giant aluminum sculptures, assembled by the artist, using modular units; through Dec. 3. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

James Strombotne—Paintings and lithographs by an artist responsive to current social and political events; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Stanley Twardowicz—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

The American Vision, Paintings 1825-75—Three galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through Nov. 2) of a hundred and eleven works from major museums and private collections by such artists as Rembrandt Peale, Winslow Homer, Kensett, Morse, Inman, and Eakins—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Genre. . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Figure and still-life. . . . **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Landscape.

Tapestries—Pieces by prominent twentieth-century masters, including Picasso, Léger, Calder, Miró, and Laurens, together with samples by leading contemporary artists of Yugoslavia; through Oct. 31. (Adria, 635 Madison Ave., at 59th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **AMERICAN FEDERATION OF ARTS**, 41 E. 65th St.: Small works and graphics from Cubism to Op in which prominent moderns (Picasso, Arp, Léger, Severini, de Kooning, Pollock, and others) reveal ideas in a germinating state; through Nov. 1. (Closed Saturdays.). . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS**, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St.: Prints by Americans born before 1900, among them Homer, Feininger, Hassam, Hopper, Marin, Davis, and Sheeler; through Nov. 2. . . . **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Models, plans, and some actual examples of earth "sculptures" by such avant-gardist constructors as Robert Morris, Oldenburg, LeWitt, and Smithson; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Church, Homer, and Waugh are three of the artists represented in a show of marines and seascapes by well-known nineteenth- and twentieth-century specialists in this field; through Saturday, Oct. 19.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A wide range of works (by Duchamp, Noguchi, Lindner, Dubuffet, Man Ray, and others) assembled to inaugurate the gallery's new quarters; through Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An exhibit of newly acquired paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, for instance, Dubuffet, Arp, Pollock, Magritte, Giacometti, and Rothko; through Oct. 31. (Closed Mondays.). . . **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Sculptures and paintings from the gallery collection, (among them examples by Bertoia, Chadwick, and Dubuffet), plus works on paper from the forties by Hans Hofmann; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.). . . **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Mabe, and Manrique; through Saturday, Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.). . . **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: The first exhibition by a new gallery includes works by Burchfield, Glackens, Jawlensky, Rouault, Vasarely, and Warhol; through Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Show—Bacon, de Chirico, Giacometti, and Ipousteguy are a few of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Nov. 16. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Haitians and Jamaicans; Group Show—Forty-eight paintings and sculptures, depicting scenes of everyday life, historical events, and religious themes, both Christian and voodoo, by the foremost artists of the Haitian popular movement in art after the Second World War, and works by three more recent painters of Jamaica, including the religious leader and popular artist known as Kapo; through Oct. 27. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, noon to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian

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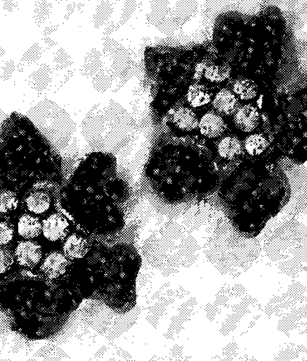

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages; in many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them. Some of the artists are Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, and Andrea del Castagno. Through Nov. 15. (Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)... ¶ Maya art from Guatemala, featuring a stela airlifted from the jungle, and covering the ancient Maya civilization from about 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., including other stelae, stone sculptures, ceramics, jewelry, and flint and obsidian votive offerings; through Jan. 19. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday and Thursday evenings until 10; Sundays, 11 to 5.)... ¶ A free performance of "Unto Thee a Garden," a staged documentary compiled from the writings of the ancient Egyptians, will be presented by the Four Winds Theatre on Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3, in the Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium.

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of oils, sculptures, drawings, watercolors, prints, and illustrated books by Jean Dubuffet, taken from the Museum's collection and recently augmented by important gifts; through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A comprehensive exhibition of the art of the thirties, emphasizing different trends, from American regionalism to social realism and various forms of Abstract art, and consisting of a hundred and six paintings and sculptures by eighty artists; through Dec. 1. ... ¶ Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York city subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Nov. 24.... ¶ Collages by Robert Motherwell, one of the original American Abstract Expressionists, who has worked in this medium since the beginning of his career; through Nov. 17.... ¶ Drawings done in the past decade by Hyman Bloom, veteran Boston artist, whose subjects include rabbis, man's mortality, and the spirit world; through Oct. 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)... ¶ Free performances of "Unto Thee a Garden," a sort of pageant taken from ancient Egyptian writings, will be presented by the Four Winds Theatre on Thursday, Oct. 17, and Monday through Friday, Oct. 21-25, at 1 and 3, in the Old Kingdom Gallery. Tickets are obtainable at the Museum's information desk.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition of eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—Drawings, paintings, and sculptures by such artists as Davis, Calder, Albers, Arp, and Nevelson, accompanied by documentation—e.g., drawings, photos, correspondence, bills of sale—of the kind that assists art historians and protects the investment of collectors; through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—About two hundred and thirty ritual and ceremonial objects, covering three thousand years, and comprising a chalice from the time of Jeremiah to gold glass from the Roman catacombs and a shofar from Ethiopia, borrowed from public institutions in New York; starting Friday, Oct. 18.... ¶ A "pool" by Robert Whitman contrived of sheets of plastic, mirrors, activated images and sound, strobe lights, and lenses that reflect the spectator; starting Friday, Oct. 18. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Fridays, 11 to 3; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl.—Paintings by Stanley Boxer, who has just had an exhibition of his sculptures, and Abstract paintings by Carl Holty; through Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M., and Fridays and Saturdays until 1 A.M.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—An assemblage of treasures from the Library's vault, beginning with a Book of the Dead written between 975 and 810 B.C. and concluding with mid-nineteenth-century American manuscripts; through Saturday, Oct. 19.... ¶ An eyesome showing of bookbindings, 1884-93, by T. J. Cobden-Sanderson; through Nov. 2. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Eighty portraits in oil by Ammi Phillips (1788-1865); through Dec. 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—A show of African and Afro-American art, including sculptures, graphic arts, and fabrics selected from collections throughout the world, designed to establish links between the traditions of five major West African civilizations and Negro art in the New World; through Nov. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New School, 66 W. 12th St.—An exhibition arranged under the ambitious title "The Humanist Tradition in Contemporary American Paintings," with examples by such artists as Lester Johnson, Leland Bell, Loren MacIver, Robert Beauchamp, Richard Diebenkorn, and Elmer Bischoff; through Nov. 23. (Mondays through Fridays, noon to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"First Fruits," an exhibit (from the Berg collection) of the earliest editions of first books by American authors, from Washington Irving to Countee Cullen; through Oct. 31. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, comprising approximately sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; also guest Abstractionists, among them Agostini, de Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Dec. 1.... ¶ "Eyewitness: Czechoslovakia, 1938-August, 1968," photographs by Jan Lukas, Sonja Bullaty, Angelo Lomeo, and Hilmar Pabel; through Nov. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An inaugural showing of light works in varying colors by Tom Lloyd; through Friday, Oct. 25. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 17: "Simon Boccanegra," with Rita Orlandi, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 18: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 19: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 19: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Ned-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

da Casei, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and Justino Díaz. . . . ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 21: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 22: "Roméo et Juliette," with Mirella Freni, Marcia Baldwin, George Shirley, John Reardon, and John Macurdy. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 23: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Shirley Verrett, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 24: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. . . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 25: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Regina Resnik, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith. (A non-subscription performance.). . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 26: "Simon Boccanegra," with Rita Orlandi, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 26: "Turandot," with Marion Lippert, Gabriella Tucci, James McCracken, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Frank Guarrera. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 7:45: A new production of Gounod's "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. (A benefit performance.). . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, Michael Devlin, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Tibor Kelen, and David Clatworthy. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 1:15: "Nine Rivers from Jordan," with Eileen Schauler, Robert Trehy, Joshua Hecht, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Patricia Brooks, Beverly Evans, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and Dominic Cossa. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8:15: "Julius Caesar," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Norman Treigle, and William Beck. . . . ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Chester Ludgin, Michele Molese, and David Clements. . . . ¶ Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:15: "The Barber of Seville," with Arlene Randazzo, Beverly Evans, Tibor Kelen, and Spiro Malas. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, and William Ledbetter. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:15: "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Michele Molese, and Norman Treigle. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 21, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello, and William Lincer, viola); and Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30, and Monday, Oct. 28—a non-subscription performance—at 7:30 (both with Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30, a program of Czechoslovakian music; no soloists. . . . ¶ Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30, with Arthur Grumiaux, violin. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, with Marilyn Horne, soprano.)

Bavarian Symphony of Munich—Rafael Kubelik conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17-18, at 8:30.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy directing, with Maria Stader, soprano; Florence Kopleff, contralto; John McCollum, tenor; McHenry Boatwright, bass; and the Temple University Choirs. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

L'Orchestre de Paris—At Carnegie Hall—Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting. . . . ¶ Sunday, Oct. 27, at 8:30: Jean Martinon conducting.

Virgil Thomson—Mr. Thomson conducting a string orchestra in a program of his own works, with singers from the Metropolitan Opera Studio. (Grand Ballroom, Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3. For information about tickets, call TE 8-8000, Ext. 123.)

Utterbach Concert Choir—Clinton Utterbach directing. (Clark Center for the Performing Arts, West Side Y.W.C.A., Eighth Ave. at 51st St. 246-3700. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8.)

Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Purcell's opera "Fairy Queen" in concert form, with Mara Worth and Susan Belling, sopranos; James Schwabacher, tenor; Dan Merriman, bass; and Michael May, harpsichord. (Philharmonic Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8.)

RECITALS

Martti Talvela—Bass. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:40.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Michael Davis—Violin, with Eileen Davis, soprano; Marshall Haddock, clarinet; and Daniel Winter, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:40.)

Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Ivan Moravec—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3.)

New School Concerts—Felix Galimir and Isidore Cohen, violin; Walter Trampler and Samuel Rhodes, viola; Leslie Parnas and Robert Sylvester, cello; and Julius Levine, bass. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3 and 9.)

Natasha and Fritz Magg—Piano and cello, in an all-Beethoven program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 8:30.)

Miriam Solovieff—Violin, in a sonata recital. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 21, at 8:30.)

Rudolf Firkusny—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30.)

Vronsky and Babin—Duo piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:40.)

Beveridge Webster—Piano, in the first in a series of three all-Debussy programs. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Melos Ensemble of London—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.)

Philip Evans—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 5:30.)

Judith Raskin—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Jeff Beck Group, Tim Buckley, and Albert King—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

Swingle Singers—Baroque Bach and twentieth-century Spanish music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Johnny Cash—With others. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 8:30.)

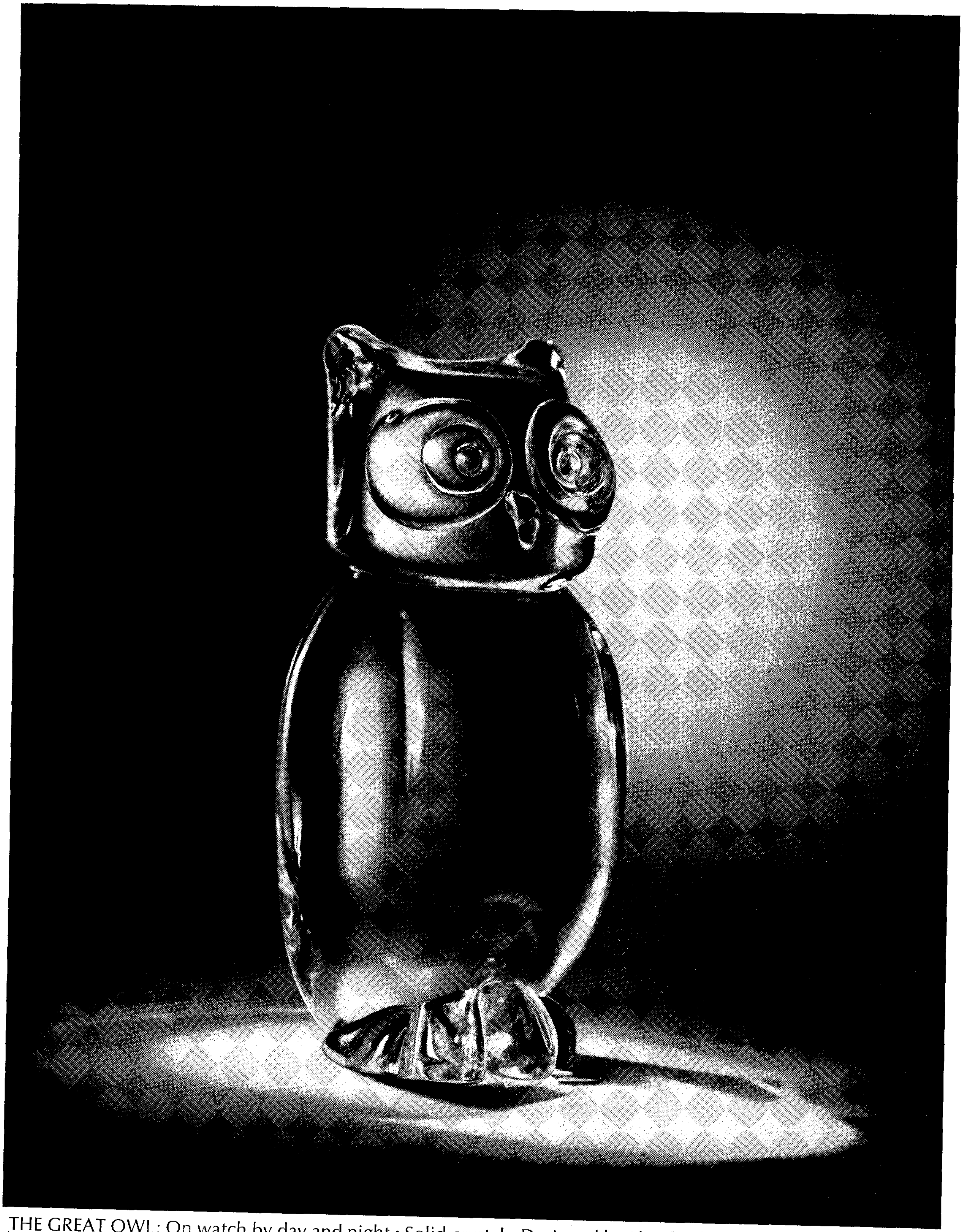
Moody Blues, John Mayall, and Rhinoceros—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 25-26, at 8 and 11:30.

Donovan—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30.

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Garden Center—Knicks vs. Los Angeles, Saturday, Oct. 19. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Philadelphia, Tuesday, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Cincinnati, Saturday, Oct. 26. (Games begin at 8:35.)

Boxing—Frank DePaula vs. Dick Tiger, light heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden Center. Friday, Oct. 25. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 19: Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Fairfield, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Army, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2. . . . SATURDAY, OCT. 26: Army vs. Duke, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Brown vs. Colgate, at Providence, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Rutgers, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Yale, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Georgetown, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Dartmouth, at Cambridge, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Wesleyan vs. Amherst, at Middletown, at 2.

Gaelic Football—Down of Ireland vs. a New York amateur team. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 3:30.)

Professional Football—Giants vs. San Francisco Forty-Niners. (Yankee Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 20, at 1:30.)

Hockey—At Madison Square Garden Center—Rangers vs. Los Angeles, Sunday, Oct. 20, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Oakland, Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 7:35.

Horse Show—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 19, through Saturday, Oct. 26.)

Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 19.) . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 26.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At BELMONT: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Man o' War, Saturday, Oct. 19, and the Jockey Club Gold Cup, Saturday, Oct. 26. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . NATIONAL STEEPLECHASE DAYS AT BELMONT: Thursday and Friday, Oct. 24-25, at 1:30. The Temple Gwathmey, Friday, Oct. 25. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Nov. 18. . . . LAUREL, Md.: Weekdays at 1, from Saturday, Oct. 26, through Tuesday, Dec. 31. The Selima, Saturday, Oct. 26.

Sports-Car Racing—At Thompson Speedway, Thompson, Conn.: Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2.

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Final day Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8. . . . ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, Oct. 18, through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the AMATO OPERA COMPANY: An abbreviated version of "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30.) . . . NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC: Leonard Bernstein conducting the opening children's concerts of the season. (Philharmonic Hall. TR 4-2424. Saturday, Oct. 26, at noon and 2:30.)

Stage Shows—By the PIXIE JUDY TROUPE: "The Littlest Clown." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 11 and 2 and Sundays at 2.) . . . STORY-TIME DANCE THEATRE: A dance-pantomime, based on a story by Gertrude Stein. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 2:30.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various mediums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near

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(The perfume with a language all its own.)

and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "The Legend of the Flying Horse." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Poetry Readings—John Berryman reading from his own works. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. Friday, Oct. 25, at 8:30. For tickets, call YU 8-6783.)

Lectures—"The Nature of Patronage," by Jethro Hurt, Thursday, Oct. 17, at 5:40.... ¶ "Caravaggio and Fetti: St. Francis in Ecstasy," by Pamela Askew, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, at 3.... ¶ "Courbet, Millet, and the Critics of Society," by George Heard Hamilton, Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 3, and Thursday, Oct. 24, at 5:40. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)

New York Antiques Fair—The annual catchall for bits of yesteryear. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17-18, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 17, at 1:45: Decorative prints, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 7: Coins of Ancient Greece, Roman and early Italian coins, and a gold Trafalgar medal; from the Edward T. Newell collection.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 1:45: Georgian and other silver; from the estate of Mrs. Elizabeth N. Graham and from other sources.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 1:45: Eighteenth-century English and Continental furniture, old-master paintings, and decorations; from the estate of Rose Cumming.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8, and Wednesday, Oct. 23, at 1:45 and 8: Part V of the Thomas Winthrop Streeter collection of Americana, comprising books, manuscripts, and maps relating to California, Washington, Idaho, Western biography and fiction, overland mail and express, official expeditions, and overland narratives.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 24, at 8: American paintings; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 19.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Oct. 17 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "Land in a Trance" (1967), a Brazilian film.... ¶ Oct. 18 at 2 and 5:30: "Old Heidelberg" (1915), with Wallace Reid and Dorothy Gish.... ¶ Oct. 19 at 11:30: "Sunrise" (1927), directed by F. W. Murnau.... ¶ Oct. 19 at 3 and 5:30: "Hearts of the World" (1918), directed by D. W. Griffith.... ¶ Oct. 20 at 2 and 5:30: "Nell Gwyn" (1925), with Dorothy Gish.... ¶ Oct. 21 at 2 and 5:30: "Hans Trutz in Never-Never Land" (1914), "Miss Bell-Hop" (1914), and "The Pride of the Firm" (1914), all German films, with Ernst Lubitsch; no English titles.... ¶ Oct. 22 at 2 and 5:30: "Romeo and Juliet in the Snow" (1920) and "Pinkus' Shoe Emporium" (1916), both German films, directed by Ernst Lubitsch; no English titles.... ¶ Oct. 23 at 2 and 5:30: "Hitlerjunge Quex" (1933), in German; no English titles. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

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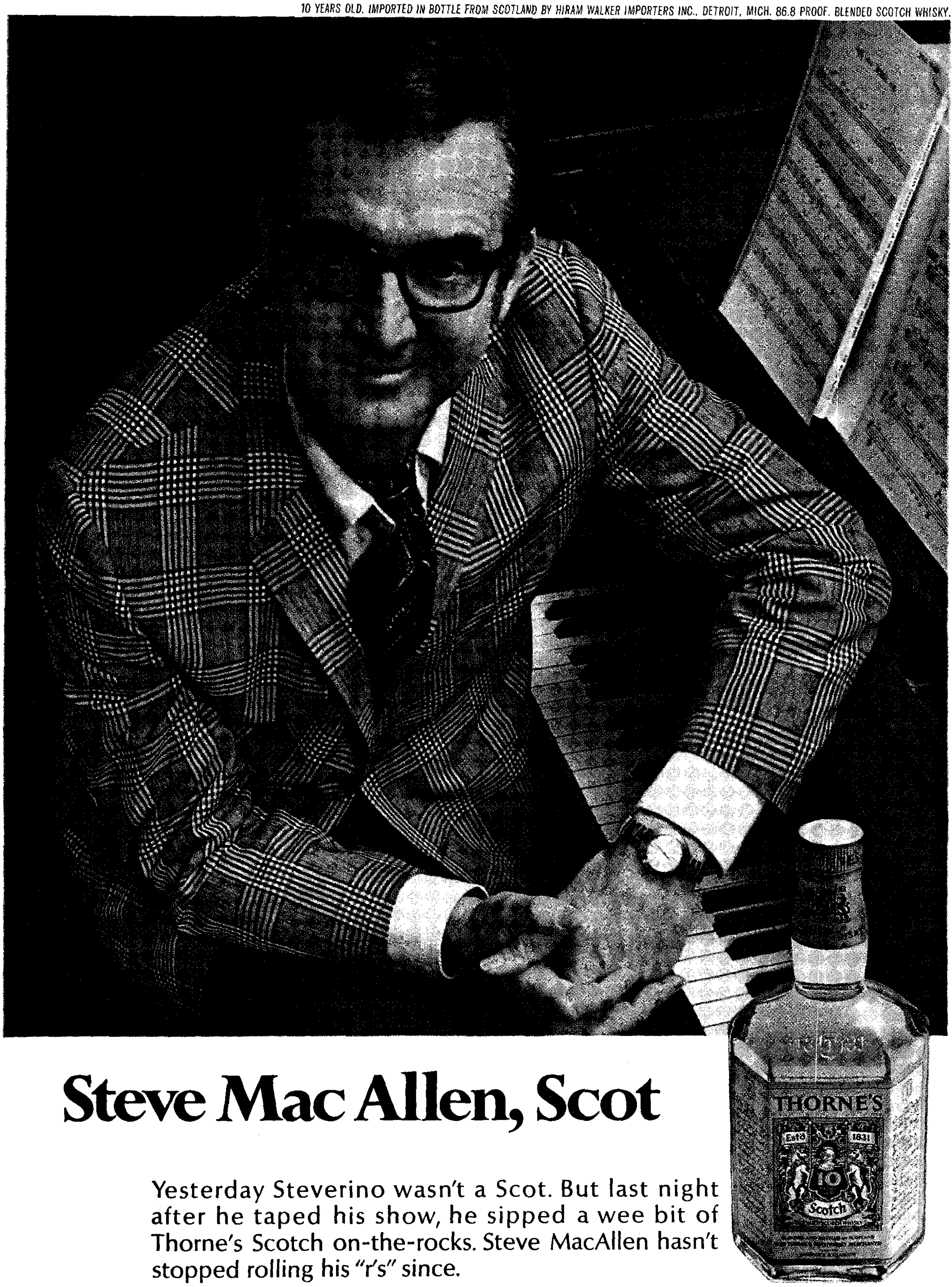

Steve Mac Allen, Scot

Yesterday Steverino wasn't a Scot. But last night after he taped his show, he sipped a wee bit of Thorne's Scotch on-the-rocks. Steve MacAllen hasn't stopped rolling his "r's" since.

THORNE'S SCOTCH
10 Years Old–A Blend of 50 Great Whiskies

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

The Balcony (1963)—Taken from the savage comedy by Jean Genet and acted by Peter Falk, Shelley Winters, and Lee Grant. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 23.)

The Battle of Algiers (1967)—An account, in documentary terms, of how Algeria won its independence. Gillo Pontecorvo directed. In French and Arabic. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 23.)

Belle de Jour—One of the rare films about a girl's sexuality, made by Luis Buñuel. Catherine Deneuve plays the girl, highly respected in her Yves Saint Laurent clothes when she goes to a brothel full of plump pros in the regulation black lace. Geneviève Page is very witty as the solicitous madam. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

The Bofors Gun—The acting of Nicol Williamson and David Warner is enough reason to see this movie version of John McGrath's play; still, one might wish that the meanings weren't so mechanically pointed. Directed by Jack Gold. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411; through Oct. 22.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on Victorian folly and the horrors of war is mostly intelligent and often witty, but it's also rather cold and unsatisfying. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Dandy in Aspic—The Cold War and a bone-rattling romance between Laurence Harvey and Mia Farrow. Harvey, the man you love to hate, is a lonely, suffering double agent, and Mia Farrow is a poor little rich girl. This production was designed to be a big, luscious—if shopworn—thriller, all glamour and decadence and suspense, but the ingredients never quite come together. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 22.)

The Drunken Angel (1960)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Oct. 23.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—A true tale of young love losing its way in nineteenth-century Scandinavia. Written and directed by Bo Widerberg. In Swedish. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, 929-3350; through Oct. 21.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—A Czech film, written and directed by Zybnek Brynych, about a Jewish doctor in a Prague occupied by a faintly updated anti-Semitic power. The picture is very eloquent about the difficulty of modern types of courage, and is made with striking, finely detailed baroque style. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; and Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th, TR 4-8445. . . . ¶ Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 22.)

Finian's Rainbow—This pastiche isn't totally bad, and granted the material and the depressingly familiar score, that's something of a triumph. Petula Clark and Al Freeman, Jr., are some of its redeeming features. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola. (Penthouse, B'way at 47th, 757-5450. Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Funny Girl—The triumphant début of Barbra Streisand, directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633; through Oct. 20. Thursday and Sunday at 8 and Friday and Saturday at 8:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Life is full of perils for the pure, as Dustin Hoffman finds. Among the perils is Anne Bancroft, and among the rewards of virtue is Katharine Ross. Directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

The Hidden Fortress (1962)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; through Oct. 23.)

I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!—Trivial but entertaining. The flavor of the script, the light directorial attitude of Hy Averback, and the tidy comic performances of Peter Sellers and Joyce Van Patten save this from the ugliness and sourness that threaten at every moment (and sometimes take over). (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 17.)

My Little Chickadee (1940)—W. C. Fields and Mae West. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon's funny play about two wifeless men, more or less taken to the screen by moving van. Walter Matthau and Jack Lemmon. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 17.)

The Producers—A farce about Broadway. Zero Mostel, Gene Wilder, and Dick Shawn are intermittently funny but in dire need of better material than writer-director Mel Brooks has given them. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 23.)

Rachel, Rachel—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

Romeo and Juliet—Franco Zeffirelli throws Shakespeare into the generation gap and comes up with a teen-age tragedy that seems to be more Italian opera than English poetry. Unfortunately, there are no arias. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, 688-2013.)

Rosemary's Baby—A Gothic-gynecological horror film about a nice birdbrain—played by Mia Farrow—who lives in the Dakota with John Cassavetes and gets mysteriously pregnant under the eye of Ruth Gordon as a witch neighbor. Ruth Gordon is very funny, but the film wastes its director, Roman Polanski. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

Throne of Blood (1961)—Directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune. In Japanese. (5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th, WA 4-8339; starting Oct. 23.)

The Two of Us—This Second World War fable about an anti-Semitic old Frenchman and a Jewish child is affecting, but rather too simple and artless. With Michel Simon and Alain Cohen. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—Stanley Kubrick's poetic sci-fi odyssey of thirty-three years hence, and a beautiful, disquieting, immensely entertaining film. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Warrendale—A record of time spent observing a progressive home for mentally disturbed children in Canada, made with stirring comprehension of their spirits by Allan King. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most complex, powerfully charged, and deeply flawed film is an extraordinary poetic satire on modern life. With Mireille Darc as the bourgeois cannibal. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)

You Can't Cheat an Honest Man (1939)—Circus life, with W. C. Fields, Edgar Bergen, and Charlie McCarthy. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668.)

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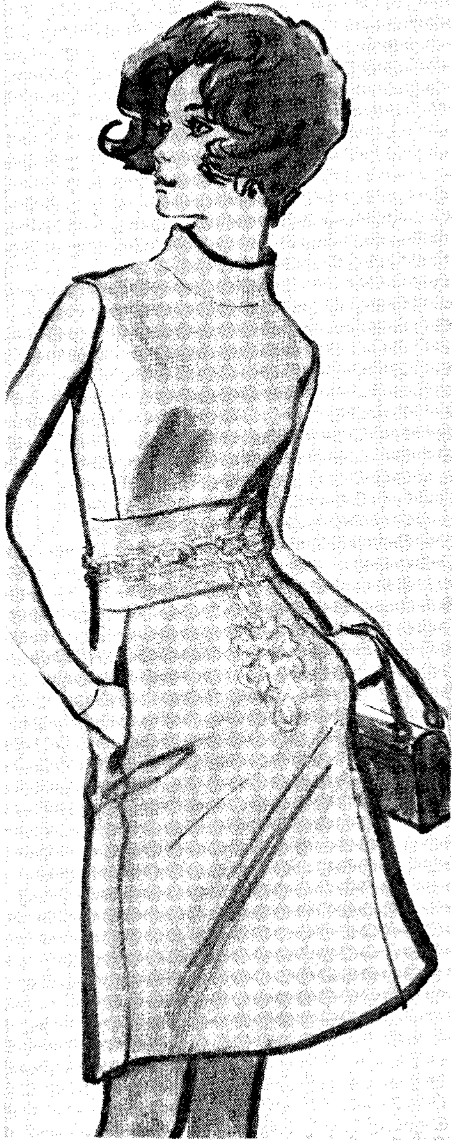

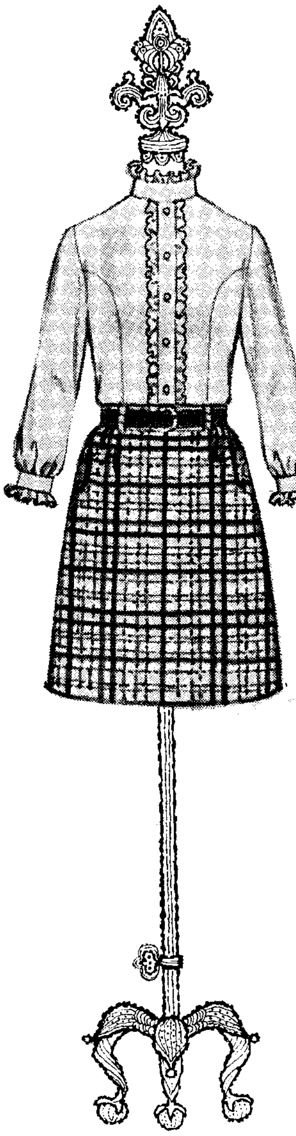

Winter

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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				17	18	19
20	21	22	23			

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
THE TWO OF US (in French).

Evergreen, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Charles, Ave B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 22: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin; and "Love and Marriage" (1966; in Italian), Sylva Koscina.
From Oct. 23: **THE PRODUCERS**; and **THE BALCONY.**

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln. (On Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 19-20, "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp" will be shown instead.)

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
MY LITTLE CHICKADEE; and **YOU CAN'T CHEAT AN HONEST MAN.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Barbarella," Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 22: **THE BOFORS GUN.**
From Oct. 23: "Secret Ceremony," Elizabeth Taylor, Mia Farrow.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
I LOVE YOU, ALICE B. TOKLAS!

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
RACHEL, RACHEL.

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
WEEKEND (in French).

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
"The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

Loew's Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Barbarella," Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Through Oct. 22: "With Six You Get Eggroll," Doris Day, Brian Keith.
From Oct. 23: "Paper Lion," Alan Alda.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 22: "No More Excuses" and "Chafed Elbows" (1967), both Robert Downey films.
Oct. 23: Theatre closed.

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 22: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin; and "The Double Man," Yul Brynner, Britt Ekland.
From Oct. 23: To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 22: "The Queen," a film of a transvestite pageant.
From Oct. 23: "Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through Oct. 22: "Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).
From Oct. 23: **THRONE OF BLOOD** and **THE DRUNKEN ANGEL** (both in Japanese).

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Oct. 21: **ELVIRA MADIGAN** (in Swedish); and "The Party," Peter Sellers.
From Oct. 22: To be announced.

R.K.O. 23rd St. Cinema, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
"For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

Cinerama, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

Penthouse, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
FINIAN'S RAINBOW.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Oct. 20: **GONE WITH THE WIND.**
Oct. 21: Theatre closed.
From Oct. 22, at 8:30: "Star!," Julie Andrews. (Opening night is a benefit performance. Thereafter nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
"Bullitt," Steve McQueen, Robert Vaughn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

Cinema 57 Rendezvous, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
ROMEO AND JULIET.

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR, a Czechoslovakian film.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 23: **THE HIDDEN FORTRESS** (in Japanese); and **THE BATTLE OF ALGIERS** (in French and Arabic).

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 22: **A DANDY IN ASPIC**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.
From Oct. 23: "Madigan," Richard Widmark, Henry Fonda; and "Thoroughly Modern Millie" (1967), Julie Andrews, Mary Tyler Moore.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 17: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).
From Oct. 18: "Blonde Venus" (1932), Marlene Dietrich; and "I'm No Angel" (1933), Mae West, Cary Grant.

Midtown, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 22: **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR**, a Czechoslovakian film.
From Oct. 23: To be announced.

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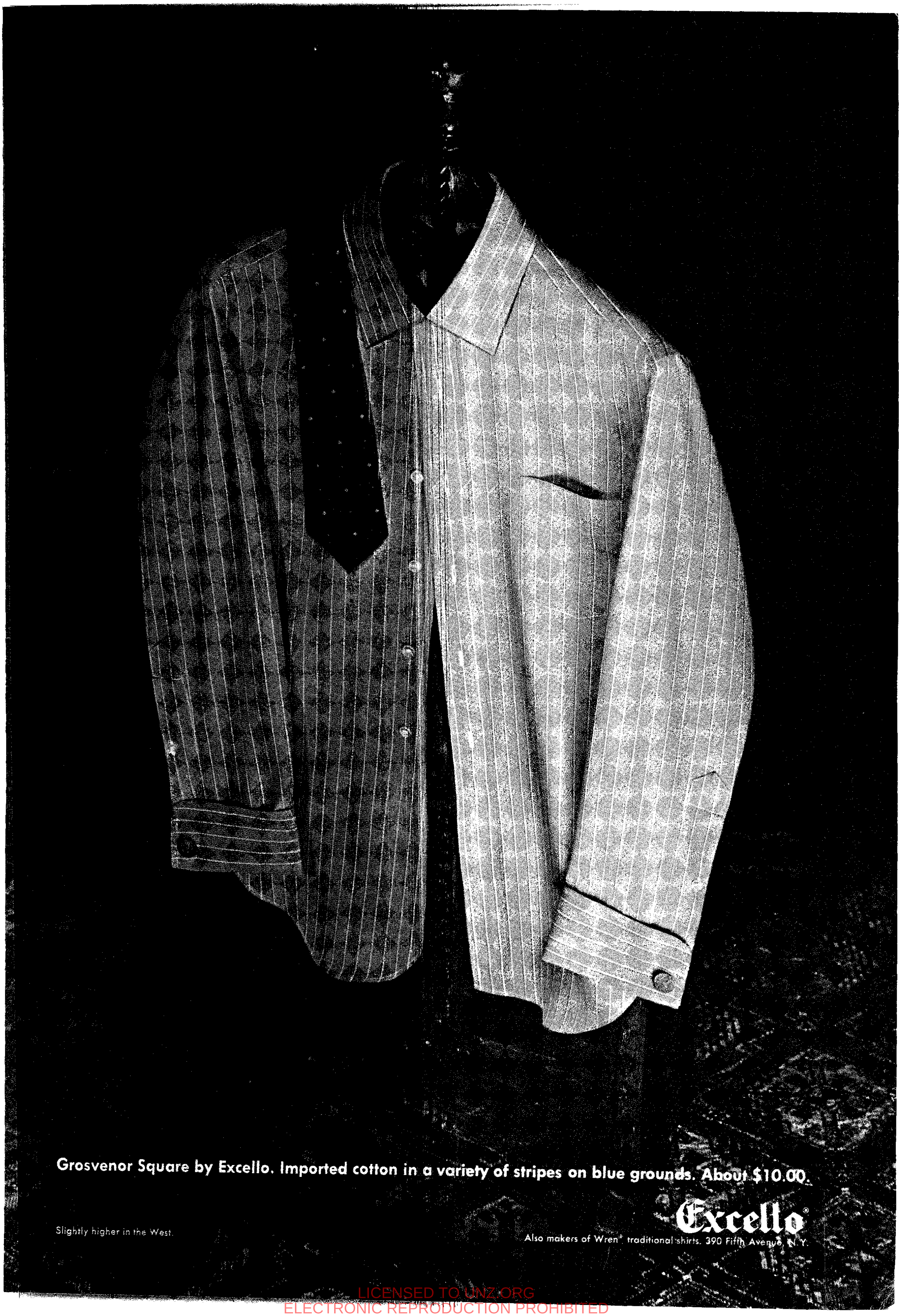

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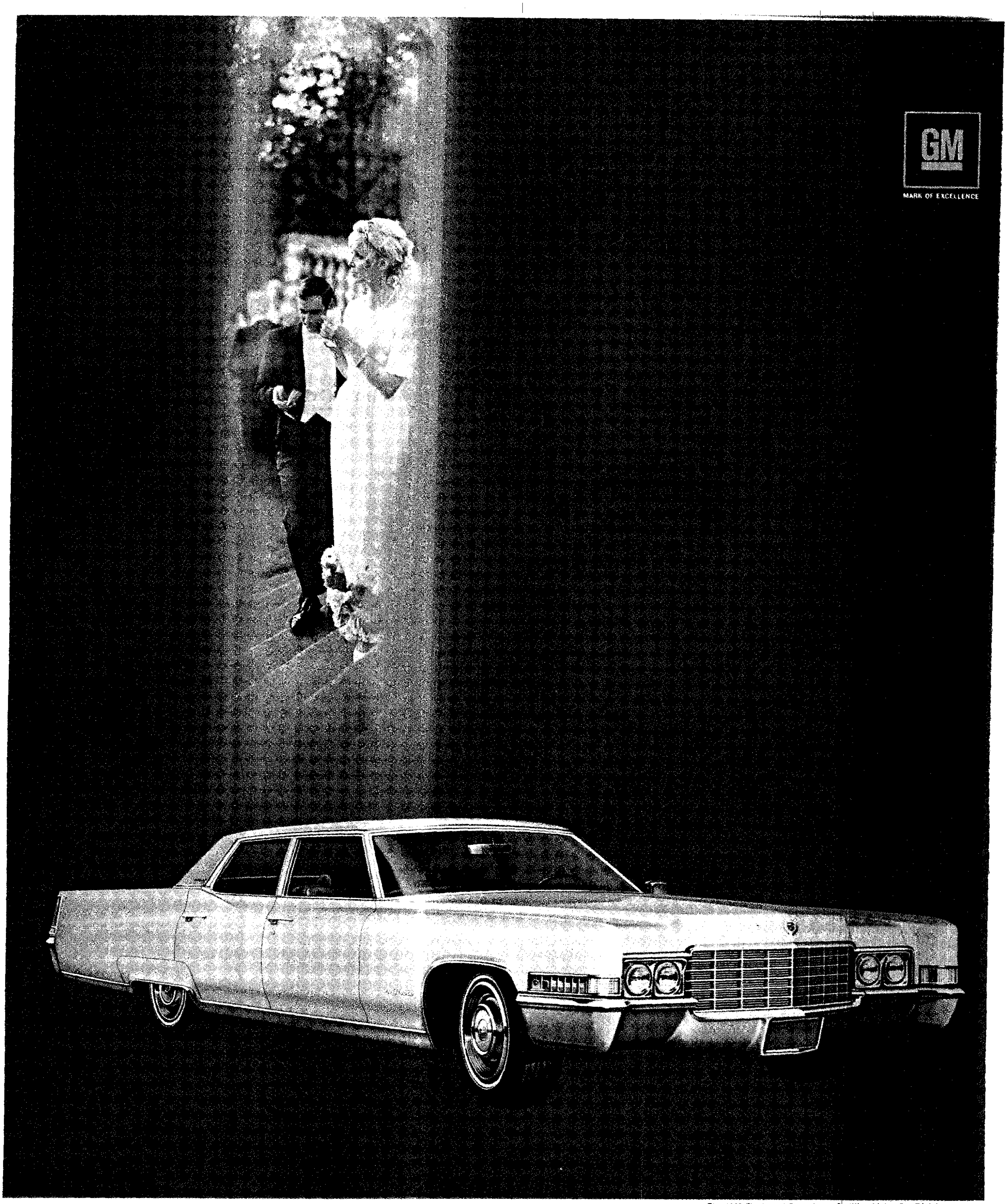

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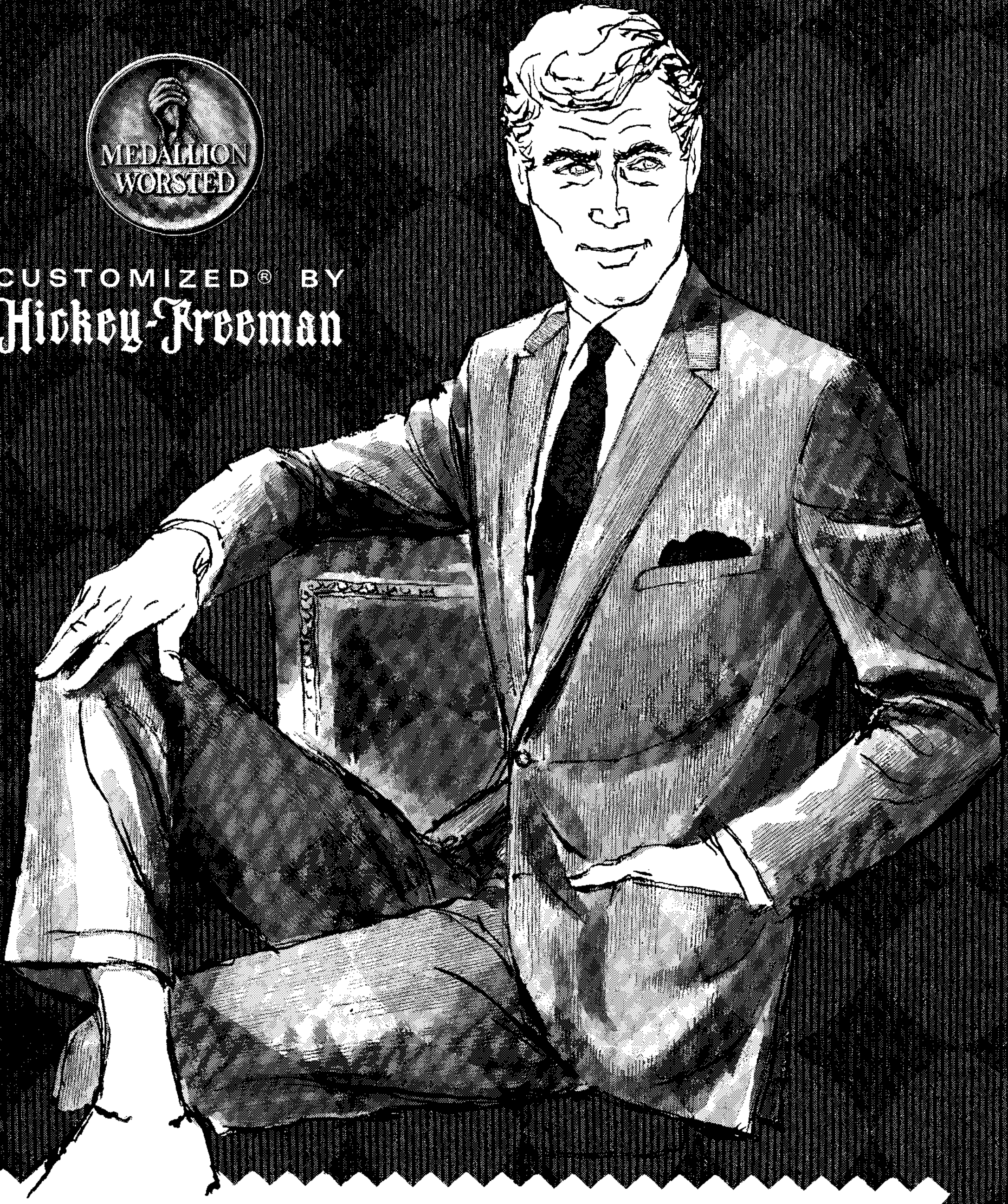

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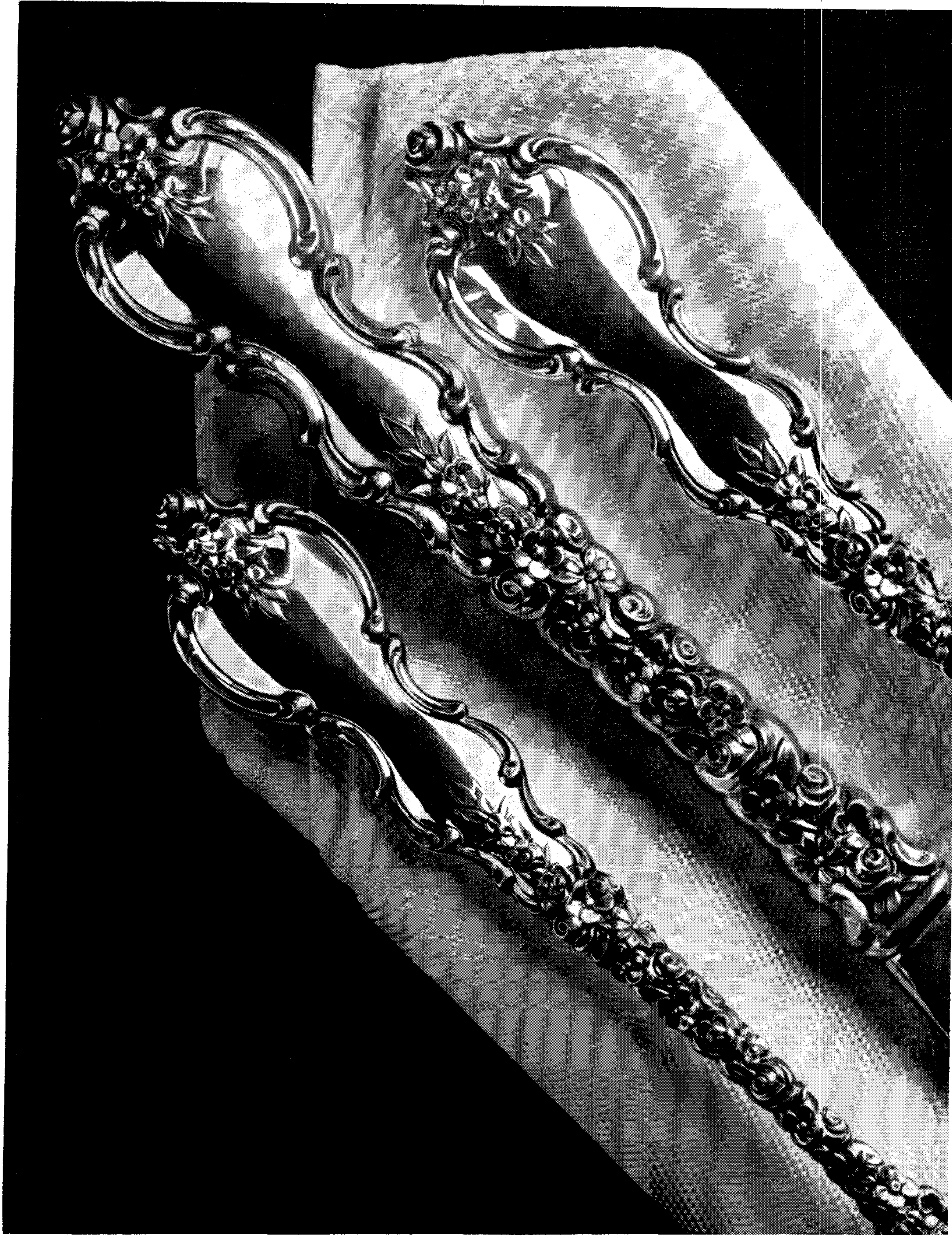

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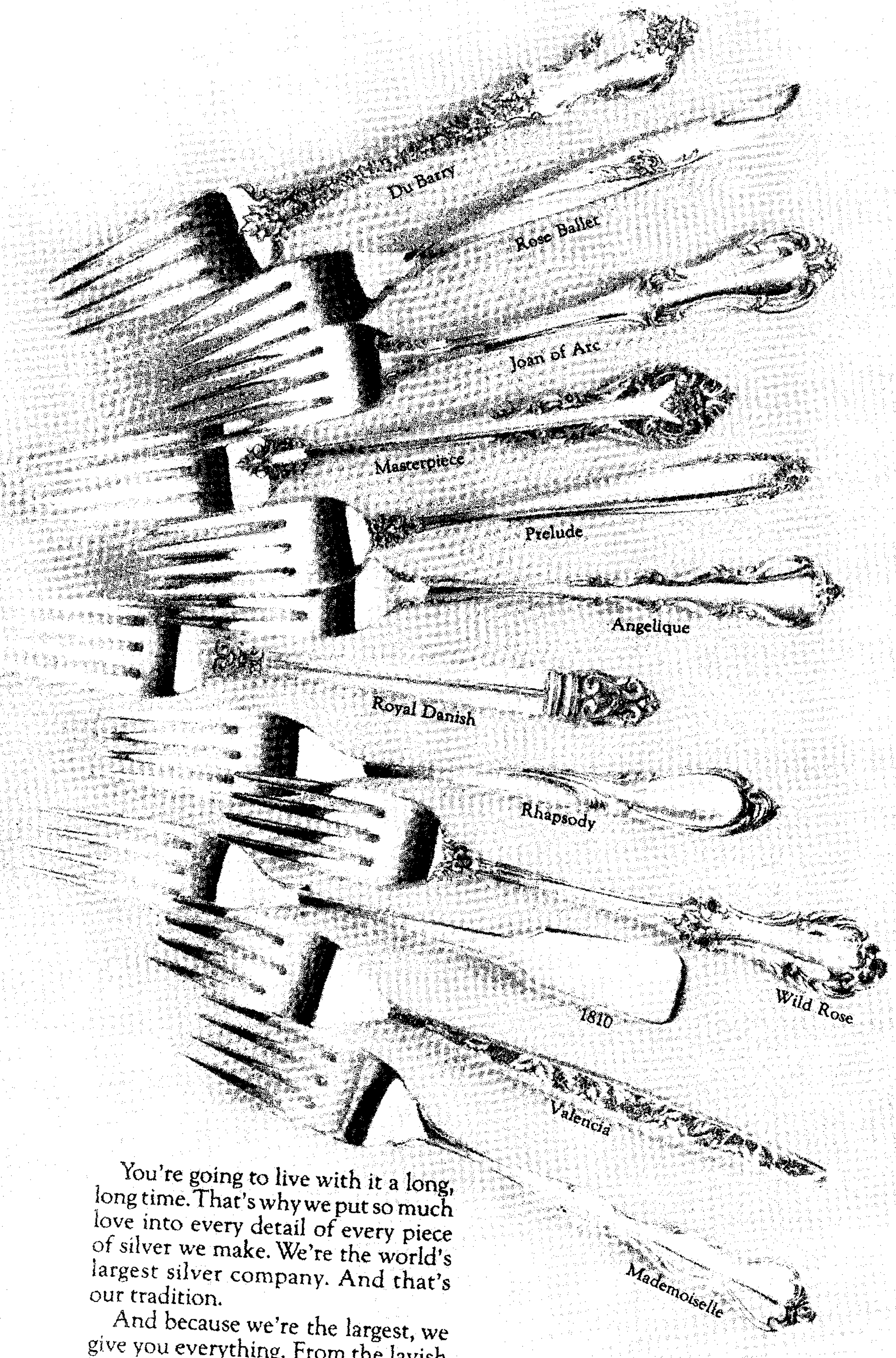
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JAMAICA

In Jamaica, when men go to work in ankle-length robes and ladylike wigs, it's The Law.

Jamaican justice is impressive.

It's a quiet courtroom on a still, sultry morning. Judges and barristers in full work dress. Overhead, circling fans. In the back, packed-in spectators. Silent. Listening.

It may be a drama of passion. (He and she and she.)

Or theft. ("The accused, m'lord, stole 2 dozen brassieres, 1 dozen white, 1 dozen black, size 32A, from Woolworth's.")

Or a street squabble. (The judge's job is often just a verbal spanking.)

Every word is hung on.

A Jamaican explains: "Even under slavery, there were two places in which a person, slave or slavemaster, could feel equal. In the church he was equal in the sight of God and in court he was equal in the sight of justice. You can credit England for that."

Credit England, too, for the formal style of our courts.

And also for our good Police Constabulary (2,730), trained and run like an army.

And for our good little army (about 800). Run something like a summer camp. (Training: 3 months a year.)

And for our good newspaper.

Read "The Gleaner" for world news, local shows (The Pantomime), jazz festivals (Soul Time '68!), and typographical errors. They're famous. Like the story of a man who ran off with another man's wife *and* his car and who was charged, among other things, with "petted theft."

For more about our heritage, humor and human errors, see your local travel agent or Jamaica Tourist Board in New York, San Francisco, Miami, Chicago, Los Angeles, Toronto, Montreal.

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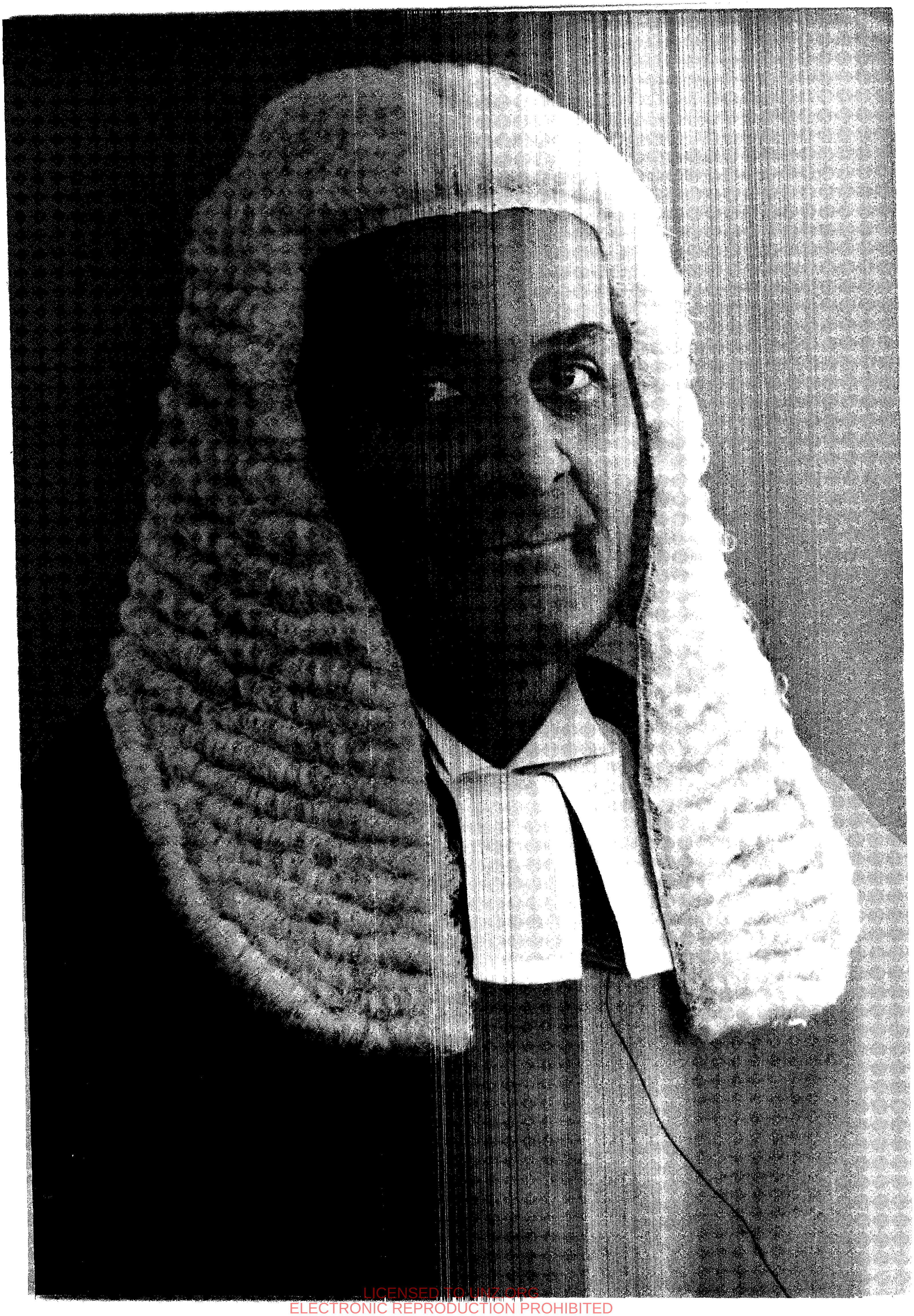

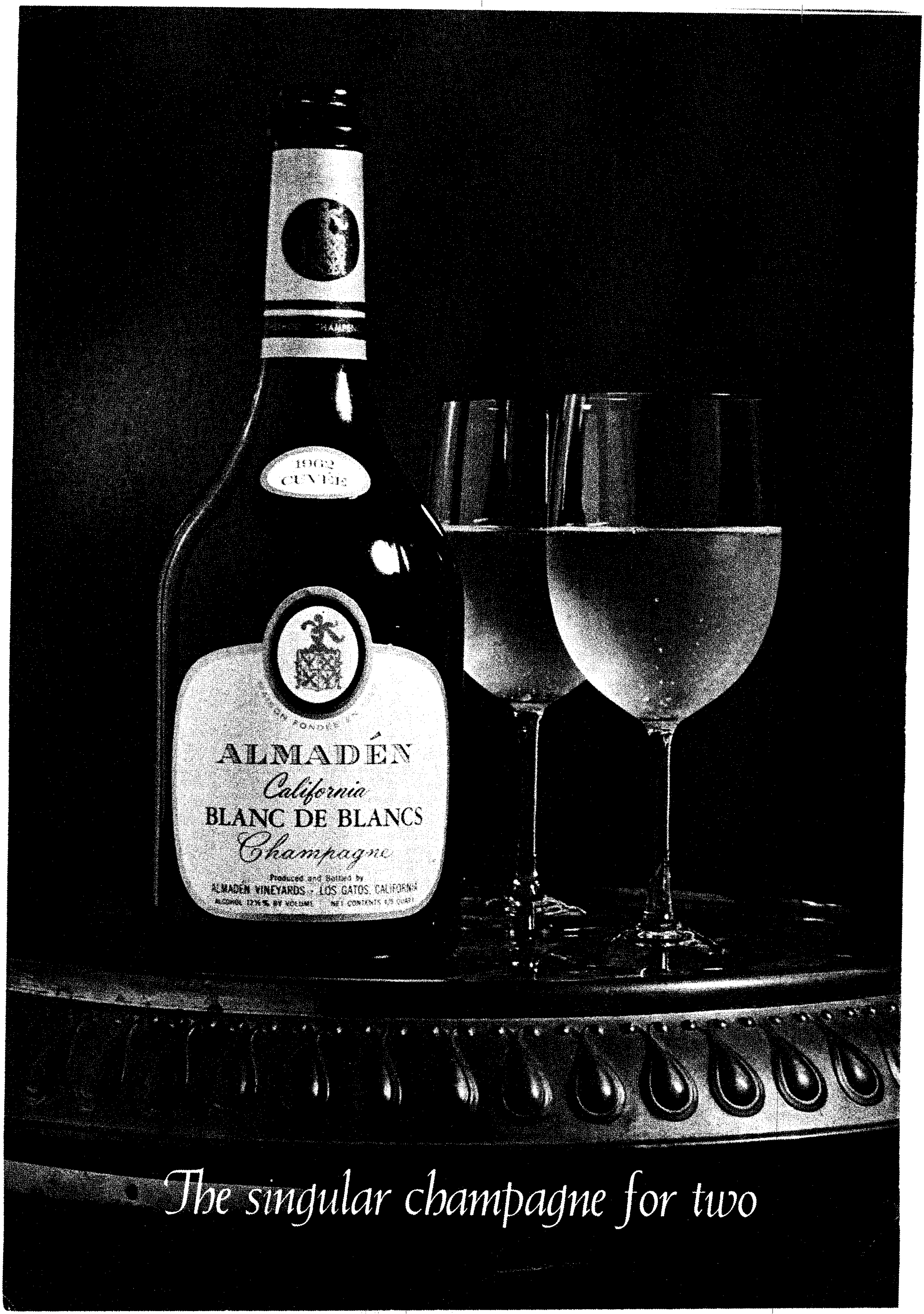
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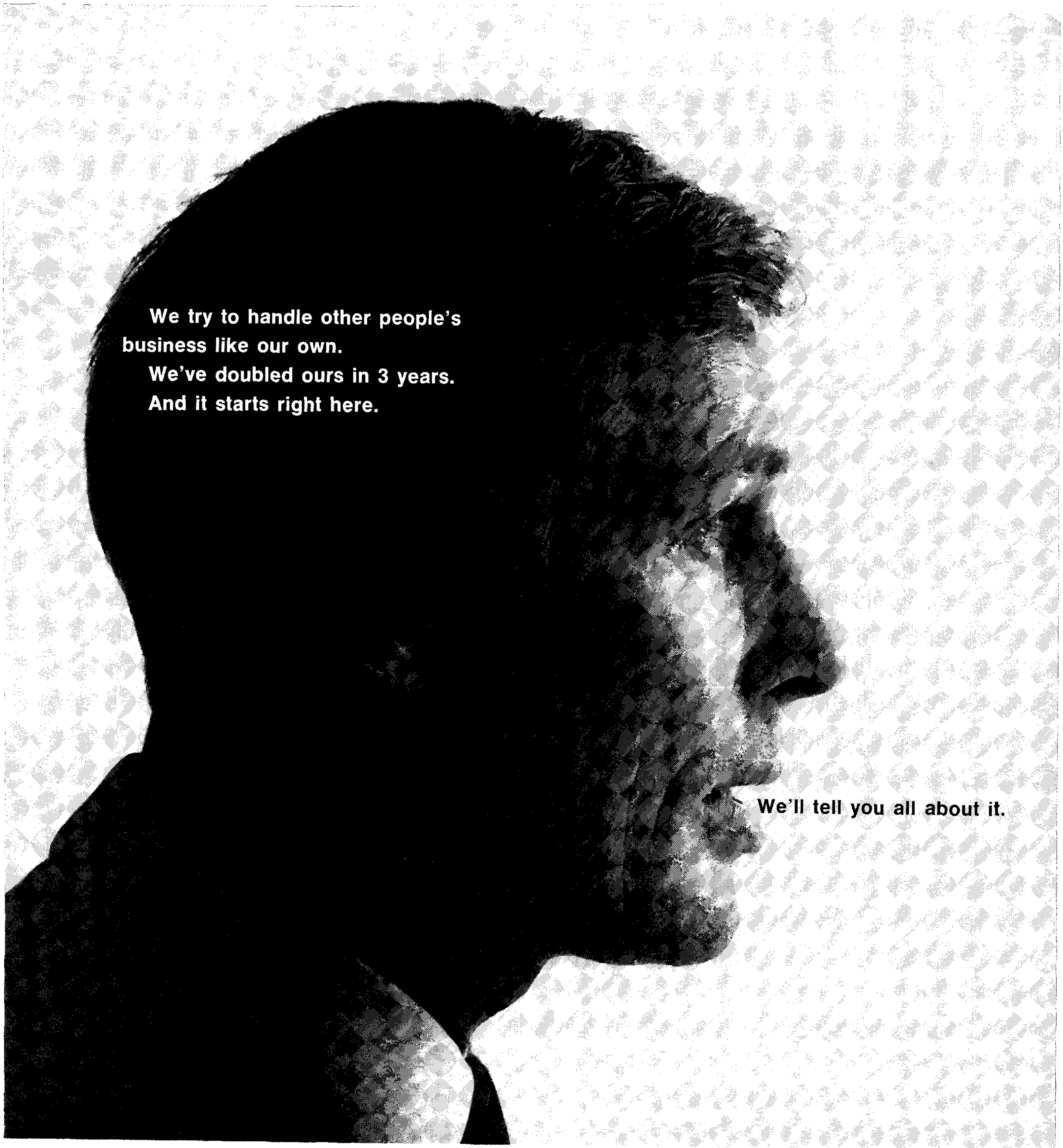
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OVERSEAS NATI

The Elk and the Moose come two by two.
Even unto two hundred fifty.

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No matter. They'll go for less and enjoy it more on Overseas National Airways. By less, we mean up to 60% below regular airline fare. By more, we mean they'll travel in style on one of our three new 250-seat Intercontinental Super DC-8s. The biggest, most luxurious jets in the air.

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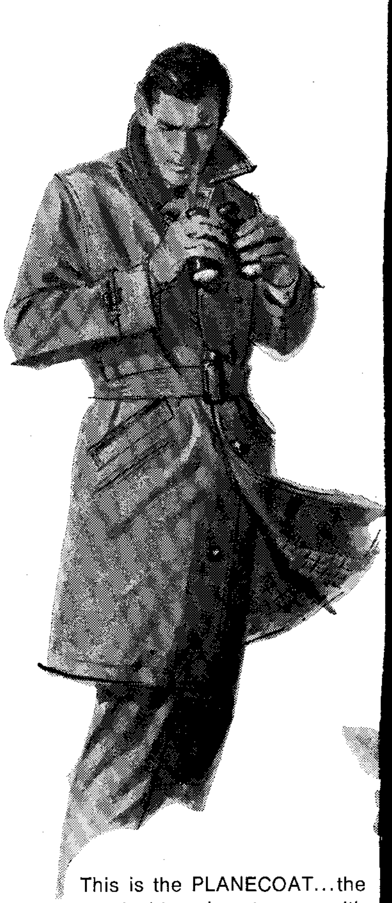
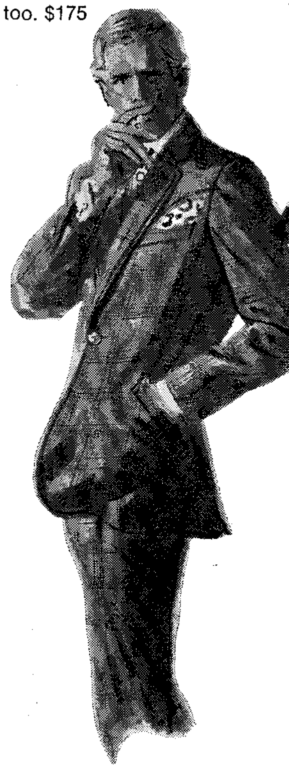
JOHN WEITZ

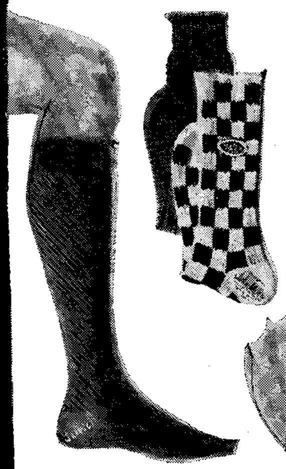


This is the PLANECOAT...the greatest travel coat ever...with every gimmick you ever needed for travel from ticket pocket to extra zipper pockets for pipe or cards or smuggling. Made by **HARBORMASTER.** $65

It's all available at
LORD & TAYLOR
(and, of course, at other great stores)

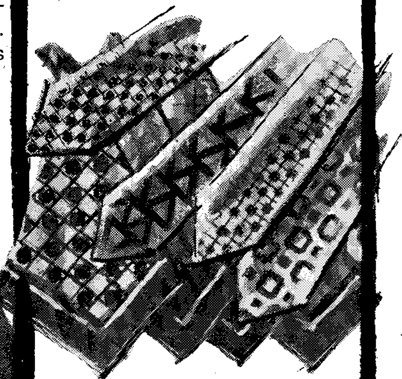
The waist-flattering John Weitz BUSINESS SUIT. Absolutely the most comfortable thing—featherweight, easy to pack, with *those famous* slant pockets. This one is glen plaid. There are many other fabrics too. $175

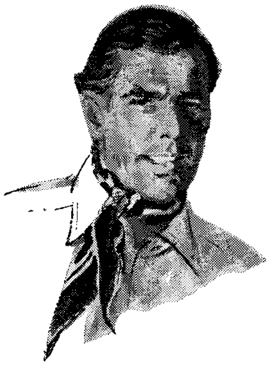




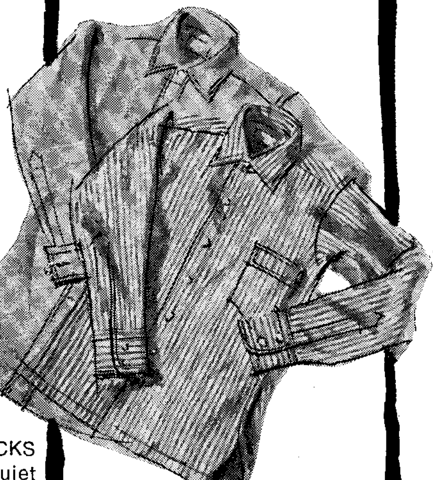
The wild ones are GOLF SOCKS ...for wild golfers. The quiet ones are the newest of BUSINESS HOSE in *cavalry twill.* They're made by **CAMP,** the hosiery kings. Golf hose, $2, business hose, $2.50

Never have so many worn so many amusing TIES...since the Weitz *ones came along.* His own special prints...very strong! Ties, $7.50, kerchiefs, prints twice the size, $4

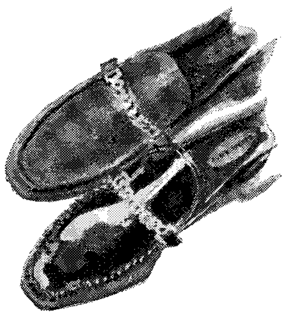




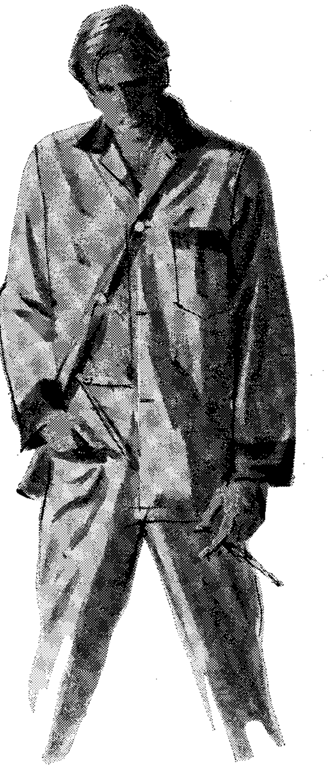
Everybody's copied this original Weitz RANCHERO tie, but *no one does them better!* It has its own custom-made ring. It's a cinch to put on! Only **BURMA-BIBAS** makes Weitz ties...*beautifully.* $8.50



The TRAVEL SHIRT for business *or* sports is the square-bottomed one in front. The TOWN SHIRT behind it has a *single* cuff for cufflinks (it's easier) and a round bottom (the *shirt* has, that is). **EXCELLO** makes them. That's all...Both $13.50



This is the John Weitz SHOE. One style. All sorts of leathers like the suede and patent leather above. It's so darn comfortable because **BOSTONIAN** knows how...In leather $25, patent $30



This is the greatest SLEEPSUIT, with that no-gap criss-cross closure and special shave-pocket. Made by **DIPLOMAT** who are snoozewear experts. $12.00

JOHN WEITZ

How often do you have the opportunity to buy a family heirloom? That's what this watch would become as soon as you own it.

Since our craftsmen take such pride in their work and they construct all watches entirely by hand, it takes them a long while to finish a single timepiece. And because we select the finest materials for our artisans to use, we won't ever let them compromise their skill just to make a few more watches.

That alone should be reason enough to want a Corum watch, but there's more. We took an authentic $20 gold coin, cut it in half and placed the all Swiss movement inbetween. This was our idea and we patented it to keep it exclusive.

So with the superior craftsmanship and finest materials, your watch will still be keeping accurate time when it's on your great great grandson's wrist.

The price is $1,000. A small price to pay for a family heirloom. For brochure write

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A little something for your great great grandson.

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At Manufacturers Hanover, the name of the game is *total performance banking*—the ability to do the whole job for you, from collecting interest on your securities to protecting your interests in the market.

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Currently, we have fiscal responsibility for the management of funds valued at more than seven billion dollars—for individuals, families, educational and charitable foundations and others.

At Manufacturers Hanover, your investment management account is handled by a single trust officer on a person-to-person basis. It is his job to bring to focus on your individual situation the total research and management capabilities of this multi-billion-dollar organization.

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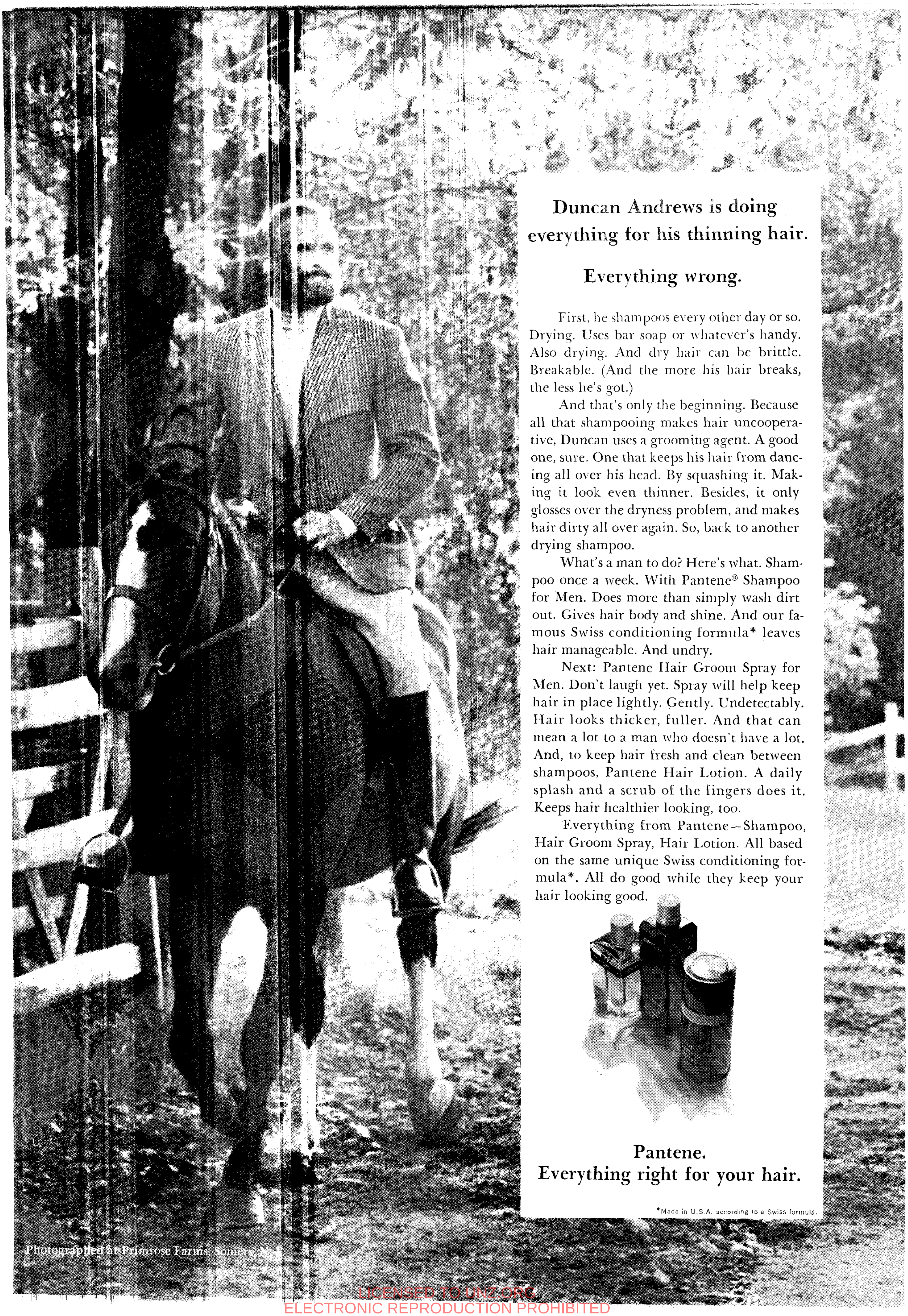


Duncan Andrews is doing everything for his thinning hair.

Everything wrong.

First, he shampoos every other day or so. Drying. Uses bar soap or whatever's handy. Also drying. And dry hair can be brittle. Breakable. (And the more his hair breaks, the less he's got.)

And that's only the beginning. Because all that shampooing makes hair uncooperative, Duncan uses a grooming agent. A good one, sure. One that keeps his hair from dancing all over his head. By squashing it. Making it look even thinner. Besides, it only glosses over the dryness problem, and makes hair dirty all over again. So, back to another drying shampoo.

What's a man to do? Here's what. Shampoo once a week. With Pantene® Shampoo for Men. Does more than simply wash dirt out. Gives hair body and shine. And our famous Swiss conditioning formula* leaves hair manageable. And undry.

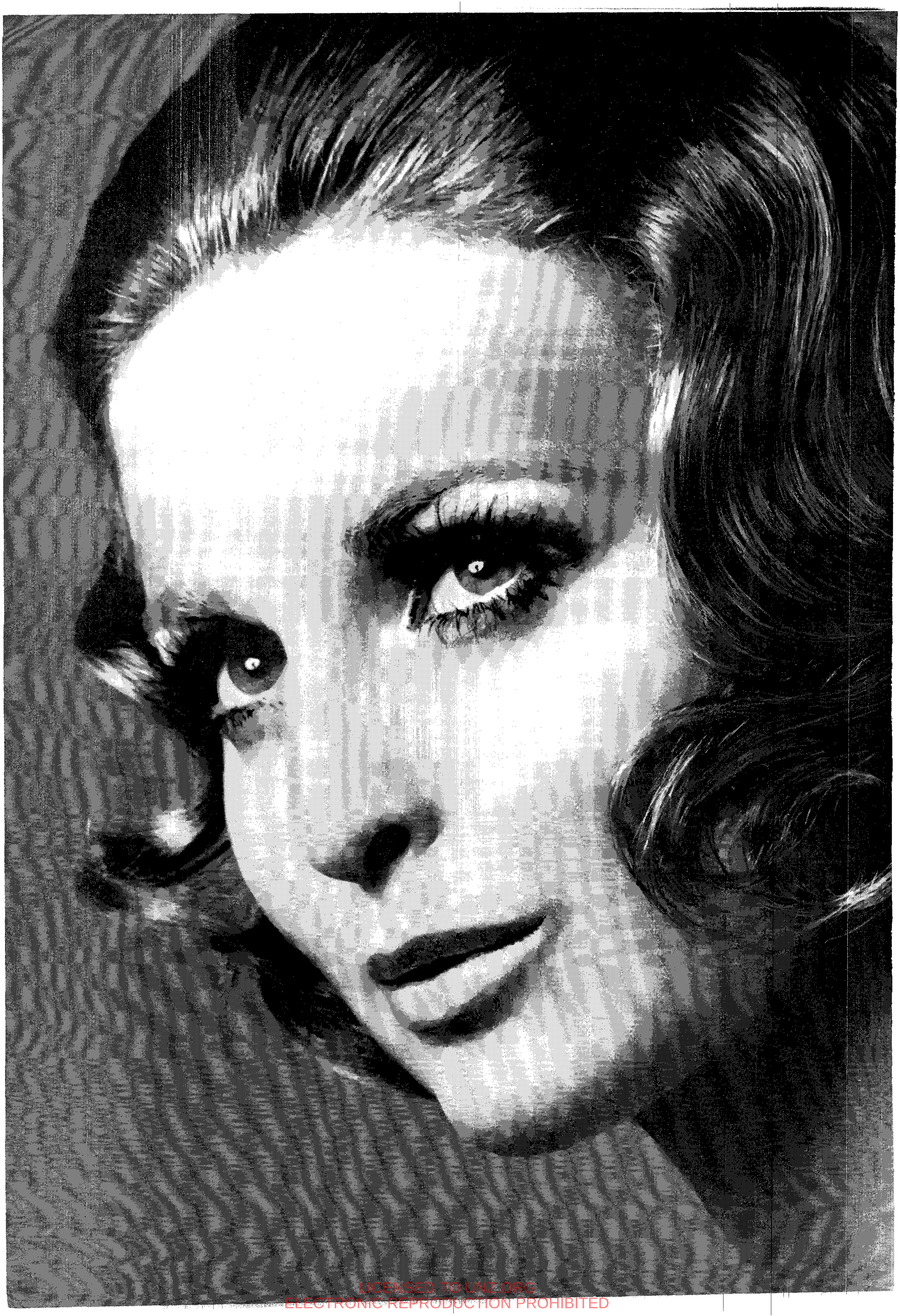
Next: Pantene Hair Groom Spray for Men. Don't laugh yet. Spray will help keep hair in place lightly. Gently. Undetectably. Hair looks thicker, fuller. And that can mean a lot to a man who doesn't have a lot. And, to keep hair fresh and clean between shampoos, Pantene Hair Lotion. A daily splash and a scrub of the fingers does it. Keeps hair healthier looking, too.

Everything from Pantene—Shampoo, Hair Groom Spray, Hair Lotion. All based on the same unique Swiss conditioning formula*. All do good while they keep your hair looking good.

Pantene.
Everything right for your hair.

*Made in U.S.A. according to a Swiss formula.

Photographed at Primrose Farms, Somers, N.Y.



Hair Spray de Pantene.® Use it to your hair's content.

Wonderful! Hair Spray de Pantene. Now made here from a unique Swiss conditioning formula. It's the spray that deep-conditions as it holds. Brushes right out. Unsticky. Unflaky. Unbelievable. Hair Spray de Pantene. Naturally, more expensive. But doesn't your hair deserve it? $2 and $3. At better stores across the country. Other do-gooders from Pantene: Forming. Shampoo. The Treatment.

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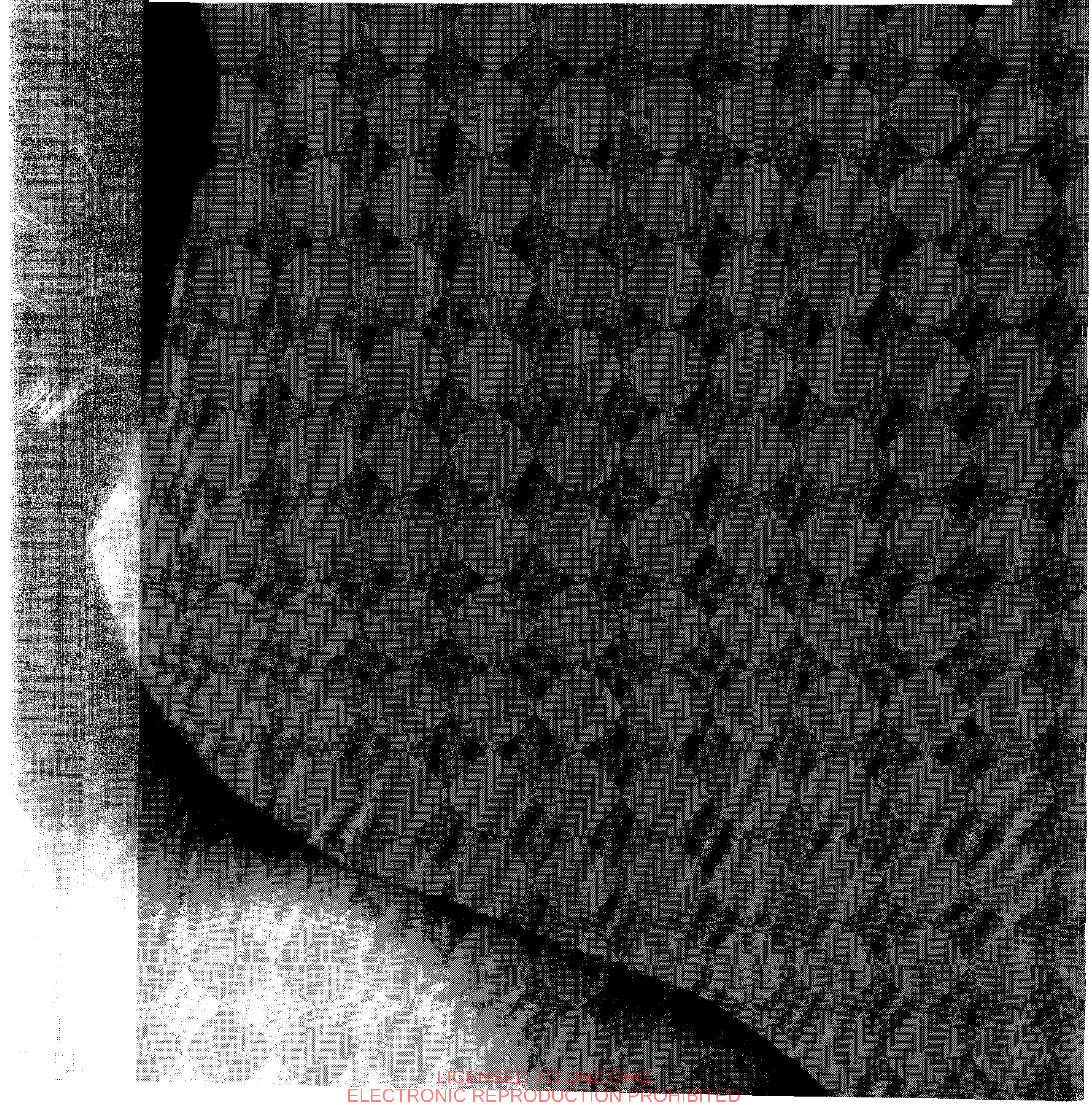

distinguished design in exquisite crystal...

At the great Orrefors glassworks in the forests of Smaland, Sweden, there is an internationally famous artist-designer named Ingeborg Lundin. It has been said of her that she "waves a magic wand over blower and glass alike and lures from them wilful, audacious, and graceful shapes of incomparable beauty." She designed the engraved vase which sells for $260 and the goblets priced from $12.50 each. Whichever you choose, you will have an exquisite Lundin design for your very own.

For brochure of exquisite crystal pieces by Lundin and other famed Orrefors designers, write our U.S.A. representative, Fisher, Bruce & Co., 221 Market St., Phila., Pa. 19106 or 527 W. 7th St., Los Angeles, Calif. 90014.

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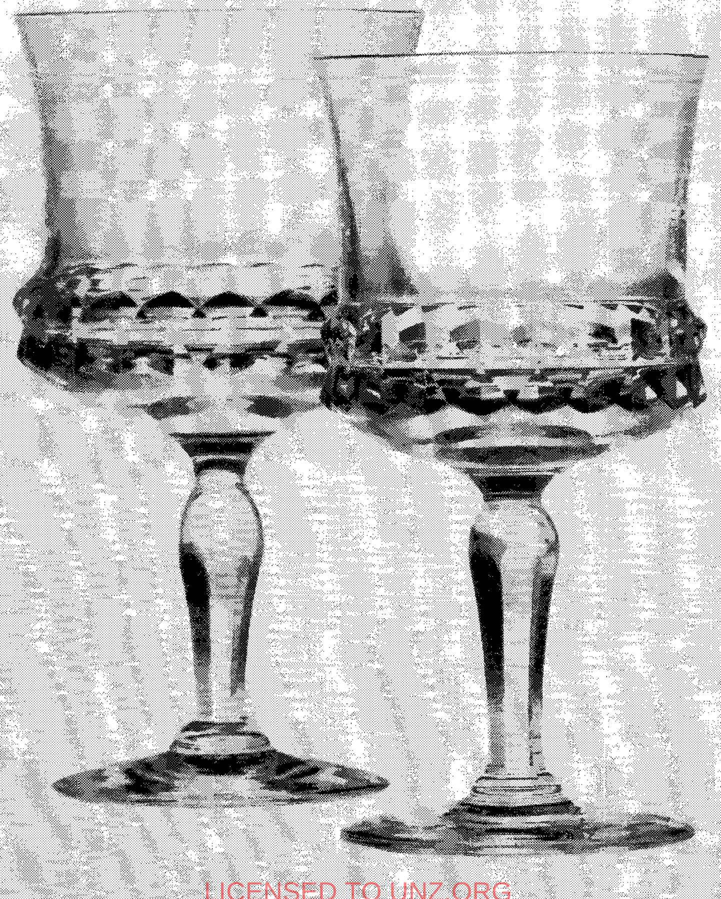

This year,
DODGE
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1969 Dodge Polara.
Totally new, it is. Expensive, it isn't.

If you're looking for a big, luxurious new car that sports a low price, look no farther. 1969 Dodge Polara. With such standard items as foam-padded seats, carpeting, and a 230-hp V8. Not to mention an all-new instrument panel and concealed windshield wipers. Why wait, big car lovers? This is your year. 1969 Dodge Polara.

The look of Corbin:
now in sport jackets as well as trousers.

We tailored our new sport jackets in the same distinctive manner that has made our trousers a tradition in fine clothing.

Distinctive quality. Distinctive fit. And, naturally, distinctive patterns, colourings, and fabrics from England and Scotland.

See them, along with our new trouser collection, at fine stores everywhere.

Sport Jackets: from $70.00.

Trousers: from $22.50.

(Ladies' slacks also available.)

Gentlemen's clothing by
CORBIN, LTD.
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Please write for a listing of the fine stores that feature the Corbin look.

Take 300 men and women. Strand them on an exotic island. Strip them of social pressure.

Introducing The Club Méditerranée Vacation.

It's more than a vacation, it's dropping out of society.

A Club Méditerranée village is isolated in a far-off land, with neither newspapers nor radios. But more important, it is philosophically remote.

The social pressures that inhibit an individual in the modern world do not exist in this one. There are no rules, no status, no social games. You feel free to act as you'd like to, not as you think you're supposed to.

Club Méditerranée's vacation concept has really caught on in Europe. In the last few years, over half a million Europeans have indulged themselves at our 34 villages around the world.

Money is a string of beads.

Even money, as you know it, is dispensed with. Instead you wear a necklace of pop-out beads. Which is only shortened for a drink at the bar. Everything else is free.

A bathing suit is your wardrobe.

Nowhere at the club is a bathing suit inappropriate. The bar, breakfast, even dinner if you like.

In this society, you can't tell what a man does for a living—if he has a lot of money, or a little. He's just a human being.

It's not a bad way of looking at people.

Food fit for a Roman orgy.

There is fish of every description, à la Parisienne or au Beurre. (Each village boasts a master French chef.) There are rare delicacies stuffed with other rare delicacies. Trays loaded with camembert, port-de-salut, brie. Armies of napoleons, éclairs, flambées. Mountains of freshly picked fruit.

Talk and laughter are in abundance, too. Eight people sit at each table. And since there's no permanent seating arrangement, you're always meeting someone new.

All the wine you can drink.

Food is never served without great pitchers of wine. In this carefree society it flows as freely as water. Perhaps because it's free.

No hand-clapping, whistle-blowing social directors.

No one at the club will try to push a good time down your throat. The G.O.'s ("gentils organisateurs") are there with expert instruction, if and when the spirit moves you.

Another pressure is alleviated because there is no social distinction made between the G.O.'s and the G.M.'s ("gentils membres"). Everyone eats, drinks, and dances together. It's one big happy family.

A tip is an insult.

It would be like trying to tip a friend for doing you a favor. So on this vacation, you won't have to spend time figuring out how much to tip who and when.

Free activities.

The activities include tennis, skiing (both kinds) sailing, swimming, deep-sea fishing, scuba diving, spear fishing, judo, yoga, bridge, volley ball. And every night there's dancing to live music under a billion stars.

You notice there are no asterisks lurking around. None of the "minimal charges" that you usually have to contend with on a vacation. Instruction is also free.

Our first club in the Caribbean.

It's on the beautiful island of Guadeloupe It's our newest club and our very first in this part of the world. So Americans will now be able to drop out of society in just 4 hours.

Of course, our clubs everywhere are available to you. From lush Tahiti to sun-drenched Morocco to the snow-capped Alps (14 ski villages in all).

The incredibly low price.

Our prices include everything from the time you go to the time you get back.

Guadeloupe, 1 week for $310. 2 weeks for $459. (Includes round-trip jet economy fare from New York.)

Michele,
Club Méditerranée Service Center
P.O. Box 188
Old Chelsea Station
New York, New York 10011

Please send me further information on Club Méditerranée.

I am especially interested in vacations to: ☐ Caribbean, ☐ Morocco, ☐ Tahiti, ☐ Ski villages.

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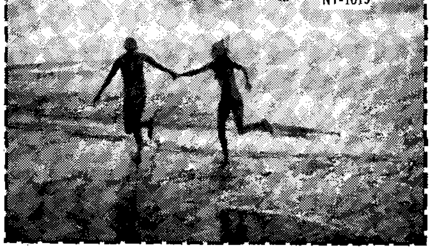

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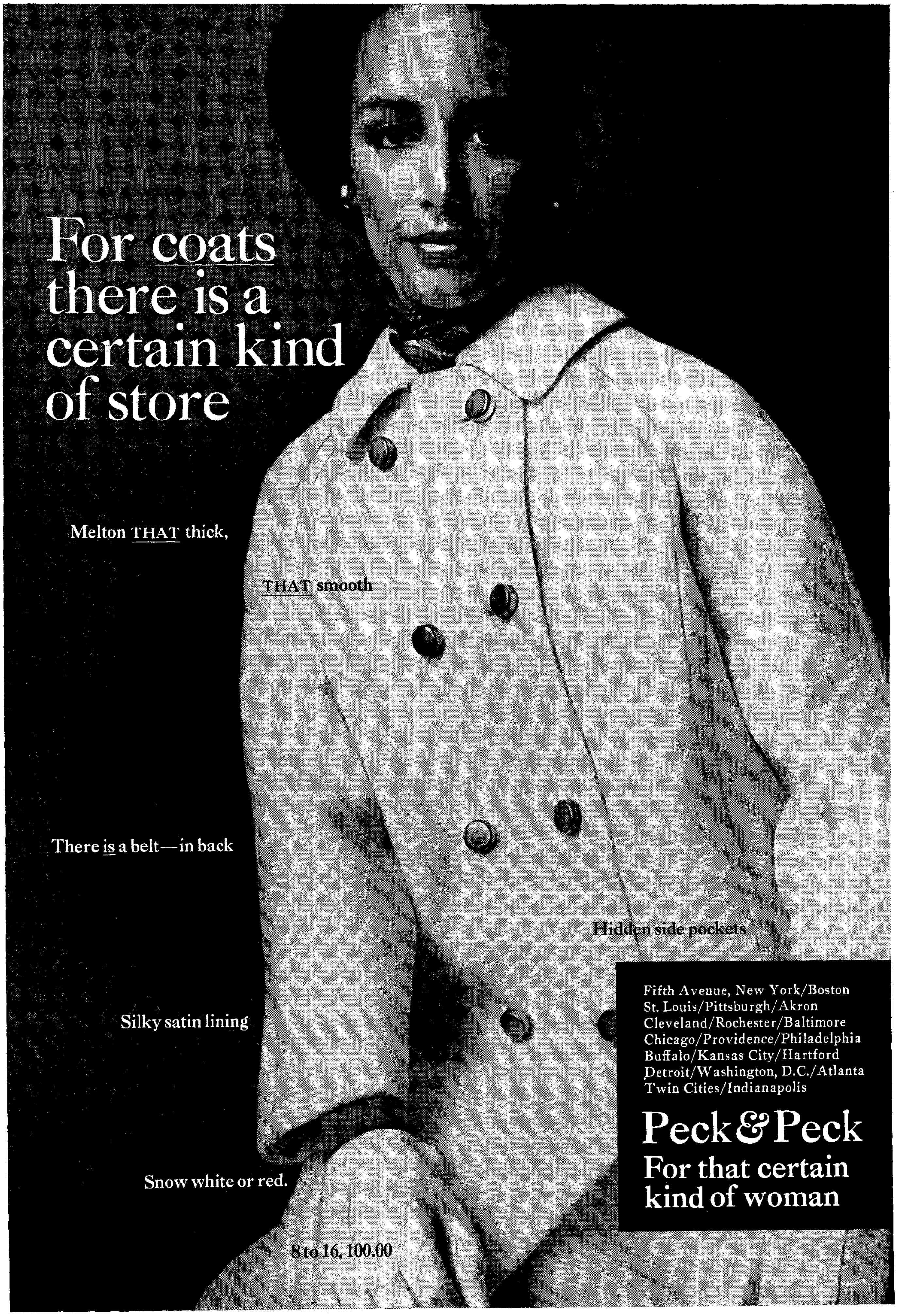
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Melton THAT thick,
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For that certain kind of woman

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

THE people who attempt to educate public opinion about nuclear weaponry seem to us to be divided into two groups. The first group argues that there is a clear moral distinction between a nuclear weapon and other weapons in that a nuclear weapon is the *only* one so far devised by man against which moral revulsion is so great and the future prospects connected with its use are so frightening that this revulsion and these prospects have become an instrument to motivate nations toward effective self-control in the use and development of this weapon. Eventually, this group argues, the moral sophistication of the human race may develop to the point where the distinctions among weapons will become blurred, and *all* weapons will become morally repulsive and the object of national self-control. The second group also recognizes that this distinction between nuclear weapons and the rest exists, and would also like to see it blurred, but to the end of putting nuclear weapons in the same category as the rest: no worse than a rusty knife; both bad but both to be used if the circumstances warrant. In the latter group we have General LeMay, who, in order to combat what he calls the "phobia"—i.e., moral revulsion—against the use and dissemination of nuclear weapons, recently recounted the South Sea idyll of the Bikini atoll, in words that would do justice to a travel poster: "The fish are all back in the lagoons; the coconut trees are growing coconuts; the guava bushes have fruit on them; the birds are back. As a matter of fact, everything is about the same except the land crabs. They get minerals from the soil—I guess through their shells—and the land crabs were a little bit 'hot,' and there's a little [doubt] about whether you should eat a land crab or not." We do not think the moral distinction between nuclear weapons and the rest—a distinction that has been painfully built up over many years and is, at best, fragile and subject to human whim—is a "phobia." It is one of the few hopeful straws in an otherwise bleak wind.

Environetics

SOMETHING termed the Total Home Showcase was held at the Coliseum recently, and, having been informed that it had partly to do with the year 2100 (not long ago, we recalled, people were planning for the year 2000), we dropped by one afternoon and discovered that a hundred and twenty-four exhibitors had installed displays intended to promote their products or services. Near the top of an escalator, in the Grundig exhibit, we found a group of people listening to an assortment of radios and phonographs, which by playing simultaneously were mingling passages of Andy Williams, the Cleveland Orchestra, and the Rascals in a kind of Ivesian gallimaufry. Farther on—beyond the Genie Model 401 garage-door opener, the Mini-Budget Apartment, and the Shoe-In Double-Decked 4-Unit Lazy Susan—we came upon an exhibit prepared by Moen, a division of the Standard Screw Company. Its most prominent display was a device called Moenique, which combined a soap tray, a shower control, a grab bar, a faucet, and a shower-tub diverter, all in one compendious instrument. We strolled past the Greatwood Products exhibit (it consisted mainly of the Home Office, an armoire that opened to become a desk), the 'Round the Clock Bedroom (it looked like a bedroom), and the Rondette Twin-9 Vacation House, which was surrounded by a lawn of Astroturf (the Astroturf looked like a golf green and felt to our fingers like the fake grass that comes packed with candy Easter eggs).

Still farther on, we descried inside a model ski hut a stunning brunette in a yellow ski suit. She gave us a brilliant smile and said, "The rugs on this floor are made of Source! What makes Source unique? The same principle that makes a costly star sapphire unique. There has never been carpeting like that made of new Source."

Just a few feet away was an exhibit we had heard a good deal about—a display set up by Saphier, Lerner, Schindler, Inc., a firm of office designers that describes its activities as "environetics" and that was showing plans for the city of 2100 A.D. Standing within a gridlike enclosure of metal and plastic was a confident-looking man in a 1968 A.D. gray suit, who introduced himself as Lawrence Lerner, the firm's president. He told us that the American Home and Better Living Exposition—the organization that created the Total Home Showcase—had asked his firm to come up with some plans for a hundred and thirty-two years hence, and that this display was merely one approach to how things would be then. "Our greatest urban problems are those related to congestion and pollution, which are caused by our concentrating most of our activities on one horizontal level," he said. "That's why we have planned our city in a vertical way." He pointed to a drawing that showed clusters of vaguely horseshoe-shaped structures mounted on tall stalks and connected by aerial passageways. (It reminded us of a colony of vertically arranged barnacles.) “In the city of the future, it won’t be necessary to go to ground level every time you want to get from one place to another,” he said, moving toward another drawing, much like the first. “Each vertical core, which may have as many as five hundred levels, will hold many different kinds of units—schools, hospitals, offices, dwellings—and there will be plenty of air and light around each unit. Vertical transportation will take place within the cores. Horizontal transportation will be accomplished by moving walkways and by electronically controlled, bubble-shaped carriers. The ground will be turned entirely back to nature—trees and streams and parks.” Mr. Lerner pointed to a drawing of a room that bore the label “Socializing Unit” and looked something like a snail shell. “There will be no furniture in the home of the future,” he said. “All interior surfaces will be curved, to accommodate the human body. You’re not built along geometric lines, are you? Why should you live in geometric surroundings?” In front of a drawing of another curvilinear room, labelled “Food Preparation and Eating Unit,” he said cheerfully, “The computer will be an integral part of every home. Families will order food after looking at samples on a television screen. Computers will obtain food from a central storage area, bring it to the home, and prepare it.” We asked Mr. Lerner what advantages computer-prepared food might have over cook-prepared food, and he said, “Well, it will taste the same every time.”

We thanked Mr. Lerner, strolled past a sign reading “Welcome to Vita Mix,” and found ourself facing a very pretty girl who was wearing a blue-and-white ribbon that read “Miss Total Home Showcase.”

“Hi!” Miss Total Home Showcase said. “I’m Marcy Spelman. I’m from Washington, D.C. I was out on the Island, and somebody told me that there was a contest, so I came in to Manhattan and entered it. It’s the first contest of this kind I ever entered!”

We congratulated Miss Spelman, continued past an ottoman made from an elephant’s foot, a display of rapid-reading materials, and a vibrating armchair, in which a woman was sitting (and vibrating), and finally reached the Brunswick Corporation’s exhibit, which was temporarily without visitors. Its central feature was a handsome pool table. There was nothing unusual about the pool table. Its wood was brown and its top was green, and on its surface lay a 15 ball, a cue ball, and a cue. We picked up the cue, aimed at the cue ball, sent the 15 ball into a corner pocket, and went home.

Fan

A FRIEND of ours crossed Park Avenue at Seventy-sixth Street last week behind a dowager who was holding a transistor radio to one ear. She was listening to the sixth game of the World Series, and our friend asked her what the score was. “The Detroit Tigers have two and the Cleveland Indians have nothing,” she answered happily, and continued across Park Avenue.

Correspondent

ALISTAIR COOKE, a converted American (as of December 1, 1941) who for thirty-one years has been describing and interpreting this country over the air, with a minimum of guff and a maximum of wit and grace, to listeners in his native land, Great Britain (and, on sequential radio beams, to listeners in places ranging from Switzerland to Singapore), is celebrating passing the watershed of his one-thousandth B.B.C. broadcast (as of March 24, 1968) with the publication of “Talk About America”—a collection of forty-one of his airborne chats, ranging in subject matter from Alcatraz to Evelyn Nesbit. We had a floor-based chat and drink with him the other evening in his book-lined study, on the top, or fifteenth, floor of an apartment house on upper Fifth Avenue. “Three thousand books, mostly on the United States, arranged by states or geographical areas,” he said. “New England, Florida, the State of Washington, lots of California. Reference books. I’m especially interested in the West. Jane, my wife, says there isn’t a book in this library you can read. In a way, she’s right. She likes fiction. I have a section on government—from Plato to Tom Hayden. I keep adding books and keep weeding them out, for space. I give five hundred to the Merchant Marine Library every year.”

PIPES • TOBACCO
KEYS
LIQUOR STORE
GLASS
KEY

Mr. Cooke airs his radio views, which are called “Letters from America” (and are never heard *in* America), once a week. “I figure to get started on writing them, here, around two o’clock on Friday afternoon,” he said. “Eighteen hundred words. Five and a quarter pages. They take an hour and twenty minutes to write and thirteen minutes and forty seconds to deliver. I never know ahead of time what I’m going to talk about. I take a cab to the B.B.C. office in Rockefeller Center at three-twenty. I cut the copy in the cab. I give the talk, which is taped, at four o’clock, and a boy comes to take it to the airport. It goes on, in London, Sunday evening at six-ten, and again at nine-five the next morning. Then it’s beamed out Monday on all the B.B.C.’s overseas services. It’s the thing I love doing most. I try to run up and down the human scale that unites a Lancashireman with a Texan and a German with a Siamese. In working on the book, I went to the B.B.C. headquarters in London in August and first picked a hundred and twenty of the talks from their file. I don’t have a file myself. Then I selected the forty-one that we used. My publishers—Knopf—and I had a terrible time picking the title. I had a somewhat similar selection published in 1952—‘One Man’s America,’ taken from my first two hundred and seventy ‘Letters’—and I said to the Knopf people, ‘How about calling this one “Another Man’s Poison”?’ I meant this as a joke. A few days later, an editor called me up and said, ‘Our salesmen take a dim view of your title. They say that no title with the word “poison” in it sells well.’ ”

The well-organized broadcaster, who is an old hand at the light touch (“I introduced a visiting American gently to some of the mysteries of cricket, not the least of which is why grown men stand around for most of the day doing nothing at all in temperatures of fifty degrees," he remarked in one of his "Letters"), also enjoys commenting on the American scene in the *Guardian,* to which he contributes each week six reports of about eight hundred words. He started writing for that paper in 1945, when he was in San Francisco covering the founding of the United Nations for the B.B.C. "I got a cable from Alfred Wadsworth, the *Guardian's* editor, asking me to give him five thousand words on the conference every night," he said. "I took over as the paper's chief American correspondent in 1948. The *Guardian* calls me at one-thirty every afternoon when I'm in town, except Saturday—it has no Sunday edition—and I dictate my article to a copy girl in Manchester. When I'm on the road, I call the paper." Mr. Cooke, who has driven, or flown and driven, around the country twenty-four times, made his first trip in the summer of 1933, when he was twenty-four. He had come here, to Yale, as a Commonwealth Fund fellow, to continue studies in the theatre. (He had directed plays as an undergraduate at Jesus College, Cambridge.) "I drove around thirty-five or forty states, and spent most of the summer in Beverly Hills with Charlie Chaplin, whom I met in the course of doing a Hollywood series for the London *Observer,*" he said. "I worked on a script with him for a film about Napoleon on Saint Helena. It was never produced. He was going to play Napoleon. A serious role. But one day he decided he wasn't finished with 'the little man.' "

Mr. Cooke has had two American wives, and he has two grown-up American children. "I've really fallen out of love with New York," he said. "I'm not sure the cities here aren't through. Human relations in them are impossible. New York may or may not be ungovernable, but it certainly is unhandleable by the ordinary citizen. It's teeming with too many people and too many automobiles. I used to find it an amiable town, but no longer. This room is my home. My apartment is a haven, a sanctuary against the city." Except for journalistic trips and country weekends and summers, he rarely leaves his haven. He and his wife have a place at Nassau Point, Long Island, where he plays golf. "Golf is marvellous out West," he says. "When I'm in California, because of the difference in time, I file my story by ten-thirty in the morning. Then I'm free to take off for Olympic, Pebble Beach, Riviera, or wherever. (I have friends strategically placed near all the best courses.) Evenings I spend with politicians and with the state editors of newspapers, who are mines of information. They are my great standby. But the West isn't what it used to be. The landscape has been disastrously raped during the last ten years or so. The freeways, supermarkets, the suburban litter. Let me refresh your drink."

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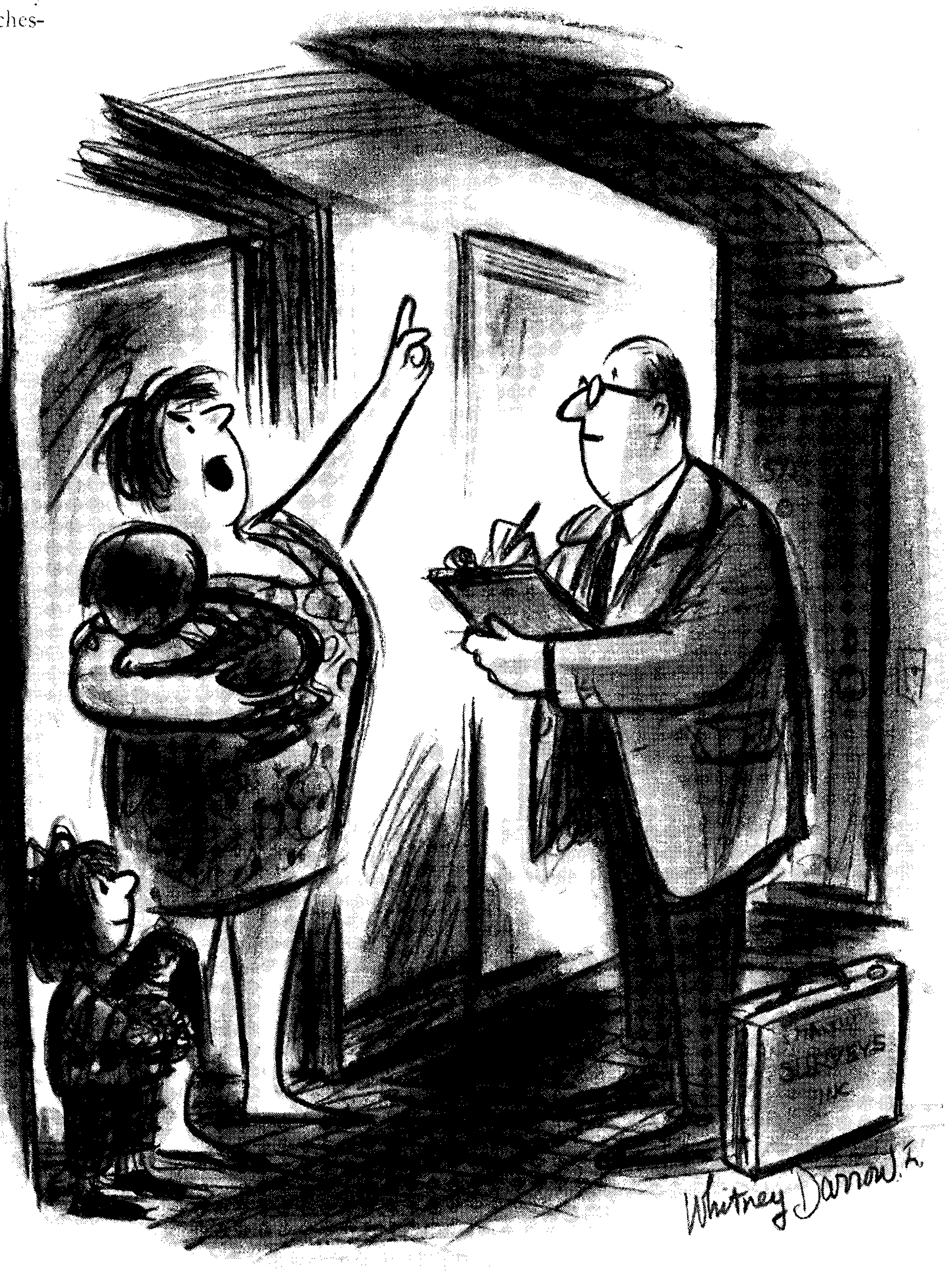
LEGEND observed on a box of Bell's Seasoning: "The Sage used herein is a blend of Salvia Officinalis and other



"Furthermore, addressing myself to your third question, I categorically assert . . ."

imported varieties which are not Salvia Officinalis."

New Man Opening

"THE National Portrait Gallery will dedicate its new home with due pomp and fanfare on October 5," the *Smithsonian Torch*, the monthly house organ of the S. Institution, reported, without exaggeration. We attended the preliminary flourish of trumpets, which took the form of a double-headed, three-speaker symposium in Washington's Museum of History and Technology on "The American—This New Man." The title was derived from Michel-Guillaume Jean de Crèvecœur, a Frenchman who came to New York in 1759, was naturalized, and wrote a number of letters and essays under the name J. Hector St. John Crèvecœur, or else simply J. Hector St. John. In one of them— But let us turn to Professor Oscar Handlin, director of the Charles Warren Center for Studies in American History of Harvard University, who contributed to the show's catalogue, which is called "This New Man: A Discourse in Portraits," an essay called " 'This Promiscuous Breed': Sources of Diversity in the American Character," in which he wrote:

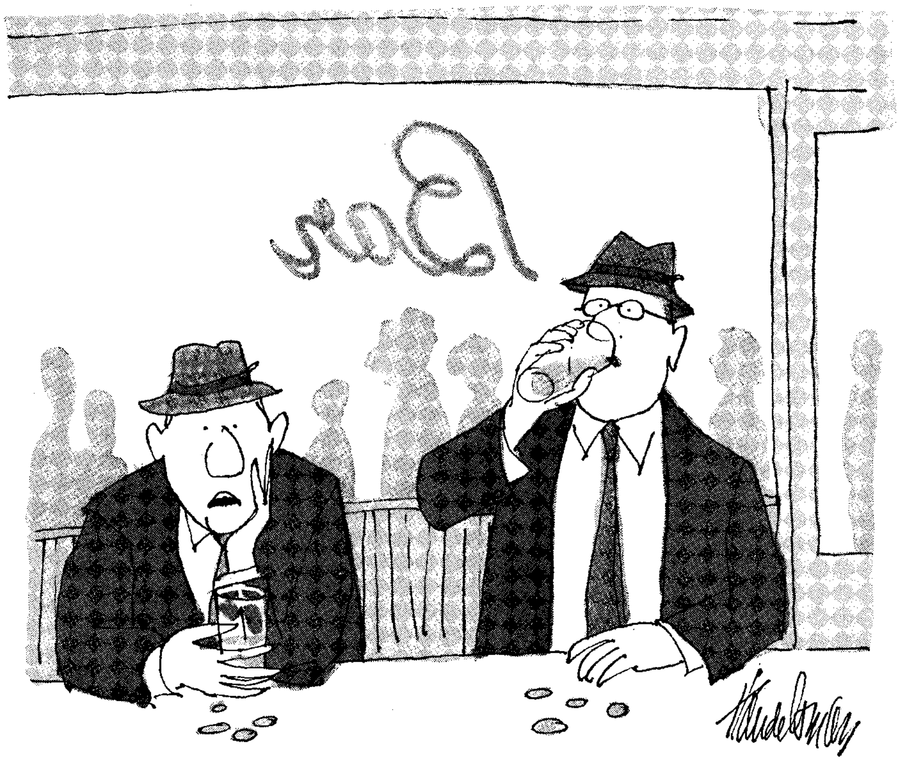
> St. John Crèvecœur (1735-1813), French-born commentator on American frontier life and social forces, early perceived the effects of diversity when he asked the penetrating question, "What then is the American, this new man?" He gave his own answer, "*He* is an American, who, leaving behind him all his ancient prejudices and manners, receives new ones from the new mode of life he has embraced. . . . Here individuals of all nations are melted into a new race of men, whose labors and posterity will one day cause great changes in the world."

Well, be that as it may, we were present on Friday evening for the first symposium, at which the Smithsonian's Secretary, S. Dillon Ripley, after remarking that the Gallery was opening a new dimension in American historical research, presented to the audience Dr. Daniel J. Boorstin, Preston and Sterling Morton Distinguished Service Professor at the University of Chicago, who talked for an hour on "The Mystery of the American Hero." Mr. Ripley then observed that *he* was related to an American hero, Casey Stengel (whose first names are Charles Dillon), and presented the second speaker, Marcus F. Cunliffe, professor of American studies at the University of Sussex, in England, who discoursed for an hour on "What Is an American, or Crèvecœur Revisited." Professor Cunliffe added two new words to our vocabulary—"piacular" and "piaculum." "His letters and sketches have an extraordinary mixture of euphoric statements and the piacular," he said of Crèvecœur. This word is not in our desk Webster, but it is in the big one, and it means "expiatory."

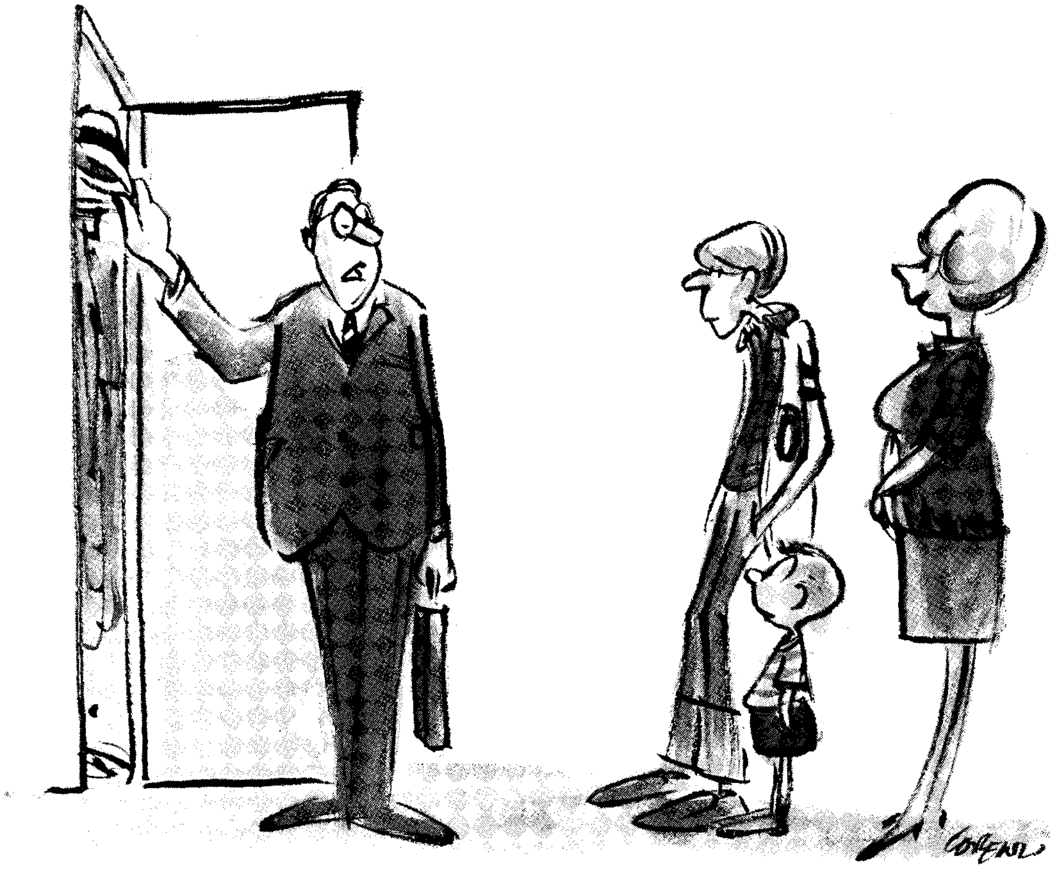
The next morning, the second symposium found us, by great good luck, seated next to an old friend, Dr. Caryl P. Haskins, president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington, who has a place in Connecticut where he indulges a taste for natural history. "I'm raising zebra finches from the Australian central desert," he told us. "Bright-red feet. They're wanderers in their native habitat. They nest a few days after the onset of the rains. We have outdoor flight cages, where I nest them in coconuts. We have two pairs, and they have had four broods this year. And our satyr tragopans—pheasants from the Himalayas—laid eggs this spring." We asked how his saturniid moths were getting along. "I've got a hybrid between the Chinese luna—*Actias selene*—and our luna," he said. "Very big." Looking pleased, he indicated a wingspread of about seven inches.

The morning's speaker, Dr. Margaret Mead, was introduced by Dr. J. Benjamin Townsend, professor of English at the State University of New York in Buffalo, who has been acting as assistant director of the N.P.G. "She is notoriously the Voltaire of her generation," he said, in part. "She is also the Pascal. She is an institution, like the Smithsonian. Not an institute. [*Laughter*] The Civil Service would be defeated by the task of how to classify her. [*Laughter*]" He went on to say that Dr. Mead had taught at thirteen universities and was the veteran of nine expeditions to New Guinea and vicinity, and he quoted a plug of Dame Rebecca West's for one of her many books, but, rather oddly, he barely mentioned the American Museum of Natural History, at which Dr. Mead has been curator of ethnology for forty-two years. Institution fanfare has its limits.

Dr. Mead, looking like a pussycat, spoke on "Americans and Their Ancestors." She began by referring to a piece that the Washington *Post* had run on her that morning. "It had only one error," she said. "It said 'psychologist' instead of 'psychoanalyst.' It quoted me as saying that every psychologist has a picture of Freud in his office. [*Laughter*] Luckily, there are a great many pictures of Freud. [*Laughter*]" Dr. Mead talked for an hour. She said, among other things, that we offer immigrants a new set of ancestors, not in the physical but in the political sense, such as George Washington ("The fact that the Father of our Country had no children seems to me fortunate [*Laughter*]"); that people



"Issues just are no longer clear-cut. Like in the Second World War, we knew we were fighting for Mom's apple pie."



"I'm using the car tonight, fifty cents a week is plenty, and I love you."

invent ancestors ("We give them permission for the falsification of ancestors, but they must work at it [*Laughter*]"); and that when Negroes in this country put on a turban and talk French they are deferentially received, but when they don't, well . . .

Protracted applause rewarded the Mead lecture, which was followed by a panel discussion led by Dr. Townsend; Charles Nagel, the director of the Gallery; and the symposium speakers. It was productive of some lively sallies.

"That's not right," Dr. Mead said to Dr. Townsend, who had expressed opposition to omnium-gatherum racial pride, whether black or white, and had plumped for discrimination in admiration of ancestors.

"That's not true," a man in the audience said to Dr. Mead, who had said that man was the only creature, except for the rat, that goes in for intra-species murder. "Some animals are cannibals."

The floor discussion turned to Black Power, and Dr. Mead said, "This is a black city. There's something wrong with this audience. Some people are not here." The audience seemed to be almost entirely white.

"I can't speak for the management, but I know there's no discrimination in the Smithsonian Institution," Dr. Boorstin said.

"Forget about these bloody ancestors!" said another man, who then identified himself as a Viennese who had been in Dachau. "I never thought much of my father, and I don't remember my mother. It's a reactionary idea to put so much stress on the past. I recognize only two races—men and women."

English blood was mentioned, and John Walker, the director of the National Gallery of Art and a member, ex officio, of the N.P.G. Commission, rose and said, "A charming collector and a friend of mine, M. Châteaubriand, of Brazil, a rather small, rather dark little man, told me, 'I have English blood. When your ancestors arrived in Brazil, my ancestors et them.' "

The meeting closed on this peculiar, if not piacular, note, and we sidled up to Mr. Nagel. "Our opening show is largely loan," he said. "Our permanent collection contains a little over five hundred paintings and sculptures, and we have thousands of prints—a very mixed bag. We thought it unwise to confine ourself to our collection for the opening. We're showing thirty-five objects from it, and a hundred and thirty-one loans. People have been most generous. We're showing a full-length Stuart Washington, borrowed from Lord Primrose; a portrait of Jefferson painted for John Adams; and a portrait of Adams painted for Jefferson. We're trying to give an idea of what we're aiming at, not of what we have."

At the opening, which was held that night—in the great courtyard of the old Patent Office Building—after a good many airs had been rendered by the United States Marine Band, Secretary Ripley presented Mr. Walter E. Washington, the Mayor-Commissioner of the District of Columbia, to three thousand shivering guests. Both men referred to the shivering. "It is my pleasure, this evening of the harvest moon, with all of you ensconced in your woollies, to introduce the first citizen of Washington," the Secretary began. "My good constituents, cold as you may be," the Mayor started out, and he went on, "As we look at these portraits, we feel a part and parcel of this rich heritage of ours which is America. . . . The Gallery is a levelling force, a synthesizing force, a pulling-together force."

We went in to the Gallery's galleries, whose sections, richly provided with both hard-drink and soft-drink bars, were labelled "The American Is Restless and Mobile," "The American Is a Citizen and Sovereign," "The American Is a Rebel and Nonconformist," "The American Finds God in Divers Ways," and so on. Under the subdivision "Idols" of "The American Seeks an Identity" we found Lillian Russell, lent by Jessica Dragonette, and Jean Harlow, lent by the New York Museum of Modern Art. Matthew C. Perry—captioned "Yankee in Nippon" in the catalogue—was represented in a woodblock print by an unidentified Japanese artist, which was inscribed, in Japanese, "Portrait of Peruri, a North American."

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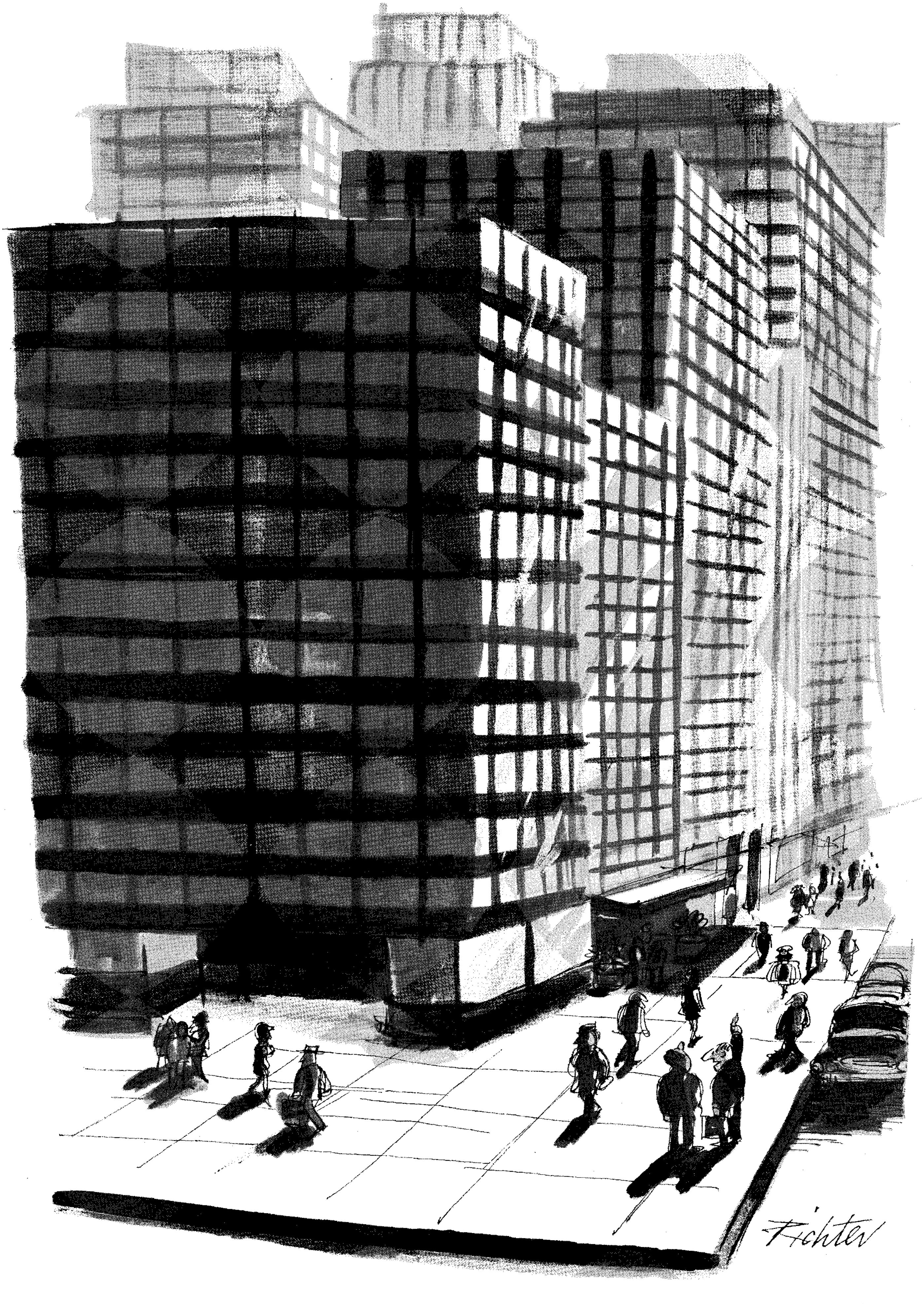
Secret

THE young daughter of a friend of ours, who has been conducting one of those warm and educative pen-pal correspondences with a girl her own age in Thailand, received a letter the other day that concluded, "And now, Ginny, that we have become good, close friends, I want to ask personal question I have wanted to ask for long time. What does zip code mean?"



"The third from the corner, I understand, was designed by a famous architect."

FIVE LITTLE BICEPS AND HOW THEY FLEW

ALLERGY TO WORK
IS REPORTED

CARAMANICO, Italy (Reuters)—Some people are literally allergic to work, according to a report submitted to an Italian medical conference here. The report said that muscular activity could release an excessive amount of histamine, a powerful chemical stimulant in the body tissues, to cause rashes and allergies.—*The Times.*

HOUSTON, Tex. (AP)—An Illinois psychiatrist says this country is being swept by an epidemic of work addiction. Dr. Nelson J. Bradley said work addiction has all the characteristics of alcohol or narcotics addiction. . . . The work addict has a driven craving for work, develops an increasing tolerance for it and suffers withdrawal symptoms without it, Bradley said. He said one sure sign of the work addict is habitually working overtime. He said another likely one is the man who says he has not taken a vacation in 17 years.—*The Post.*

IT was the kind of Pennsylvania Dutch barn immortalized by Andrew Wyeth and Charles Sheeler, a soaring nave of fieldstone to which various wooden transepts—a wagon shed, a granary, a forechute, and a silo—had been added across the past century and a half, and every time I drove up our lane the sight of it dominating the ridge and the adjacent fields gave me a renewed sense of stability and peace. While wholly ornamental nowadays—a receptacle for firewood, discarded bookcases, and rusting pickaxes—it symbolized continuity, and the hex signs on the façade were a placatory gesture to destiny that was highly comforting. During the last couple of winters, however, time and the weather had made visible inroads. The paint had flaked off most of the siding, patches of stucco were missing from the gables, and overnight the picturesque had suddenly grown shabby. When a gossipy neighbor stopped me in the post office to observe with acid sweetness, "I hate to see the old landmarks disappear," I knew the community was buzzing. The barn had to be painted—sixty-five mortal gallons, I remembered from the past—and it was fruitless to sulk. I went in search of a contractor.

Mr. Trautwein, universally recommended as a wizard in his profession, lived thirty miles distant in a trim Mennonite hamlet in the back country. The houses flanking his glistened with fresh paint; their shutters glowed like cut velvet, their porches sparkled. Trautwein's residence, in distinction, was the most neglected dwelling I had seen outside the Gorbals in Glasgow. No trace of pigment showed on the weathered clapboards, the gutters sagged dispiritedly from the roof, and the yard was littered with turpentine cans, splintered glass, drop cloths, and similar detritus. Dismayed by these portents, I was about to clear off, but, recollecting the axiom that cobblers' children traditionally go unshod, I decided to persevere. Trautwein, a needle-nosed citizen with a Chester Conklin mustache, was immersed in a TV Western he reckoned would occupy him for the remainder of the week, but he finally consented to drive over in a day or two and give me an estimate. With the instinctive timing of countryfolk, he materialized one evening just as my wife was extracting a soufflé from the oven, and the atmosphere when I bolted off to inspect the barn with him became abruptly charged. Trautwein's face lengthened at the magnitude of the task confronting him.

"Too far gone," he said gloomily. "Them boards'll suck up paint like a sponge. If I was in your shoes, I'd pull the durn thing down and use the wood for kindling."

I rejoined somewhat loftily that I had not been appointed chief minister of this domain to preside at the dissolution of my barn. The reference was clearly lost on him.

"Okeydoke," he said indifferently. "It's your money, not mine. You want a spray job or do we brush her on?"

"Hand work," I said, my voice resonant with admonitions gleaned from the *Consumers' Guide.* "The old-fashioned, painstaking way. Coat every nook, every knot with the best stuff obtainable, and damn the expense. This building was here when the red man roamed those woods, brother, and, by Godfreys," I vowed emotionally, "it'll be here when he returns!"

Assuring me that the mandate was graven on his heart, Trautwein took off, and a month passed without any word from him. I phoned his home half a dozen times, on each occasion falling into long, frustrating causeries with what were either children or chimpanzees; possibly both were being reared together as an experiment. Ultimately, I cornered the man, only to be bombarded with excuses. The weather was too humid to paint and the insects too numerous, there was a nationwide shortage of ladders, and arthritis was epidemic among his help.

One August morning, long after my hopes had faded, a panel truck bearing no identification, like those used to merchandise hot furs, drew up at the corral and discharged two persons in white boiler suits and matching berets. My first supposition, that they were Andrew Wyeth and Charles Sheeler, yielded when they disclosed themselves as emissaries of Trautwein—Russell Mulch and Howard Compost by name. As they started off-loading their gear, I was immediately struck by the difference between them. Compost's vigor was well-nigh manic; he whisked up five hogsheads of paint at once, threw scaffolding about like jackstraws, and flung a block and tackle with such force that it defoliated half the nasturtiums in our dory. Mulch, contrariwise, seemed to be tottering on the brink of invalidism, a pallid, lymphatic shade whose every step threatened to be his last. Watching him struggle to open a can of putty, beads of perspiration the size of Catawba grapes dewing his forehead, I was appalled. To anyone with a professional eye like mine—and as a onetime pre-medical student I knew my way around pathology—the man was suffering from iron-poor blood. He was a gone goose.

At the moment, however, I had other matters engaging my attention—notably, dipping sprays of Queen Anne's lace in whitewash to make floral arrangements for our hall—so I exacted a pledge from the duo to preserve the fine old Pennsylvania Dutch flavor of the barn and withdrew. An hour or two later, it proving unfeasible to watch them through field glasses from our bedroom, I sauntered out to investigate. Compost, in a display of almost inhuman energy, had singlehandedly primed two-thirds of the exterior, nailed fast all the battens, replaced the corrugated iron on the silo, given the hardware an undercoat of red oxide, and now straddled the roof in suicidal fashion, batting away pigeons as he daubed the crevices in the forepeak. His partner, Mulch, was nowhere in evidence, and, horrid as the surmise was, I wondered whether he had crept off into the fields to die. My fears were shortly assuaged; he was stretched out in our hammock under the maples, sneezing convulsively and disfigured by angry red blotches.

"Touch of ragweed, eh?" I said, expertly sizing up the dilated pupils and the flaccid wrists. "Still, it could be the shellac fumes—I recall some mention of that by my preceptor in pharmacology class. Well, stiff upper

"Go jump in the lake!"

"Go climb a tree!"

• • • •

lip—we'll soon set you right."

I compounded a weak solution of bicarbonate, syrup of figs, and Dijon mustard—which I would have preferred to administer intravenously, but pulse and respiration (my own, that is) dictated otherwise—and he managed to ingest it. Distressing to report, his symptoms persisted, and I was thoroughly nonplussed by the time Trautwein appeared at dusk to check on his workmen. He betrayed marked evasiveness at my queries about Mulch, but eventually unbosomed himself. The man was totally allergic to work; if he so much as picked up a brush, in fact, wave after wave of histamine surged through his system, utterly devitalizing him.

"It happens on every job," he confessed. "Sometimes he can't even get out of the truck, poor bastard. It's the exact opposite with Howard, though." He pointed up at the ridgepole, where Compost was balanced like Bird Millman, frenziedly smearing away at his perch in the half darkness. "Now, him, he's liable to go on all night. I wouldn't dare stop him, else he'd come down with withdrawal pangs. You got to know how to handle these fellows."

"Well, I'll tell you one way," I suggested. "Why don't you put on *two* work addicts? They'd finish the chore in half the time."

"You mean, leave Russell go?" he asked incredulously.

"Er—only temporarily, until the job is finished," I said. "Fair is fair, but to pay someone for lounging in a hammock—"

Trautwein's lips tightened. "I ought to report you to the authorities," he said, outraged. "Aren't you ashamed, preventing a man from working just because his tissues are sensitive? He's got dependents, little kiddies that you're taking the bread out of their mouths. I never heard anything so heartless."

I was tempted to point out that if the kiddies, like his own, were hanging on the phone giving out misinformation, they were too busy to eat, but I forbore. At length, we hit on a *modus vivendi;* Compost would be asked to paint with two brushes to compensate for his colleague, the other's wages to be reduced by half. It was an equitable solution, and one, I felt, that would enable us to dwell together in harmony.

An hour before daylight next morning, the dogs set up a hideous brouhaha. Compost had driven in, trained a searchlight on the barn, and, to the accompaniment of the "Washington Post March," was scraping the accumulated rust from the spouting. Mulch, on the other hand, failed to surface until eleven. After a few nerveless brushstrokes, he fell head foremost into the hollyhocks and had to be transferred to the screened porch, on which I could supervise his temperature more closely and supply him with barley water and magazines. As a small token of appreciation for Compost's zeal, my wife made up a picnic basket containing a block of foie gras, a Cornish hen, and an excellent Mâcon, but the gesture was futile; he insisted on working through lunch. His partner, though, got down the collation, and, indeed, revived sufficiently to sip a *vieux marc* and smoke a cigar. Improvising a sphygmomanometer from a bicycle pump and the gauge off an old hot-water heater—we medical people are trained to use the materials at hand—I took his blood pressure and found it encouraging. We were not out of the woods yet, but, provided Mulch had plenty of rest and never lifted a finger again, there was every indication he would pull through.

The picture up at the barn, however, was less reassuring. By nightfall, Compost's exertions, far from slackening, had redoubled; temporarily forswearing his brush, he had hauled aloft half an acre of slate and was patching the roof. At ten-thirty, as my wife and I sat before Pandora's box, grinding our teeth at Susskind's euphuisms, it suddenly dawned on me that the chap had labored seventeen hours without surcease. My conscience rebelled and I jumped to my feet.

"Who the deuce are we—Simon Legree?" I exclaimed. "Folks'll drive by and see him up there, with the bats squeaking around—I'm stopping him this minute!"

"Are you out of your senses?" she asked, paling. "The fellow's hooked—you break it off and he'll go right into shock! And the next thing you know, you'll have a million-dollar lawsuit on your hands."

Though the woman's conception of immunology was primitive, there was no denying she had a certain legal instinct. In whatever case, the issue was resolved for us the very next day. Neither Compost nor Mulch showed up, and the place was as deserted as the Hadramaut. I let twenty-four hours elapse and began phoning Trautwein again, with the usual baffling results. Aeons later, he called back. Mulch had suffered a relapse while wielding a toothpick and was in traction.

"But where's Howard Compost? He's the one that matters," I expostulated.

"Oh, that two-timer," he said wrathfully. "I fired him. He was moonlighting between you and a job in Perkasie. But don't worry—your barn'll get done in a jiffy. I'm bringing over three crackerjacks bright and early tomorrow."

He was as good as his word. Hardly had I finished spraying the antrums for rose fever, oat fly, and horse dander—my own membranes are pretty delicate, but I don't beat my breast about it—when Trautwein roared up in his shooting break and threw down the tailgate. Out sprang a trio of needle-nosed youngsters easily identifiable as his—the eldest of them seven. Whooping and brandishing their brushes, they swarmed over the building like the followers of the Mahdi at Khartoum, but they delivered the goods, all right. There are those in the neighborhood, I hear, who claim the thing looks like a finger painting. Well, I should worry, I should fret, I should marry a suffragette. It sheds water, which is a hell of a lot more than you can say for most of your quaint old Pennsylvania Dutch barns. —S. J. Perelman

A MORE COMPLETE CROSS-SECTION

When I first heard that I was to go on active duty in the Army—specifically at Fort Knox, Kentucky—I welcomed the news. I regarded the ensuing six months' military service as an opportunity to see a more complete cross-section of my fellow-man.

I was cheated at first. There were only surfaces. The people circled me like the moon the earth, always presenting the same face, keeping the dark side hidden.

Moreover, the shock of being suddenly piled together in Fort Knox distorted even the surface appearances; I saw them as though through a prismatic kaleidoscope, their true colors and shapes scattered. No one was in his natural setting. I don't know why I had expected at least some of the people to be at home, but I could see that they were not—just by the way they fingered their stiff fatigue uniforms and ran their hands fitfully over their shaved heads. One man fainted when they clipped off his hair. That was interesting, but he disappeared from the reception center. There was only the prevailing fabric of the Army that held steady. That, however, was somewhat more richly textured than I had imagined. When I arrived at Fort Knox, the commanding general's name was Wonder. General Wonder. There were a number of coincidences of name, all of them equally hauntingly unperceived. The master sergeant who lectured us on military courtesy, company formations, and the meaning of bugle calls was named Roland. The supply sergeant who came to supervise us while we dyed our brown government-issue boots with black government-issue dye was named Glissen. If we had been asked to paint white roses red, I could not have been more delighted.

The first week of basic training we continued to be rushed about. There was always a great flurry, but our roles were so undemanding and passive that it was soothing. I did note that we had an apparently authentic sergeant. He was small and thin, with a rather unpleasant, fair—almost hairless—face. "My name is McQueen," he said, underlining his name tag with the chewed end of his cigar. "My first name is Sergeant." He walked down the front row, looking up into our faces, and stopped in front of the boy next to me. "Ellridge," he said, reading the name tag in front of his nose.

"Yes, sir," Ellridge said.

"Don't call me 'sir.' I earn my money."

"All right." Ellridge was a Southerner with a soft agreeable voice.

McQueen spun on his heel and whistled. I turned to look at Ellridge while the Sergeant's back was turned. His thin neck drooped forward as he watched McQueen with puzzlement. McQueen, facing him again, reached out. I rolled my eyes to watch. His fingers grasped the middle button of Ellridge's fatigue shirt. The button was unbuttoned. In the Sergeant's belt buckle I could see the reflection of Ellridge's left hand as it moved. I turned and saw him cover the top of his own left thigh with it.

"You're pretty sloppy, Ellridge. Do you really want that button?"

Ellridge smiled nervously.

McQueen ripped it off. "You'd better sew it on, then," he said.

"I could have just buttoned it," Ellridge said.

McQueen stared at him. Then his eyes lighted on Ellridge's left hand. "What's your hand doing there, Ellridge?"

There was general laughter. Ellridge looked at me with dismay, and I looked curiously at McQueen.

He stared back at me. "What're you staring at, troop? You want to get in on it too?"

There was more laughter.

"You better get your eyes front!" he said, grunting the last word so that it had a rather attractive nasal resonance.

But he also disappeared. The first sergeant told me that he had been flown to Walter Reed Hospital on compassionate leave to be with his Korean stepdaughter while she had an eye operation.

First Sergeant Plisetsky was a large man. His chest was at least fifty inches around, as were his waist and

"I wouldn't call it a slowdown, Boss. It just so happens that none of us feel up to scratch."

hips. He invited me to his office at Company HQ. He told me McQueen was gone and that there was no one in charge of my barracks. He invited me to sit down.

"I see you smoke cigars," he said, pointing to the large flat tin in my breast pocket. I offered him one. He took the tin and said with benevolence, "Have one yourself." We puffed in silence. "You didn't get these at the PX," he said, handing me back the package.

"No," I answered.

"Very fine," he said, "very fine. I like cigars. Kipling liked cigars. I like Kipling too."

"Yes," I said.

"So you used to wrestle up at college," he said, tapping my 201 file with his finger. "Fine sport. That why you dropped R.O.T.C.?"

"In a way."

"I understand," he said. "It's all right."

He reached in a drawer of his desk and pulled out a navy-blue brassard with three chevrons on it and handed it to me. "This is just field stripes," he said. "No pay." He paused and then added with satisfaction, "But that won't bother you."

I pinned the brassard on with the safety pins hanging from the worn felt.

He sighed. "I used to be first sergeant for a training company of clerks—typists. They used to play bridge. You don't play bridge, do you? I thought we could get up a foursome. I often spend the night here," he said, pointing to the cot behind him. "I'm a bachelor."

"No," I said.

"The best bridge player I ever met was a Harvard man too. Big fellow, dark hair. But that was some years back. You wouldn't know him."

We smoked awhile.

"You won't have to stand guard, or do any KP," he said. "But try to stop the fighting. They're lonely, they're nervous, they're"—he stopped to knock a cigar ash into the saucer of his coffee cup—"pent-up. We used to run. Even my clerk-typists used to run. If they run, they just go to bed. But we can't run anymore while it's warm. A boy died of heat stroke running up a hill. More likely it was a weak heart. Not in our regiment, but still we can't run. So try to control the horseplay in the barracks. I'll stop by before the evening meal and tell them you're the platoon guide. As far as they're concerned you're just like a sergeant." He started to sigh again but yawned. "It's not so bad. Not so bad as they all say. I do my job. You do your job. We all do a job. You'll all be gone soon."

I WENT slightly and pleasantly mad during the next three weeks. The sun shone through the dust in such a mysterious way that I could not believe what we were all doing. I had looked forward to the time in the Army as one of disembodied observation, but I found I still couldn't see the people as I had hoped. It was arranged that we rarely talked, but I also couldn't see them because the sun only seemed to shine on things. I saw the black high gloss on the rows of boot tips melt into dullness under the sun. I saw sweat spreading across the softened fibres of fatigue shirts; squeezed out from under the suspenders of the pack harness. I saw

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THE LORD IN THE AIR

. . . If the spectator could . . . make a friend & companion of one of these Images of wonder . . . then would he meet the Lord in the air & . . . be happy.—William Blake.

Shook down   shook up on these trees they have come
From moment to this moment floating on   in   and this
Moment changes now not with the light for my son
Has come   has come out with one crow floating
Off a limb   back on and off   off a limb in other
Sunlight turning and making him call himself

Blacker   then settles back   back into the other
Moment. They hunch and face in. O yes they are all in
These very trees of the son-faced and fenced-
in back yard   waiting for my boy and the Lord
In the air. O parents great things can be released
From your left-handed son's left hand! They don't know

It, but he has them all in his palm, and now puts them
All in his mouth. Out by the blue swoon of the pool
He lifts the wood whistle to his blond lips. A scratch-
long sound rises out of him   the trees flap and fall
Back   and ah there are crows dealt out all over inside
The light   they mix and mingle   dive   swerve throughout

Themselves   calling   self-shuffling   saying
With my boy's other tongue   sailing   meeting the Lord
Of their stolen voice in the air   and more incoming from miles
Away are here   they wheel in blast after blast
In the child's lungs   as he speaks to them in the only
Word they understand   the *one*   the syllable that means

Everything to them   he has them cold: their several
Accents   they cry with him they know more than all
They have known   fear grief good danger love and marriage
With the Lord in the air.   The pool trembles   my boy falls
From his voice   falls in stitches to the concrete   one
More word he says   not intended   never heard   he gives

Them a tone never struck in the egg   in the million years
Of their voice   the whole sky laughs with the crows   they creak
And croak with hilarity   black winged belly laughs they tell
Each other   the great joke of flight   sound living
Deep in the sun and waiting   a sound more or less   or more
Like warning   like marriage.   O Chris come in   drop off now

Black birds from your tongue of wood   back into our neighbor
Trees   into other dimensions, their added-to moment, and light
Plays over the pool in lovely silence like new   surely like new
Power over birds and beasts: something that has come in
From all over   come out but not for betrayal   or to call
Up death or desire   but only to give   give what was never.

—James Dickey

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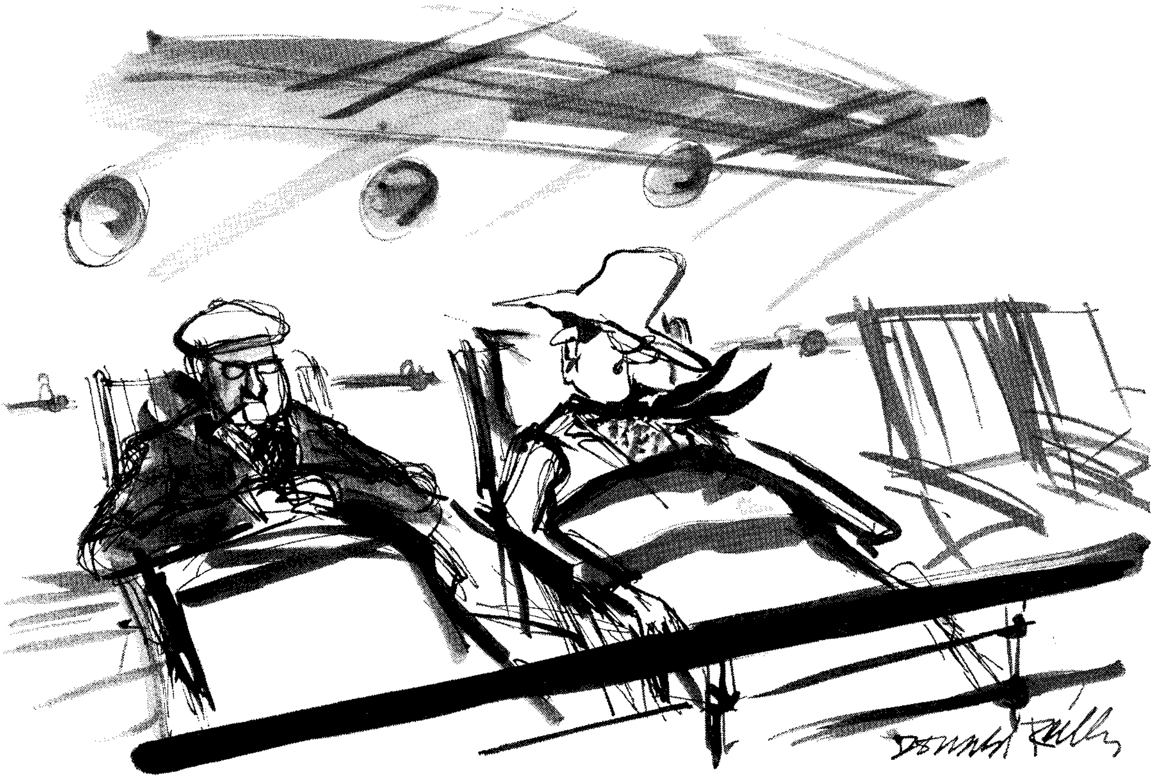


"The remarkable thing about Scandinavians is that they __*all*__ *seem to be the right sort of people."*

hands groping with pieces of rifle. Interminably. And I was dazzled by looking at my shiny thumbnail through the bores of all their rifles. When I looked down the spirals, I had no idea how far away the other end was. I could feel my left hand around the barrel, and I could see my right thumbnail flicking the sunlight at my eye—but sometimes so close it was only the distance through a keyhole, sometimes so far that my stomach lunged up to my chest. Pleasurably, I think. It was a beautiful sight—the glistening foreshortened rifling—and I was often hypnotized.

The roads we walked on were sometimes soft. The asphalt gave off colorless heat waves reminiscent of the beams in the rifle barrel, but the road itself was velvet, velvet gray as it climbed the hill ahead of us toward the sun.

I was a half ghost when the sun went down. I could not tell the men from shadows then. There was nothing to do. It seemed a profanation of the place to read. I could hear voices calling to each other. "Him? He don't care how much you sweat. Just as long as it don't smell." There were also many small radios that tissue-papered a song—"Come-a come-a come-a come-a to me"—while steam poured out of the shower room, through the latrine (bearing with it the smell of mentholated shaving cream), and out the double screendoors in the flank of the barracks.

Every night my bunkmate—Demry McGlaughlin was his name—asked me softly, "Is anything wrong, man?"

"No," I said. It startled me every time.

What was wrong was—perhaps was—that I knew I made up so much of each day and yet I felt the shadow of all of their minds pass over it. I did not know whether they were drawn into my imagination or whether I was drawn into seeing what they saw. Whichever it was, it was a great strain. To be sure, when they slept I was released. As soon as they closed their eyes, I felt the bloat of my authority subside. I was alone, and I saw only what concerned me. I alone saw the moon shine on the white foot powder on the floor, as soft as flour on a pantry table. I saw the moonlight—on the pronged silver knob of the drinking fountain, gleaming hard at a great distance from my open eye. In the morning I felt good. I used to sing as I bloused my fatigue pants. Once, someone said behind my back, "What's he singing about—all the crap he's gonna give us?"

I said out loud without turning, "I don't think you've thought very carefully about what you said. The chair gives you leave to reconsider."

Usually I ignored who said what. There were so few freedoms for them that I thought they should at least have the freedom of speech. The only way they could be sure of it was by my perfect impartiality, and perfect impartiality is ignorance.

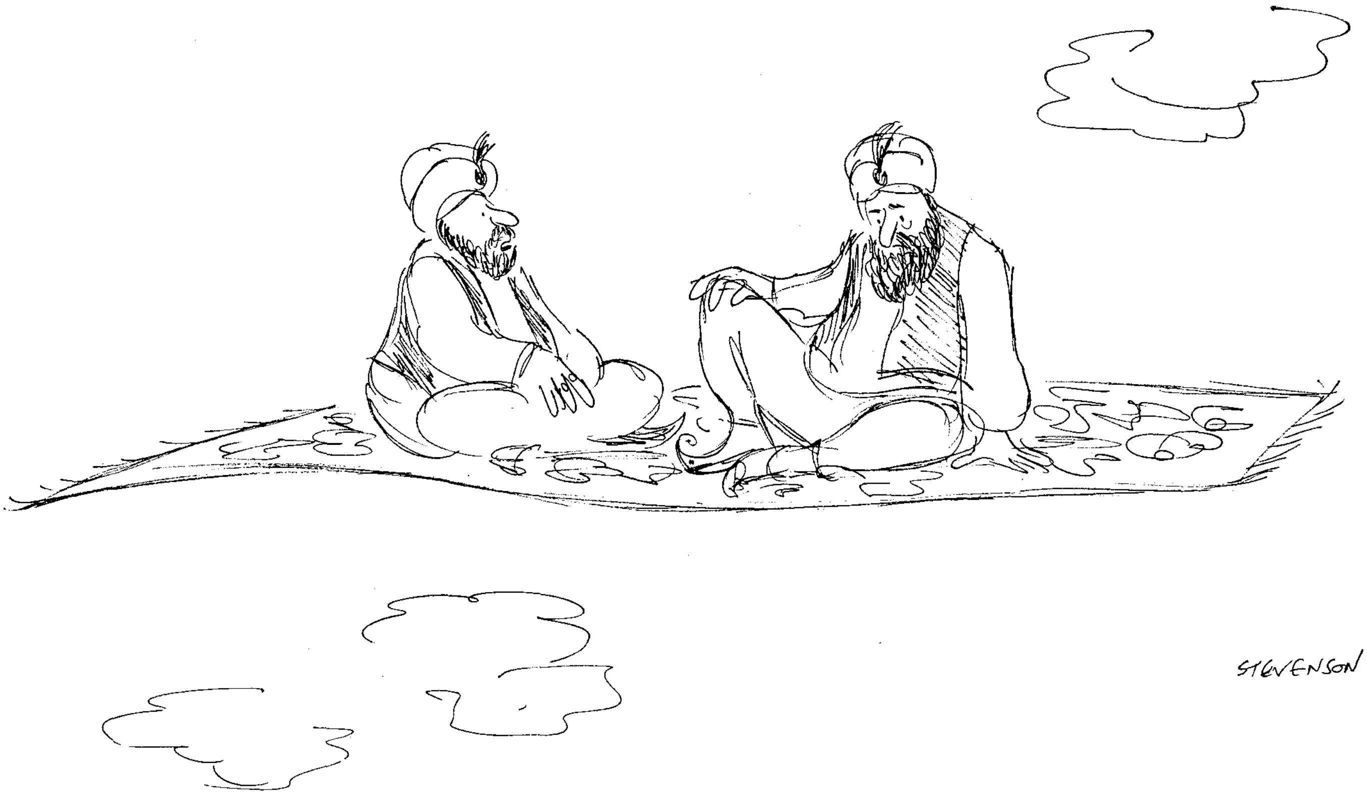
Demry chuckled. He was the only one in the barracks appreciably bigger than I.

I favored him. Otherwise I was fair. I favored him not because he was the biggest, nor because he was a Negro, but because he was the first to emerge. I saw him speaking to me and heard him, both at once.

In general, my reaction to the swell of voices within the barracks was like the sort of puzzlement one has watching a flock of birds, hearing them call to each other but being unable to associate a particular call with a particular bird. As a consequence I could never address anyone by name unless he was wearing a clean name tag and happened to be standing within reading distance and facing me. However, on several occasions I called the roll at assembly entirely from memory. But I knew Demry. Demry was like a large crow flapping along from tree to tree in plain sight, cawing down at me, sometimes companionably, sometimes derisively, but always clearly. That may have been because he seemed to be humoring me. He laughed quite a lot.

What I said fell heavily on the others. I sometimes would say whatever I was thinking and it dismayed them, especially since the First Sergeant often appeared to tell them that he stood behind whatever *I* told them. Thus, a number of lyric and scientific observations became curiously embedded in my impersonation of a sergeant, the whole batch of which was repeatedly stamped with approval by the First Sergeant. I could also say "Inspick-SHUNNN . . . . . . HARums!" Click. Click. Clickety-click. "You min *will* do that again and you min *will* do it ERRIGHT!," as well as some other things along that line.

But those were only the ornaments and accidents of my efforts; the substance was plain and just. Their hours



"This isn't so bad. Last week I was holding for three hours over Ankara."

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in the barracks were arranged on concentric cardboard wheels that I set each morning after breakfast. In the field the First Sergeant's voice reached us all on every main question. I believed no one had reason to complain.

Yet there was fighting. The first time it was two very small people. Demry held one and I the other. We put them under the shower. The second time it was somewhat larger people, but after a blow had been struck on each side someone saw a plump nurse from the Dental Clinic walking slowly past the barracks. The crowd rushed to line the road. The two men fighting became puzzled, and then alarmed. They left off fighting. One man—not one of the two—went on sick call with a swollen knee. He had been pushed down the wooden steps on the way out.

Sometimes things happened quickly. But mostly time was quicker. The usual day would be half gone before anything of substance came along. We moved very slowly from point to point—both while walking and while learning our rudiments. There was a special stillness about the faces and postures of all the people in the company—gathered outside the mess hall, inside a classroom, on the roadside—that gave me the feeling that they had been told they were being used as models for a laborious and richly detailed mural painting. Even when we were marching it seemed so—especially in the woods when a bird or a squirrel would appear and disappear at a natural speed. There was so much time passing that I could watch the sun's shadow move from one side of a nose to the other. But sometimes things happened quickly. One late afternoon we left the company formation, trooped through the barracks, and were seated outside cleaning rifles before the dust had settled on the assembly area, a hundred yards away, visible from the wooden steps of our side porch. A few people stayed inside, but most of the platoon, stripped to their white T-shirts, were gathered on the ground in groups of three or four, their dog tags clanking gently as they slowly moved their forearms about, pulling apart their rifles with the peaceful rhythm of sheep tugging at clumps of grass. I went inside to drink at the water fountain. Demry was sitting on his bunk. I heard Ellridge ask him for the bore cleaner. Demry ignored him. He asked again. Demry said, "You'll get it. You'll get it. Just get off my back, boy."

Ellridge giggled loudly. I was surprised.

"Something funny?" Demry said. "You think that's funny? You go on and *tell* me what's funny, boy."

Ellridge said, "Oh, *you* know." His eyelids drooped almost languidly. But when he looked up again his eyes were wide, his mouth parted, and his cheeks sucked in with fear. I began to see the point about "boy." It was astonishing how quickly they had come to the point, without a word of elaboration, without having anything else in common. Even so, I would have thought Demry was being overly subtle, but I could see Ellridge's response of coyness and panic. And there *is* something about ineptness—ineptness at daring as well as ineptness at flight—that arouses loathing and aggression.

"You better say something, boy," Demry said.

Ellridge looked over at me and gave another nervous laugh. "I don't have to talk to you," he said to Demry.

There were ten men in from the steps before Ellridge finished answering. They loved a fight. They probably smelled it when he opened his mouth the first time. We hadn't had a real fight for a week. Demry got up and moved toward Ellridge. The men moved closer until they were packed tight in a ring. They knew I was behind them and that I was supposed to break it up. More men came in and squeezed around.

It was disgusting how terrified Ellridge looked. I was surprised when he began to move his mouth again and said, with great effort, "I don't have to talk to you." It was like a turtle laying eggs—a quick nervous convulsion for each word, the eyes blinking slowly, out of phase with the movement of his mouth.

Ellridge backed up, but then he laughed again. The laugh was out of control and dragged up an ugly whimper at the end. He hiccuped. It would have been funny except for Demry's bulk leaning forward. Ellridge's hands flew out to steady himself. One hand against the wall, the other against the rifle rack.

Demry said, "I'm gonna make you quit laughing, boy."

One of the men in the front row called out, "He's not gonna fight him—he's gonna rape him!"

Attacked by their laughter, Ellridge pulled an M-1 from the rack. For an instant I was afraid he might have smuggled a cartridge back from the range, but he came to a kind of high port arms and said, "Don't you come near me—I'll split your head." He waggled the butt of the rifle. Demry grabbed an end of the iron locking bar and pulled it out of the last slot, from which it had been jutting askew. It trailed by his foot for an instant. He seemed to swing it lightly, but the rifle jumped two feet in the air. Ellridge jumped back into the corner as it fell. There was a notch in the side of the stock in front of the trigger housing. I'd hate to think it was the sight of damage to government property that moved me, but it was then that I pushed aside the people in front of me. I called to Demry. He turned.

"He's a good deal smaller than you are," I said. "You could break him into pieces. You know that. But we couldn't put him back together, you know. . . ."

Demry looked at me meditatively.

"Do you want him to apologize?" I asked.

"No," he said, and handed me the locking bar. He walked back to his bunk, sat down, and held the barrel of his rifle up to his eye, pointing the other end at the window as though he were looking at the sky with a telescope.

"Get out," I said to the others. They really were terrible bloodsuckers sometimes.

"Not you," I said, somewhat unnecessarily, to Ellridge, who was still standing in the corner. The others sluggishly passed out the double door. Ellridge put the rifle back and followed me out the front door. We went around to the furnace-room side of the barracks. I leaned against the side of the building, wondering for a moment what people thought of Ellridge where he came from. Did life there go on in such simple harmony that it didn't matter what they thought—that whatever he was was all that anyone hoped for him? Leave him to his same old tune. Or were people there distressed at weakness too? He should at least try to turn out all right. He stood facing me. When I finally spoke, he suddenly checked the buttons to the flaps of his shirt pockets.

I said, "It may seem unfair to you, but I wish you would stay away from McGlaughlin. Don't talk to him. Don't get in his way. In fact, don't even put yourself next to him in formation."

"It was the colored boy started it."

"His name is McGlaughlin," I said. "And who started it doesn't matter. This is just to maintain the peace—like the United States keeping Chiang Kai-shek from overrunning China."

But that was just part of my old tune. He didn't listen to it.

"They said it would be a lot worse," he said softly. "Back home they said that."

"It's not so bad, then," I concluded hopefully. "And it should get better for all of us. It's not so long now."

I ALSO defended them. One night, long after lights-out, a newly assigned member of the company cadre intruded. At that time he held the rank of specialist fourth class. When I woke up, he was shining a flashlight on a pile of foot powder on the floor and demanding that it be swept up.

I got out of bed and went over. Ellridge was sleepily refusing to get up, and the specialist, whose name was Shoemaker, brayed at him more and more noisily.

"Jesus, Ellridge, why is it always you?" I said. "Never mind, never mind. . . ."

"You get back in the rack," Shoemaker said, shining the light in my eyes.

I put my hand over the lens, saying, "Don't shine the light in my eyes."

"Don't get lively, Bonzo. You're in the Army now. You touch me and they'll lock you up."

"You're making an awful lot of noise. Why don't you step outside and discuss sweeping the floor in the morning?"

"Who the hell are you?" he asked.

"He's the sergeant," Ellridge said.

"The hell he is," Shoemaker replied.

"I have field stripes, I think they're called."

"Field rank don't mean diddly, Bonzo."

"Doesn't," I said. "But I think it does."

"You come with me," Shoemaker insisted. "You come with me and you'll find out what's what." I turned to get my clothes. "You just come as you are. You won't get frostbite."

I ignored him. He turned back to Ellridge. "That better be off the floor when I get back."

He followed me down to my end of the barracks and, while I dressed, took the lid off the trash barrel. "This place is a pigsty," he said, peering in. He shone his light on Demry in the lower bunk. "You go dump this in the dumpster." Demry rolled over. I pulled my boots on without lacing them and went out the side door. Shoemaker followed me; he didn't want me to get to Sergeant Plisetsky first. Yet when we got to the HQ he didn't want to be the one to wake him. He invited me to. I declined.

"They're going to crucify you," he said. He put his flashlight down on the desk sharply. Then he pulled open a drawer and dropped it in. Sergeant Plisetsky rolled onto his back, crossed his forearms on his stomach like flippers, and exhaled at length. He looked very comfortable. Shoemaker opened a drawer very quietly. He took up a pencil and, looking up at my name tag several times, wrote my name down on a note pad.

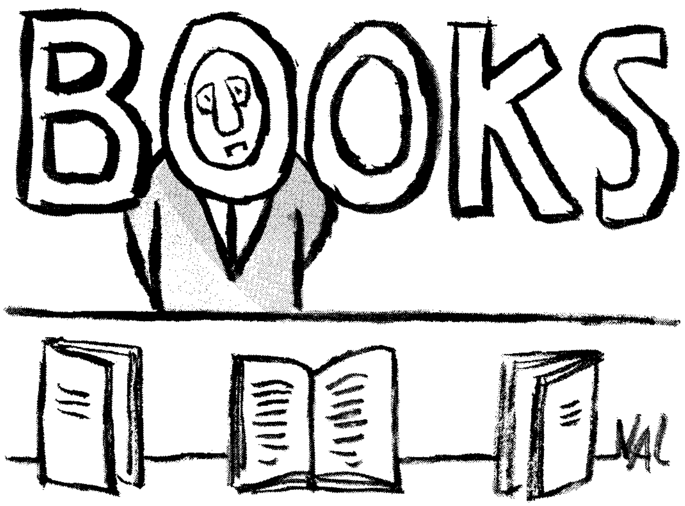
"I've got your name," he said, tapping it with his forefinger.

"Well done!" I said.

"I've had about enough out of you, Bonzo. Now get out. Get out of here before I change my mind, Bonzo. 'Cause you know I'm mean. . . ."

"Tell me about it in the morning," I said gently.

Shoemaker contrived a



number of small inconveniences immediately after that. I think he held up some mail for a while. For example, my weekly tin of Danish cigars was late, and a little stale. But, without being threatened directly, he was cured of being a bother at night.

IT suddenly turned cold two days before we went on our bivouac. I liked the feel of the ground turning hard. I'd never been so constantly exposed to the countryside during a change of season. In the same cubic yard of air that was warm one afternoon you could see your breath the next. The C.O.'s jeep took a wrong turn when wheel ruts in what had been simply a damp intersection became as intransigent as railroad switches. The leaves on the ground were no longer soft and colored but shrivelled up, in plain brown rigor mortis. Dull as wrapping paper. It was the evergreens that grew darker and richer. And the stars grew brighter, especially as the moon waned.

We pitched our tents in rows on top of a ridge. The iron tent pegs were the only ones that went in successfully. There was a good deal of muttering when I asked those with iron pegs to share them with those with wooden ones, so they could at least start their holes. It was as though the cold withered their small patches of generosity as it had the leaves. Of course, most of them were sick too. When the weather changed, First Sergeant Plisetsky had us run, and the sweat chilled on them when they would lie down during the breaks.

The first night on bivouac it was our platoon's chore to post a sentry every two hours of the night. Demry drew two to four and Ellridge four to six—the last two watches. As we sat outside our tent smoking, Demry didn't seem to mind either the cold or his assignment. From the ridge we could see the blinking light on top of the hospital, the tallest building in Fort Knox. It was seven miles away. We could hear the firing from the artillery range in between the gusts of wind, but we couldn't see the flashes.

"There's a shooting star," he said.

"Maybe it was a flare," I said. "Or an airplane landing."

"No. It was a shooting star. I know shooting stars all right." He lay back. "Just look at those stars. There must be thousands of them. Hundreds of miles away."

I laughed.

"What's so funny?"

"To begin with they're not thousands of them but millions. More likely billions. And they're not hundreds of miles away. Most of them are so far they have to be measured in light-years. A light-year is the distance that light travels in a year."

"Where'd they teach you that? At college?"

"No. I don't know. I learned it here and there. Like the names of birds . . ."

"Uh-huh," he said.

"Or the names of football teams."

"You know all that too. That's real good."

I said nothing.

"You still didn't tell me what's the funny part," he said.

I answered hastily, "Look—if I had asked 'Who's Joe Louis?' or—or anyone. Elvis Presley. You would have found that funny."

"Uh-huh—I bet you know all about Joe Louis, though. I don't think I could tell you a thing about Joe Louis. We *all* know about Joe Louis."

Again I said nothing, although I thought how unfair it was that each slip of my tongue should have been misinterpreted just enough to keep the chance to explain slightly beyond my reach. It also occurred to me that he was deliberately taking advantage of my inexperience in a worse way than I had unwittingly offended his.

We went to sleep without saying anything else. At two o'clock the sentry reached between the buttons on the front flaps and shook my foot. "McGlaughlin, you're on," he said and left. I made a note of that. The sentry was supposed to wait until his relief was on his feet and clearly awake. But then, he might have been afraid of Demry. Or he might have waked me on purpose. I tried not to think that. Having only recently overcome my inability to see these people, I didn't want to

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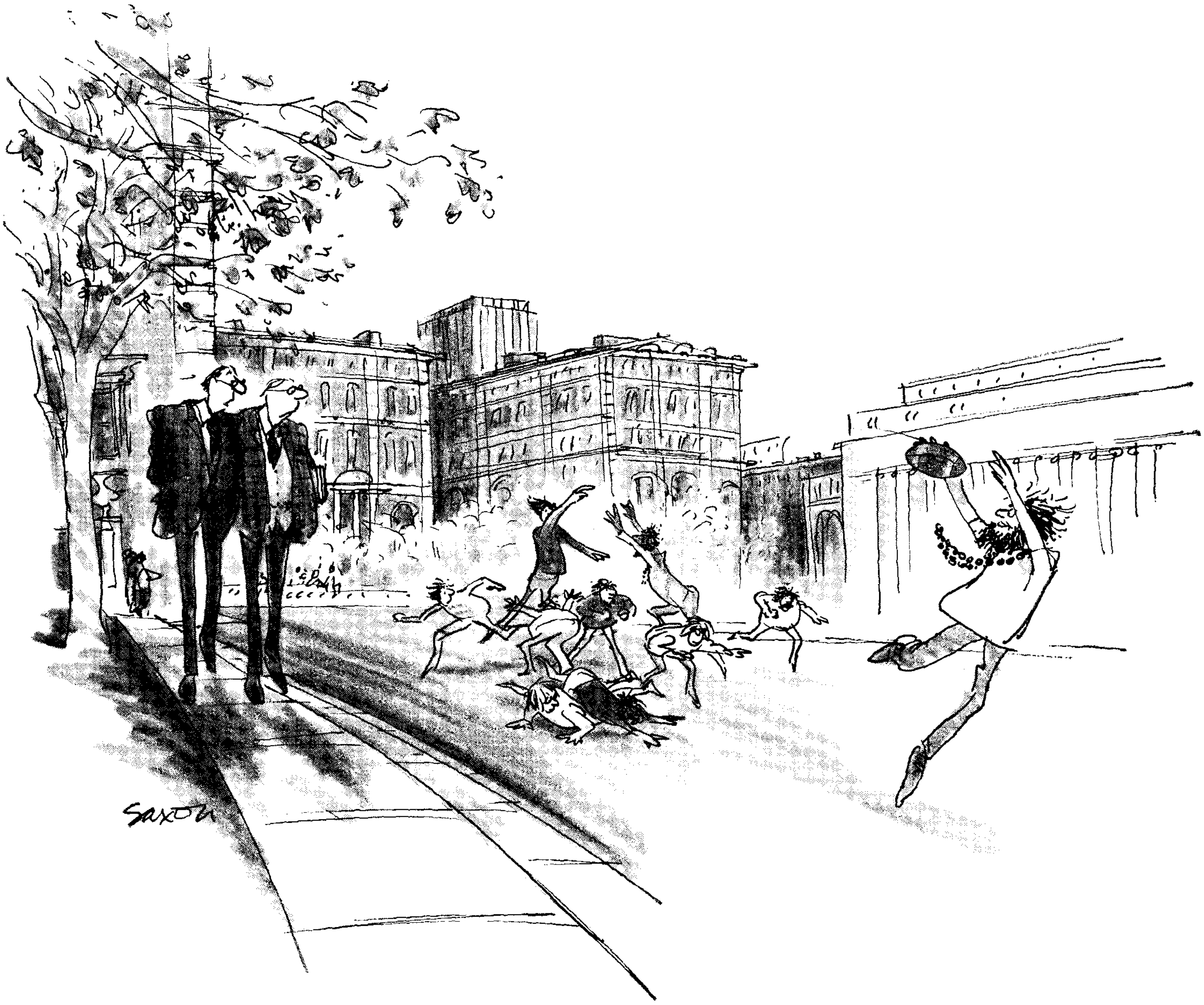
WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

I invade the street, armed
With Mozart, and take on Commerce,
That greedy knight, all armored
In shiny, welded gold pieces
From fifty cents to ten dollars,
His visor a thousand-dollar item
Forged by slaves at Fort Knox.
We battle it out, dodging
Between cars and funeral coaches,
I throwing some deadly tunes
From the F-Major Quartet and Giovanni
At his head—they bounce off—
And he stuns me with Stock Quotations
And Business Opportunities.
I'm breathing hard (we're on Wall Street),
Hugging the buildings, blinded by banks;
I let him have the Fantasia K. 475;
A chord gets through a chink—
Blood, thin and trickling! He's down!

Oh, Wolfgang Amadeus, savior,
I'm magic with you bubbling inside me.
Come war, famine, the Moon,
I've got you spooled safe inside me,
An endless joyous tape. I'm ready
For all comers, bless you, damn them
For having starved you to the end.

They take me in, book me on charges
Of creating a riot, assault and battery.
But we're safe, W.A. I swallowed
The evidence, let 'em torture me.
I crackle inside their handcuffs.
I'll tell nothing. I feel all.

—NORMAN ROSTEN



"Perhaps this semester we may see yet another swing of the pendulum."

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swing to the other extreme of paranoia.

I shook Demry's shoulder. He sat up. I could hear his head scraping the top of the tent.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Two. You're on guard duty."

"Two o'clock in the morning?" he said.

"Yes."

"Two o'clock in the morning."

"That's right."

"Man, that's my bedtime." He lay down again.

"Someone's got to be on guard."

"I'll just guard everything right here."

"Come on, Demry," I said, laughing.

"You go on and laugh," he said. "I'm staying right here. It's cold out there."

"Someone's got to be on guard duty."

"You're someone. You may have forgot that."

"Look—Demry. You know as well as I do that the only way that this whole thing can work is if everyone takes his turn. You have to have turns. That's the only way discipline can be imposed and still be fair."

He sat up again. "You're very big on discipline, man. And you know why? It's because you don't really live here. You don't live here at all. You get out of here and you go home. You know, home. That place where they send you magazines from. And those little cigars. *That's* right—you got it—home. Where you live. But get this—I live here. I am here and you are not." I could hear his rapid breathing as he paused. "So as long as I'm *here*, I'm not going to get sick or go crazy over your rules. You have it nice and easy, right? And if I sleep right alongside you a little of that is going to rub off. So we're just going to skip walking around out there. . . ." He lay down. I didn't say anything. "I'll tell you," he continued. "You may know a hell of a lot of things, but one thing you do *not* know is how to get *me* out *there*."

I got out from under my blankets and knelt on top of them. I thought awhile. "Would you stand guard for me?" I asked.

He exhaled with his teeth closed. "I'm not going to talk all night, man." He turned over. "O.K.—I'll tell you," he said in a more moderate way. "If it was me, I'd roll over and not give a damn. If I was you, I'd say, 'Demry baby—have yourself a good sleep!' "

"O.K.," I said, and put my clothes on. "I'll do it for you," I said, and unbuttoned the flaps, crawled out with my rifle and boots, and pulled my field jacket with the chevrons on it through the hole behind me as though it were a soul leaving a body.

The stars were very bright. It really did look as though they might be not so far away—even as though it were the wind that was fanning them into a fiercer glow. I wondered if Demry thought that stars were cold.

I walked in zigzags down the bare slope to the nearest pine trees and waited. It finally occurred to me that, no matter what happened while I was in the Army, I would not really be changed—not the way I was by school or college. I was no longer being formed. All I could have from now on were sensations, which would be absorbed and digested by the way I already was. I cast my thoughts back to where my real life was going on. Where it was being considered, planned, felt. Where it was carefully creeping forward. Where I would catch up with it. Way stations, rungs, nests and resting places. Here, I was a swallow flying through a long barn. A swallow among bats.

Yet I was still a little deranged. The pine trees were very clear to me. I went and touched them, their straight needles and their unknotted trunks, not as cold as I thought they would be, or as cold as I was.

I walked back up to the rows of tents. I didn't hear the wind, I was so used to it. The startling noise was the coughing. From one tent at a time it came—no particular sequence to it, no set interval. As the time passed, it seemed to me I was tending one large beast that was making its noises into the night.

At ten past four I looked at my watch. I went to wake Ellridge. They had only three buttons on their front flaps. I unhooked the loop and pulled it up. The buttons came out of the worn holes. Ellridge was sitting in the back, his knees to his chest, his blanket pulled around his shoulders. He looked like a monkey crouched in an outside cage in wintertime. He hadn't taken his boots off. How unfair it is, I thought, to add my order to the Army's. They suffer enough. I was about to put the flap down again when Ellridge spoke. "I'm not asleep," he said.

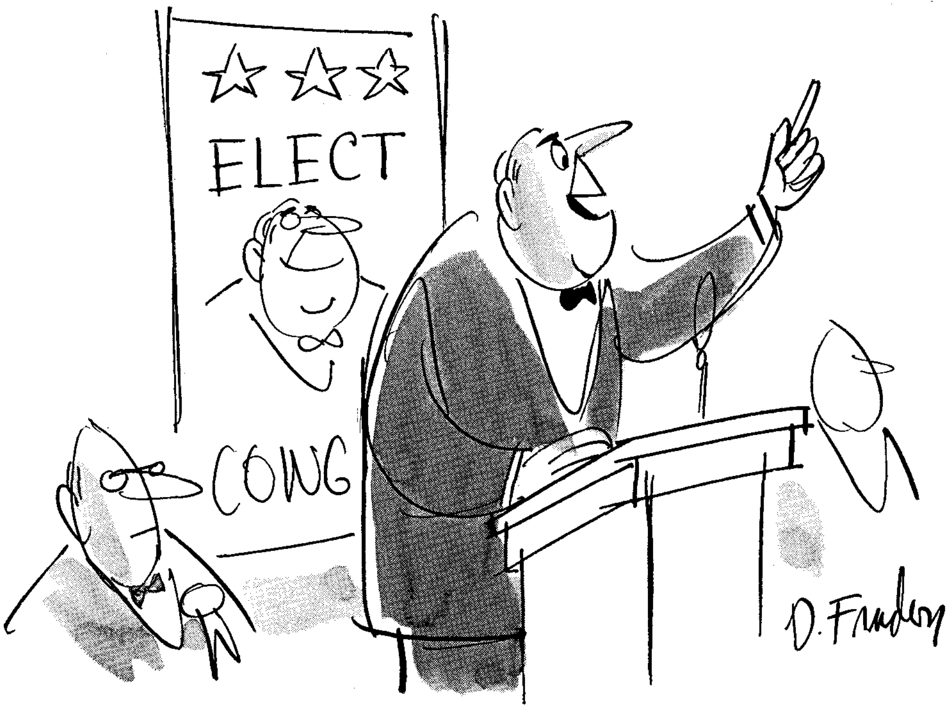
"O.K. On your feet." I said it by instinct.

He came out with his blanket around his shoulders. "How come McGlaughlin isn't on guard?"

"Look—I'm tired. It's my bedtime. Enough of this chit-chat. Get your field jacket on and start walking around."

"I thought you didn't have to do any of this guard?"

He was exultant in a strange way, his eyes wide open and his mouth emitting little explosions—"ha! ah! oh!"—as though he had caught me doing something surprisingly daring and bad. He sucked in his breath, partly meaningfully and partly because he discovered how cold it was.



"How many times have you asked yourself, 'What can I, as a single person, possibly do to help shape the destiny of mankind?' Well, I'll tell you what you can do. You can vote for me."

"You were covering up. You were covering up so he could stay wrapped up. That's right. The middle of the night. Then you came to get me up so you can crawl back in there. So you can crawl back into your hole alongside that— I didn't say it. I didn't say it, but I'll say it if you make me. If you make me stand out here with you crawling in there. But I will say it—oh God, I will."

"Ellridge, will you get your rifle and stop gibbering."

"Oh no. No, I won't! I thought you was somebody pretty good, you know that? I thought you was all right. I thought you was something special, but Lord, you're a sorry thing. You're a nigger-lover! Nothing else at all. That's all you do is just care for that nigger. That's all you do is love him. Is love him and kiss him . . ."

"I can't begin to tell you how stupid you are, Ellridge."

He looked at the sky, as though he could see the wind in it. Then he tucked his nose under the edge of his blanket and began to cry.

"O.K., Ellridge. Get back inside."

He stood there. I took him by the shoulders and turned him toward the tent. "Wait," he said.

We waited until he stopped crying. Then he stooped down and crawled back into the tent. I pulled the loop of the flap down over the peg and left while he was doing up the buttons.

I wanted to go down to the pine trees again, but I stayed by the tents. I wasn't tempted either to call Ellridge or to go into my tent and sleep. I couldn't face either of them. I was tempted to go lie down among the pine trees, but instead I tried to resist the wind. I tried to imagine that it was blowing right through me—so cleanly and so fast that it didn't hurt. That worked for a while. Then I couldn't keep imagining well enough, and I began to endure every minute, looking at my watch too often.

During the breaks the next day I had to lie down. I didn't seem to be sweating very much, so I thought it would be all right. Each time I lay down I thought of how when we got back for the night I would gather blanketfuls of pine needles to put under me, and even around me.

We stayed out late. And even though I knew I would be warmer with the pine needles, I didn't get them. I crawled into the tent and lay down. Demry went to sleep. I was about to fall asleep too when I felt a hand on my foot. I sat up expectantly, but no one said, "McGlaughlin, you're on."

There was no one there. I lay awake alternately shivering and burning, trying to command my body to be calm. It is possible, but I couldn't bring myself to the right pitch to do it.

First Sergeant Plisetsky noticed that I wasn't myself the next day, and sent me on sick call. I was grateful. Everyone else was jealous. Demry thought I was lucky, too. I had given in to so much by then that I even complained to him—explaining in a collapsed way that I had stood two watches.

"Well, you'll get to make it all up now," he said. There was something in his tone that I couldn't decipher. I thought he still considered me lucky, although I hoped he meant it encouragingly. They didn't take people into the infirmary with less than a hundred and one.

I got out of the hospital in only three days, but the company had already returned to the barracks, a day ahead of schedule. Shoemaker had been put in charge of the fourth platoon in my absence. He came up to me while I was sitting on my bunk cleaning my rifle. He had brand-new sergeant's stripes sewn on his fatigues. The distinction is between field rank and acting rank. Acting rank you may sew on.

"Did you have a nice rest?" he said, simpering. "We missed you. Yes, all of the boys really missed you, Bonzo."

"It was great," I said. "The nurses all loved me."

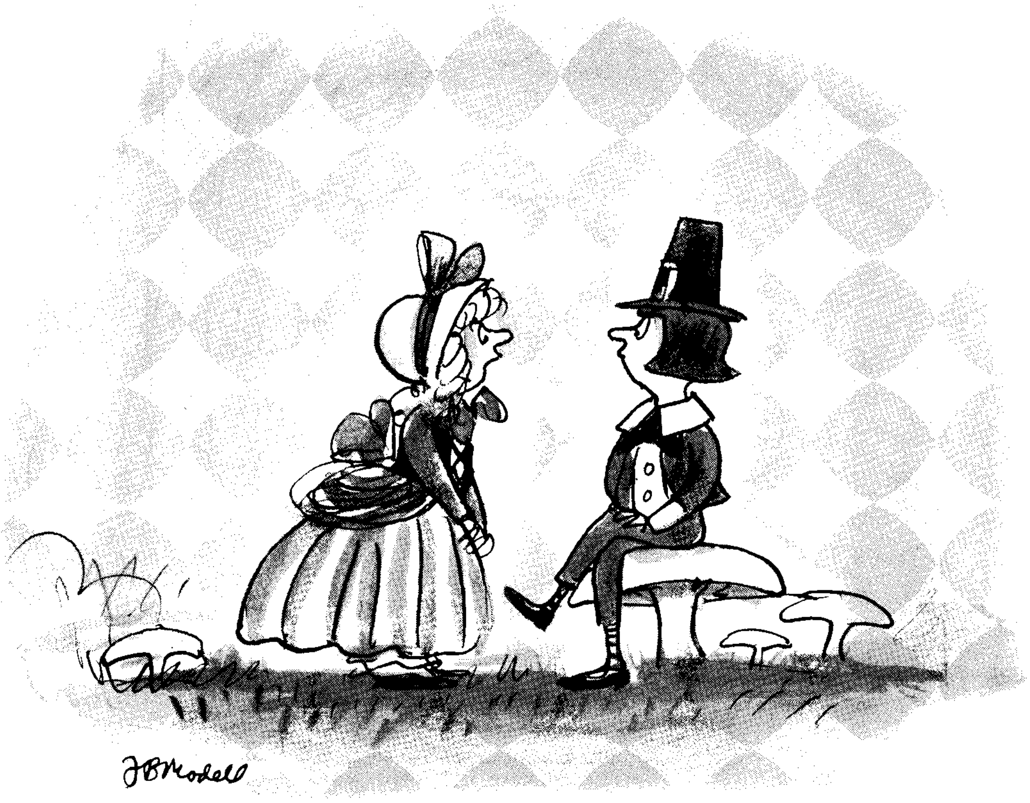
Demry laughed.

"Ooh, I don't know what we can do about that," Shoemaker said. "But I'll tell all the boys to try real hard and see if they can't just *like* you a whole lot."

Demry laughed again. So did the other people sitting around. And, seeing all of them, so did Acting Sergeant Shoemaker. Sitting in my upper bunk I felt as though I were in a canoe floating down a river of inane chortling noise. I picked up the separated stock of my rifle and began to make paddling motions. Pausing for a moment, I let the stock trail as though I were steering. "My God, Celia," I said to Shoemaker. "Will these jungle noises never cease?"

Shoemaker stopped laughing, and gradually so did everyone else.

"I don't get you, Bonzo. You trying to be funny?"



"Excuse me, but I believe you're sitting on my tuffet."

"Yes," I said. I was sick of the lot of them. While Shoemaker pondered his rejoinder, I added, "Did you have something specific for me to do or were you just wasting time?"

"O.K., O.K.," he said. "Why don't you go on down to the mess hall and make yourself useful. Tell the mess sergeant I sent you."

It was a relief to get out of the barracks. I would gladly have volunteered for KP for the remaining eight days of basic. Among other things there was a feeling of grand accomplishment hovering about which I didn't like. It was self-indulgent. And it was false—the whole training period had been pretty much of a disappointment, in fact. We hadn't had any really stiff marches. There hadn't been any bayonet drill. Target shooting was mildly pleasurable, but there had been no more than two weeks of that—not enough time for real improvement. For what they might have been worth by way of aesthetic incentive, the formal aspects of the military remained unelaborated. Even the scenery was drab now that the illuminations of fall were over. A shoddy damp grayness penetrated everywhere, without the threat of a storm. All that was really happening here was time passing, steadily and unprofitably. But—and this was what excited them—certifiably.

Only eight days. And then fifteen days' leave at home before I was reassigned to a more reasonable environment. I gladly peeled potatoes in a corner of the kitchen. With any kind of solitary chore I could make the time trickle more nimbly. In every spiral shaving I cut loose I saw artful progress, as though I were freeing my own spirit from the crust of living in that place. By the time I splashed the last potato in the vat I felt miles away and much more at peace.

Calm is most regularly induced to enter the physical world by a series of ornamentations; it doesn't matter whether it is nature or oneself that executes them, so long as there is a stretch of repetitive exertion from a single source. Waves before the wind. The footfalls of a runner spinning the world beneath him. Paddle swirls in the wake of a canoe. Or curlicues of potato skin, as unbroken as the phrases sliding out from under the bowing hand of a cellist.

These repetitions are felt by our bodies, the deft, hard-working, and unsuspecting bundles in which we are enmeshed. Unsuspecting because it is by their efforts, the spasms of nerves and muscles that *we* command into rhythm, that they are calmed. And the calm rends them—plucks their fibres apart so that the spirit escapes to a dominant position. That is contentment, I suppose, and most people happen on it only by chance.

Since the complete exercise takes concentration as well as a certain amount of cunning, I was still exhilarated at my accomplished change in fortune as I served supper. This state of well-being even lasted until bedtime, although I knew that sleep would undo it. The Duc de Saint-Simon disliked the shock of a new day so much (I presume because his spirit was again stuck down in his body) that he would not leave his bed until his valet said to him, "Get up, get up, Monsieur le Duc, you have great things to do today!" How different Acting Sergeant Shoemaker's first words would be I did not care to imagine.

I waited until the latrine was empty and the lights were out in the squad bay before I went in to shave. I disliked rushing in the morning. As I stepped out of the latrine a blanket was thrown over my head. There was a great deal of shoving, and the noise of feet scraping on the floor. I was hit in the middle of the forehead. I gathered that a number of them were trying to beat me through the blanket, and they might have really done it had they used their fists, but, as I saw later, they were using the handles from the push brooms. There wasn't enough room to wield them effectively, and I heard a yelp when somebody holding the blanket over me was hit. I couldn't recognize their voices. In fact, they could have done without the bother of the blanket altogether—I doubt if I would have recognized their faces. After I recovered from the surprise, it took me very little time to break loose. I think I may have rammed one person into the drinking fountain. But as I was about to get rid of the blanket they gathered again and pushed me through the side door so swiftly that I fell heavily down the wooden steps. By the time I was on my feet again and clear of the blanket, they had scuttled back to their beds. I shook myself and padded back up the steps. I could have found them, I suppose, by their heavy breathing. The push-broom handles—three of them—lay on the floor. I saw, too, that the blanket they had used was from my bed, so I had to go outdoors again to retrieve it. I folded it in half and shook the dust out of it. My hands were beginning to stiffen. They had received the few well-aimed strokes that had followed the initial one to my forehead.

I wanted to find it absurd, but my body took it as a humiliation. My forehead felt wet, although it wasn't bleeding. My hips hurt, too, from the fall. But most of all, my stiff hands trembled, not in the fingers but from the wrist and elbow. I wanted to find the people absurd, but my fluttering arms and damp bruises took them seriously.

"Demry," I said, "where were you?"

He rolled onto his back to face me. "You're very big on waking me up, man. Last time I saw you you were waking me up."

"You weren't scared, were you, Demry?"

"I was sleeping, man."

"You don't feel bad about it, do you?" I said.

"They didn't do you no real harm, did they?"

"No," I said. "But I hope you don't feel bad."

"Not me," he said. "I was catching up on my sleep."

I said, "Give me a boost up, would you, Demry? I'm somewhat stiff."

He thought about that awhile. But he was essentially a helpful fellow—even kind. He got out of bed and gave me a shove up as I clambered onto the upper bunk.

I lay on my side. I knew they were there. They had reached me, and it was I that was scuttling away. They had reached my state of mind—not with their blows but with their intentions. I was protected by my own strength, by the shortness of time, even by rules and laws—I had nothing to fear physically. But I had to scuttle away, because they tore apart the pleasant distance at which I lived.

All together they made a spirit that was opaque and probably at odds with itself, but very large and probing. The irony of it was that had I been small and weak there would have been no need for them to gather. The irony of it was also that I had been fair. But irony would not work to keep the distance. They all at once came closer to me until what had been wandering creatures on my lawn became hands and faces pressed against the windows. All the time I'd thought I could cry "Whoosh!" and they would remove themselves like a carpet of pigeons from a park sidewalk. I had been taught, of course, to treat them better; I knew that fairness was not just a tactical consideration. What I had been taught and its manifestations, however, did not interest them; what did was my real state of mind. I think their final outburst was almost more curiosity than resentment. They probably wanted to see too.

Shoemaker came down the stairs from the cadre room, where he now lived. He shone his flashlight here and there about the room.

"All right, I want quiet," he said. The beam lighted on Ellridge kneeling on his lower bunk, his hands clutching the hollow bars that supported the upper.

"Aren't you going to get them?" Ellridge said to me.

"Shut up, Ellridge. You're on KP tomorrow," Shoemaker said. He shone the light on my face and approached. "Was it you, Bonzo?"

"Put out the light," I said.

"Was it you, Bonzo?"

I reached out and grabbed his throat. "Put out the light," I said. He did. "Be reasonable," I continued, shaking him just a little, "or I'll throttle you." I didn't mean it. He meant very little one way or the other. I let him go.

He retreated to the stairs and turned his light on, pointing it down. "You're on KP too, Bonzo."

I was glad that I hadn't hurt him. "All right," I said. That was reasonable of him.

I lay awake during the night. The moon was waxing again, and shining on the knob of the drinking fountain, but the air was still turbulent between the drinking fountain and me. Even though they slept, the turbulence stayed on. I didn't recognize those same cubic yards of air. Common pasturage during the day, they now kept on that way through the night. What had been mine now coincided with what was theirs at every corner. It was as though their gathered spirit could leave indelible traces.

The next day I was entirely present. They looked curiously at me as I served the meals—at the spot on my forehead, although they knew better than I where it came from. I was entirely present, as though they had thrown a blanket of my own skin over me and pulled it tight all the way to the ground. —JOHN CASEY

•

Miss Sue Lochner is the winner of the Betty Crockers Homemaker of Tomorrow award. Sue is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. A. Lochner. Miss Lochner competed for the honor by completing a written homemaking and altitude test given to all senior girls.—*Buffalo (Okla.) Harper County Journal.*

They have to hang curtains while standing atop a stepladder.

REFLECTIONS

WALTER BENJAMIN

I—THE HUNCHBACK

FAMA, the much coveted goddess, has many faces, and fame comes in many sorts and sizes, from the one-week notoriety of the cover story to the splendor of an everlasting name. Posthumous fame is one of Fama's rarer and less welcome manifestations, although it is often less arbitrary and more solid than most other kinds, being only seldom conferred as if it were mere merchandise. The one who stood to profit most by it is dead, and hence it has clearly not been bought. In Germany, such posthumous fame, uncommercial and unprofitable, has come to the name and the work of Walter Benjamin, a German-Jewish writer who was known, but not famous, as a contributor to magazines and the literary sections of newspapers for less than ten years prior to Hitler's seizure of power, soon after which he emigrated. There were few who still knew his name when he chose death, in those early-fall days of 1940 whose events and circumstances—the fall of France, the threat to England, the continued existence of the Hitler-Stalin pact, with its threat of close coöperation between the two most powerful secret-police forces in Europe—made them, for many of his origin and generation, the darkest moment of the war. Fifteen years later, a two-volume edition of Benjamin's writings was published in Germany and almost immediately brought him a *succès d'estime* that went far beyond the recognition among the few which he had known in his lifetime. And since mere recognition, however profound it may be, and even if it rests on the judgment of the best, does not enable writers and artists to make the living that fame—the testimony of a multitude, though this need not be astronomical in size—can guarantee, one can say, with Cicero, "*Si vivi vicissent qui morte vicerunt*," meditating upon how different everything would have been "if they had been victorious in life who have won victory in death." Posthumous fame is too odd a phenomenon to be considered a product of the blindness of the world or the corruption of a literary milieu. Nor can it be said that it is the bitter reward of those who were ahead of their time—as though history were a race track on which some contenders run so swiftly that they simply disappear from before the spectators' eyes. On the contrary, posthumous fame is usually preceded by the fullest recognition from one's peers. When Kafka died, in 1924, his few published works had not sold more than a couple of hundred copies, but his literary friends and the few readers who had almost accidentally come upon the short prose pieces (not one of the novels had yet been published) knew beyond doubt that he was one of the modern masters of prose. Walter Benjamin had won this kind of recognition early, and not only among those whose own names were still unknown—such as Gerhard Scholem, the friend of his youth, and Theodor Wiesengrund Adorno, his only disciple, who together are responsible for the posthumous editions of his works and letters (the two-volume "Schriften," published in Frankfurt am Main by Suhrkamp Verlag in 1955, and a two-volume "Briefe," issued by the same publisher in 1966). Immediate (one is tempted to say instinctive) recognition also came from Hugo von Hofmannsthal, who in 1924 published Benjamin's essay on Goethe's "Elective Affinities" in his magazine *Neue Deutsche Beiträge*, and from Bertolt Brecht, who is reported to have said upon receiving the news of Benjamin's death that this was the first real loss Hitler had caused German literature. We cannot know whether there is such a thing as genius altogether unappreciated or whether this is merely a fantasy indulged in by those who are not geniuses, but we can be reasonably sure that if such a genius exists posthumous fame will hardly be his lot.

Fame is a social phenomenon; as Seneca wisely and pedantically observed, "*ad gloriam non est satis unius opinio*"—"for fame the opinion of one

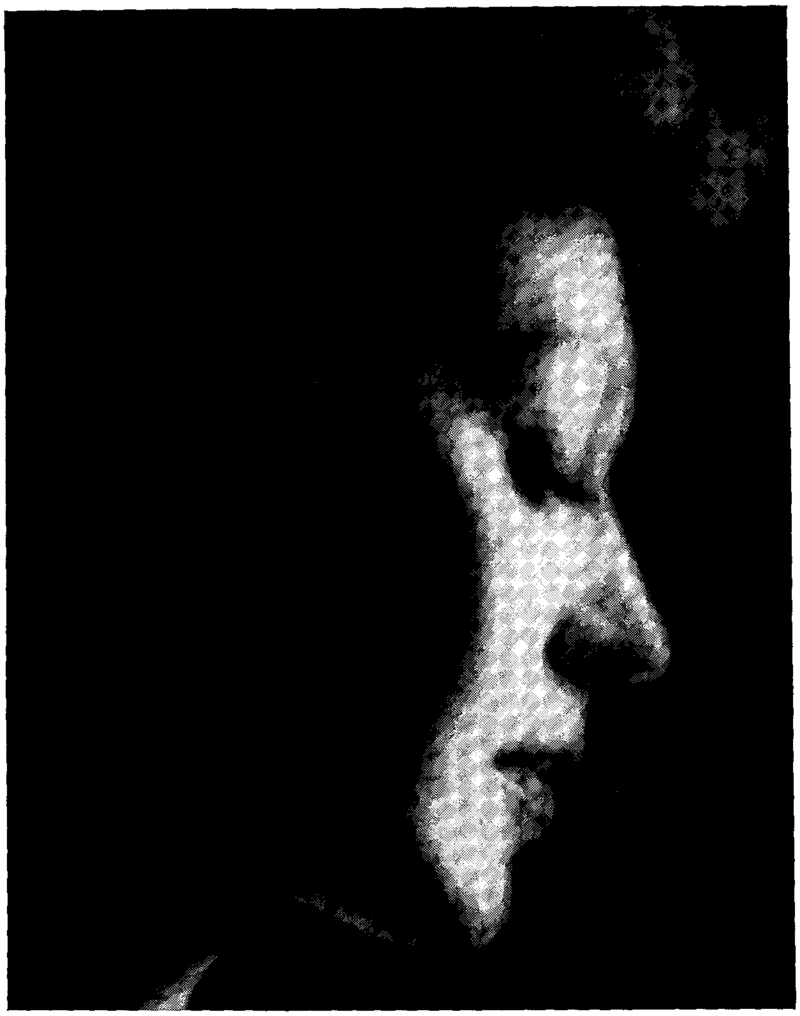
"And let's try not to 'Au contraire' everybody to death this evening."

"That's it, Duke! Mmm, swell! But wag that tail a little more, boy. Come on, damn it, let's see you wag that tail!"

is not enough"—although it is enough for friendship or for love. And no society can function properly without engaging in classification—without arranging men and things in categories according to established standards. This necessary classification is the basis for all social discrimination, and discrimination, whatever the present opinion may be, is no less a mainstay of the social realm than equality is of the political. The point is that in society everybody must answer the question of *what* he is, as distinct from the question of *who* he is; that is, he must identify his role and his function. The answer, of course, can never be "I belong to no category"—not because this answer would be impossibly arrogant but because it would be meaningless. In the case of Benjamin, the trouble (if such it was) can be diagnosed in retrospect with great precision. When Hofmannsthal had read the long Goethe essay by the completely unknown author, he called it "*schlechthin unvergleichlich*" ("absolutely incomparable"), and he was literally right—it could not be compared with anything in existing literature. The trouble with everything Benjamin wrote was that it turned out to be *sui generis*.

Posthumous fame, then, seems to be the lot of those who are unclassifiable; that is, of those whose work neither fits into the existing order nor introduces a new genre that lends itself to future classification. Innumerable attempts to write à la Kafka have all been dismal failures, and thus have served only to emphasize Kafka's uniqueness, his absolute originality, which can be traced to no predecessor and suffers no followers. Such uniqueness is the thing that society can least come to terms with. To put it bluntly, it would be as misleading today to recommend Walter Benjamin as a literary critic and essayist as it would have been in 1924 to recommend Kafka as a short-story writer and novelist. To describe Benjamin's work—and Benjamin himself as an author—adequately within our usual frame of reference, one would have to make a great many qualified statements, such as: his erudition was great, yet he was no scholar; his subject matter included texts and their interpretation, yet he was no philologian; he was greatly attracted not by religion but by theology and the theological type of interpretation that treats the text itself as sacred, yet he was no theologian and was not particularly interested in the Bible; he was a born writer, yet his greatest ambition was to produce a work consisting entirely of quotations; he was the first German to translate Proust (in collaboration with Franz Hessel) and St. John Perse, and before that he had translated Baudelaire's "Tableaux Parisiens," yet he was no translator; he reviewed books and wrote a number of essays on writers, living and dead, yet he was no literary critic; he wrote a book about the German baroque and left behind a huge unfinished study of the French nineteenth century, yet he was no historian, literary or otherwise; and he thought poetically (or so I shall try to show), yet he was neither a poet nor a philosopher.

Still, in the rare moments when Benjamin cared to define what he was doing, he thought of himself as a literary critic, and if he can be said to have aspired to a position in life at all, it was to that of "the only true critic of German literature"—as Scholem put it in one of a few, very beautiful letters to his friend that have been published—except that the very notion of thus becoming a useful member of society must have repelled him, for he undoubtedly agreed with Baudelaire's statement "*Être un homme utile m'a paru toujours quelque chose de bien hideux*." In the introductory paragraphs of his essay on the "Elective Affinities," Benjamin outlined what he understood the task of the literary critic to be. He began by distinguishing between a commentary and a critique. (Without mentioning the fact, and perhaps without even being aware of it, he used the word "*Kritik*"—which in normal usage means criticism—as Kant used it when he spoke of a critique of pure reason.) "Critique is concerned with the truth content of a work of art, the commentary with its subject matter," he wrote. "The relationship between the two is determined by that basic law of literature according to which the work's truth content is the more relevant the more inconspicuously and intimately it is bound up with its subject matter. If, therefore, precisely those works turn out to endure whose truth is most deeply embedded in their subject matter, the beholder who contemplates them long after their own time finds the *realia* all the more striking in the work as they



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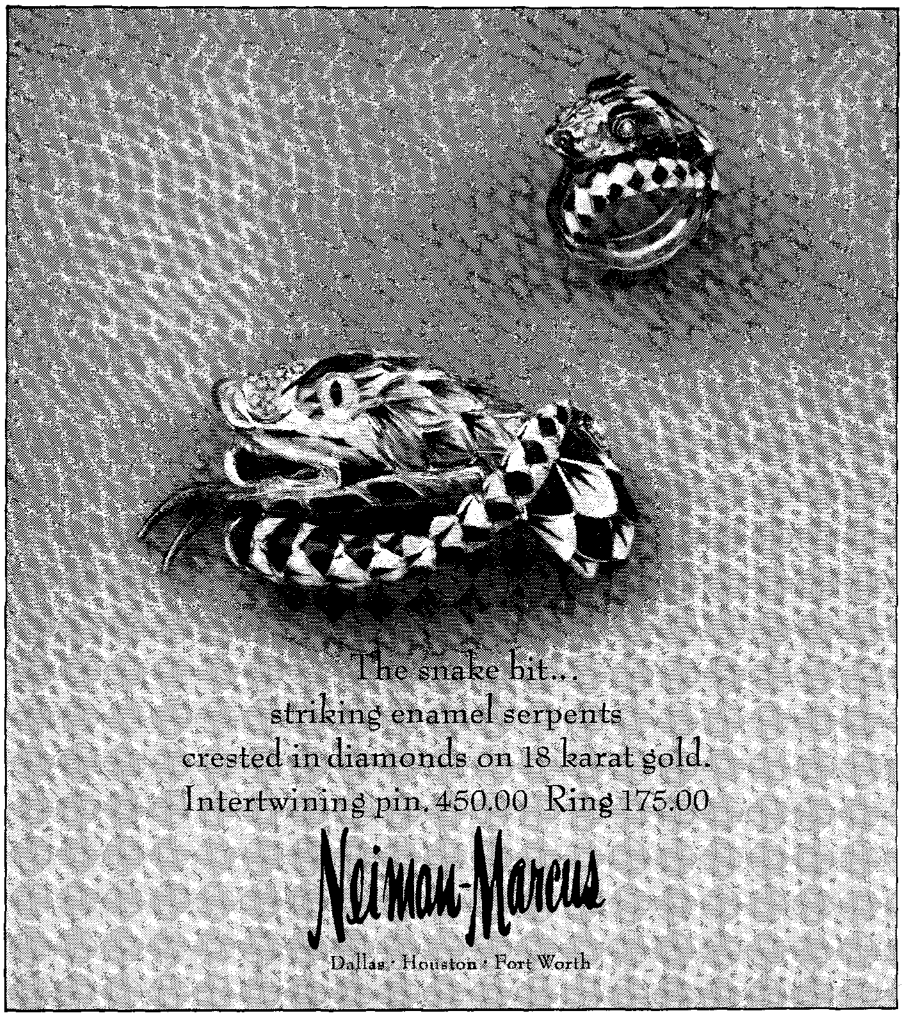

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*"He was coming on strong.
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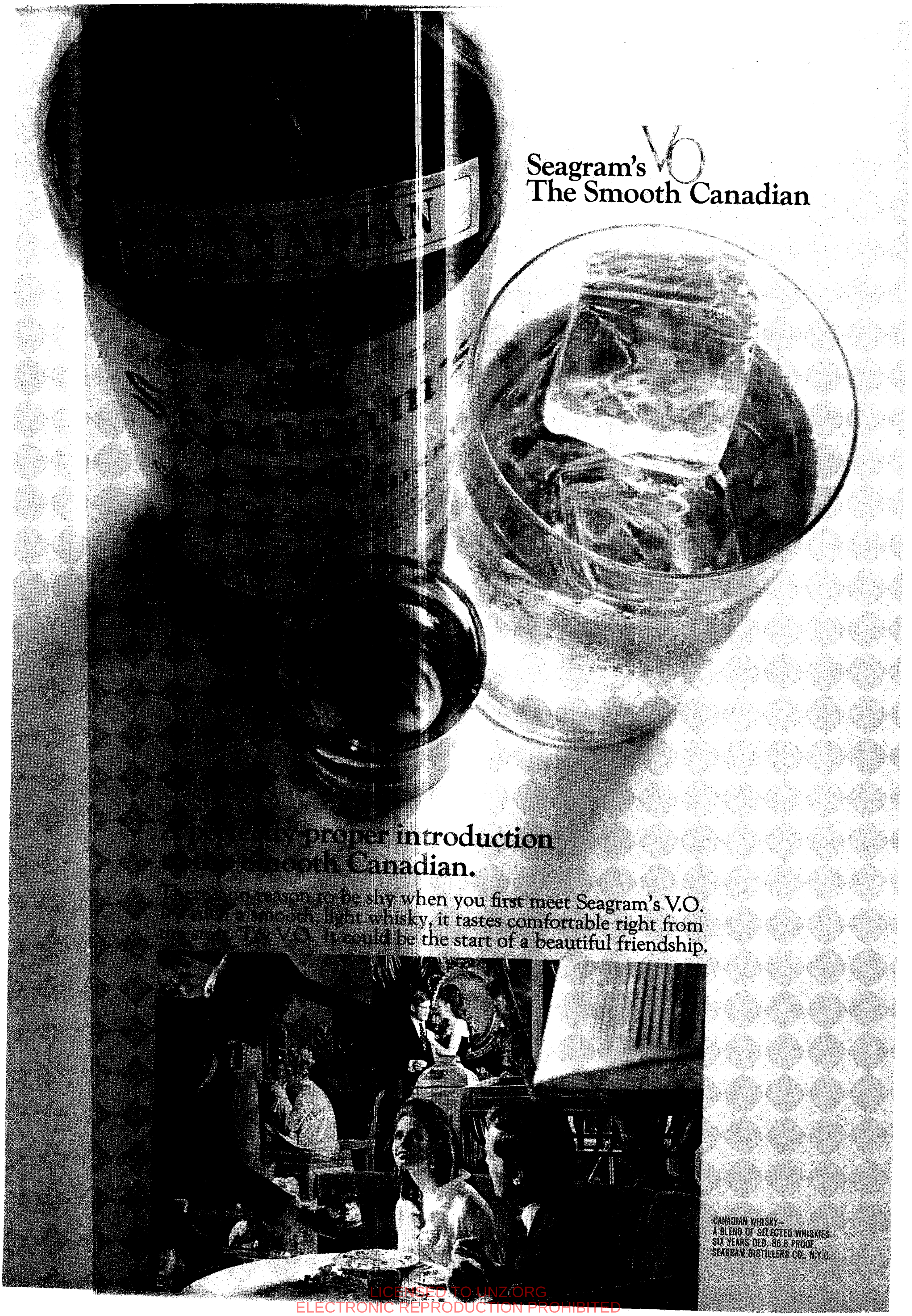
have faded away in the world. This means that subject matter and truth content, united in the work's early period, come apart during its afterlife; the subject matter becomes more striking while the truth content preserves its original concealment. To an ever-increasing extent, therefore, the interpretation of the striking and the odd—that is, of the subject matter—becomes a prerequisite for any later critic. One may liken him to a paleographer in front of a parchment whose faded text is covered by the stronger outlines of a script referring to that text. Just as the paleographer would have to start by reading the script, the critic must start by commenting on his text. And out of this activity there arises immediately an inestimable criterion of critical judgment: only now can the critic ask the question basic to all criticism; namely, whether the work's shining truth content is due to its subject matter, or whether the survival of the subject matter is due to the truth content. For as they come apart in the work, they decide its immortality. In this sense, the history of works of art prepares their critique, and for this reason historical distance increases their power. If, to use a simile, one views the growing work as a funeral pyre, the commentator upon the work can be likened to a chemist, the critic of the work to an alchemist. While the former is left with wood and ashes as the objects for his analysis, the latter is concerned with the enigma of the flame itself: the enigma of being alive. Thus, the critic inquires about the truth, whose living flame goes on burning over the heavy logs of the past and the light ashes of life gone by." Whatever we may think of this figure of the critic as an alchemist practicing the obscure art of transmuting the lead of reality into the enduring gold of truth, or, rather, watching and interpreting the historical process that brings about this magical transmutation, it hardly corresponds to the sort of thing we usually have in mind when we classify a writer as a literary critic.

However, a more elusive factor than the mere state of being unclassifiable has a part in the life of those who "have won victory in death." It is the factor of bad luck, and this, which was very prominent in Benjamin's life, cannot be ignored here, if only because he himself, who probably never gave a thought to posthumous fame, was vividly aware of it. In his writing, and also in conversation, he used to refer to "the little hunchback"—"*das bucklicht Männlein*"—a German fairy-tale figure out



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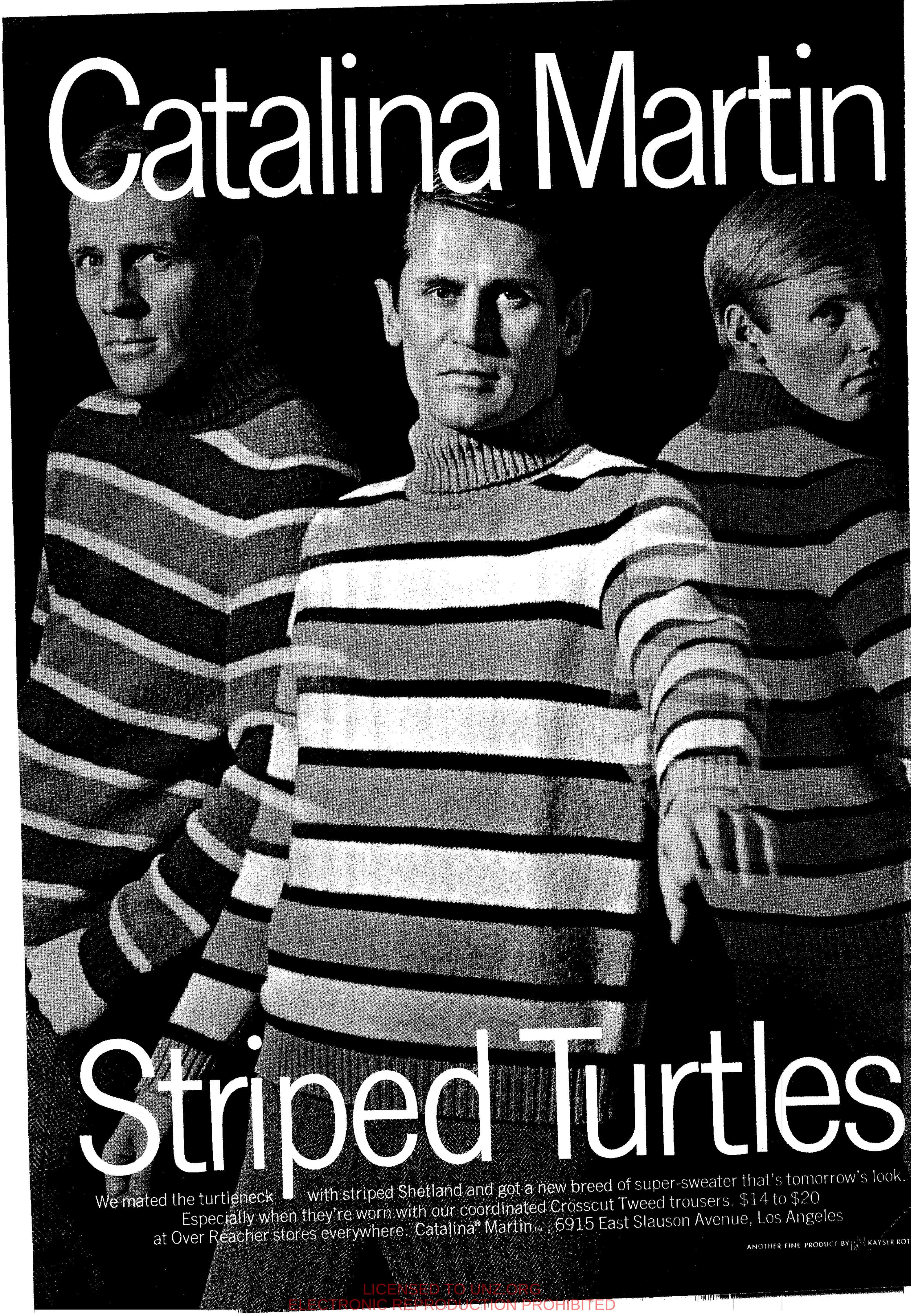

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of the famous collection of German folk poetry known as "Des Knaben Wunderhorn":

Will ich in mein' Keller gehn,
Will mein Weinlein zapfen;
Steht ein bucklicht Männlein da,
Tät mir'n Krug wegschnappen.

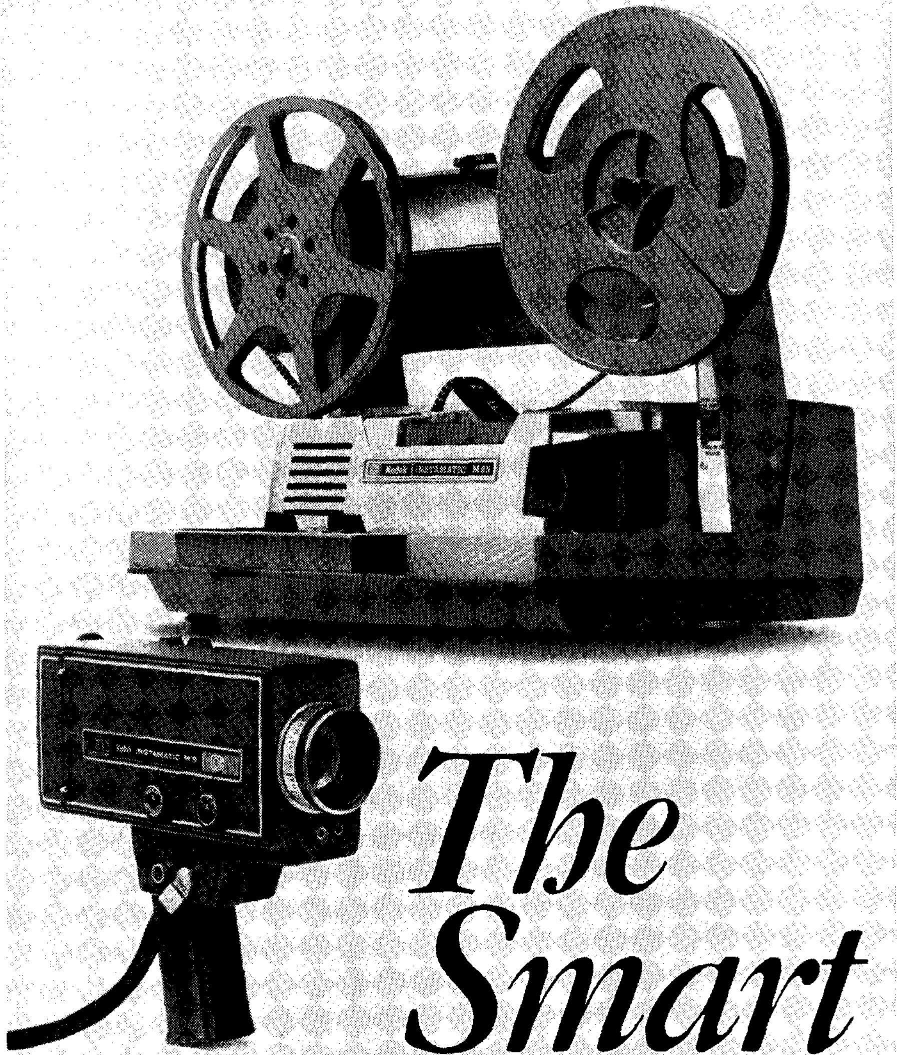
Will ich in mein Küchel gehn,
Will mein Süpplein kochen;
Steht ein bucklicht Männlein da,
Hat mein Töpflein brochen.

(When I go to the cellar
There to draw some wine,
A little hunchback who's in there
Grabs that jug of mine.

When I go to my kitchen,
There my soup to make,
A little hunchback who's in there
My little pot does break.)

Benjamin first met the hunchback in childhood, coming upon the poem in a children's book, and he never forgot the encounter. But only once—at the end of his autobiographical book "A Berlin Childhood Around 1900," in which, anticipating death, he attempted to get hold of his " 'entire life' . . . as it is said to pass before the eyes of the dying"—did he clearly state who and what it was that had terrified him so early in life and was to accompany him to the end. His mother, like millions of other mothers in Germany, used to say "Mr. Bungle sends his regards" ("*Ungeschickt lässt grüssen*") when one of the countless little catastrophes of childhood took place. And the child knew, of course, who this was. His mother was referring to the little hunchback. It was he who caused objects to play their mischievous tricks upon children—who tripped you up when you fell down, and who knocked the thing out of your hand when it dropped and broke. And after the child came the grown man, who knew what the child was ignorant of; namely, that it was not he who had provoked the little hunchback by looking at him (as though he were the boy who wished to learn what fear was) but the hunchback who had looked at him, and that bungling was a misfortune. "Anyone whom the little man looks at pays no attention—not to himself and not to the little man. In consternation he stands before a pile of debris."

Thanks to the recent publication of Benjamin's letters, the story of his life can now be sketched in broad outline, and it is a temptation to present it as a sequence of such piles of debris, since there is hardly any question that he himself viewed it in that way. But the essence of the matter is that he knew all about the mysterious inter-



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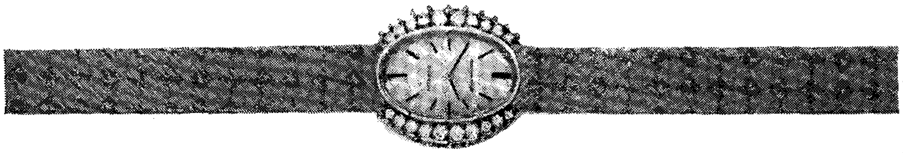
play that he so perceptively diagnosed in Proust—the point "at which weakness and genius coincide." He was, of course, speaking about himself as well when, in "The Image of Proust," he quoted, with complete agreement, what Jacques Rivière had said about Proust: "[He] died of the same inexperience that permitted him to write his works. He died of ignorance . . . because he did not know how to make a fire or open a window." (With a sleepwalker's precision, Benjamin's clumsiness invariably guided him to the very center of misfortune, or to the spot where misfortune lurked. Thus, in the winter of 1939-40 the danger of bombing made him decide to leave Paris, where he was living as a refugee, for a safer place. Well, no bomb was ever dropped on Paris, but Meaux, which was where Benjamin went, was a troop center, and was probably one of the very few places in France that were seriously endangered in those early months of the war. He hurried back to Paris.) But, like Proust, he had every reason to bless the curse and to repeat the strange prayer at the end of the folk poem with which he closes his childhood memoir:

Liebes Kindlein, ach, ich bitt,
Bet fürs bucklicht Männlein mit.

(O dear child, I beg of you,
Pray for the little hunchback, too.)

In retrospect, the net in which his life was inextricably caught—a net woven of merit, great gifts, clumsiness, and misfortune—can be detected even in a piece of pure luck that opened Benjamin's career as a writer. Through the good offices of a friend, he was able to place his essay on Goethe's "Elective Affinities" in Hofmannsthal's magazine. This study, a masterpiece of German prose, which is still of unique stature both in the general field of German literary criticism and in the specialized field of Goethe scholarship, had been rejected several times, and Hofmannsthal gave it his enthusiastic approval at a moment when Benjamin had almost despaired of "finding a taker for it." But there was a decisive misfortune, apparently never fully understood, that, under the circumstances, was necessarily connected with this chance. The only material security that this first public breakthrough could have led to was the *Habilitation*—the first step toward the university career for which Benjamin was then preparing himself. This, to be sure, would not have enabled him to make a living—the so-called *Privatdozent* received no salary—but it



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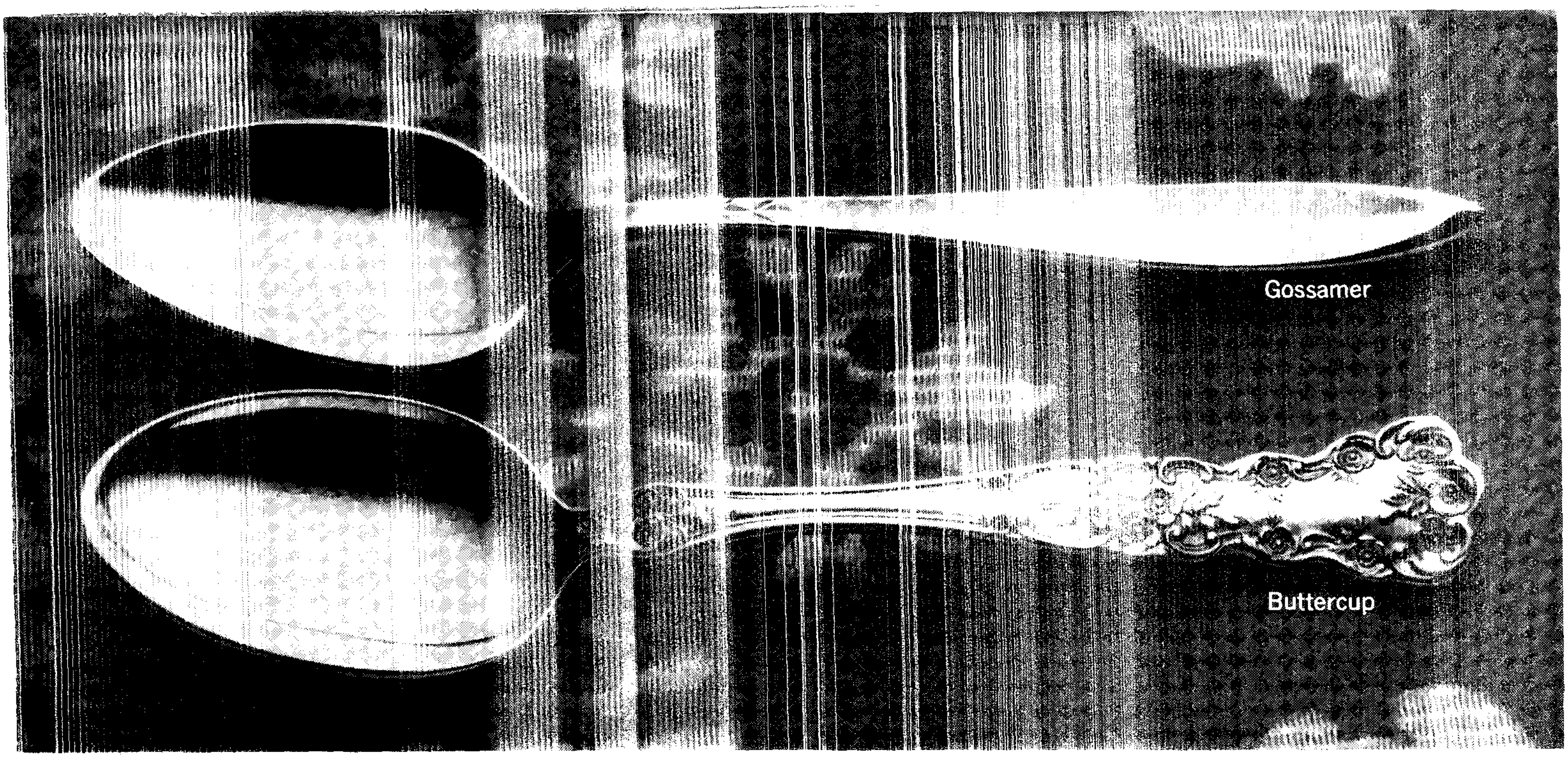

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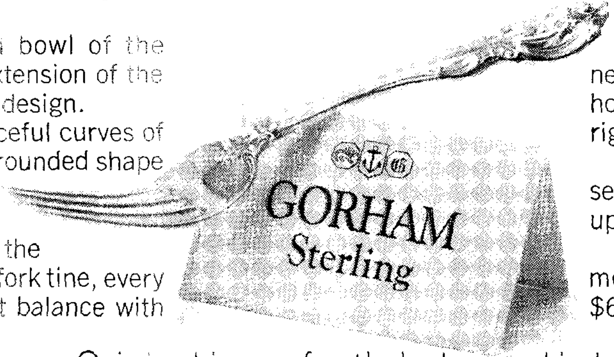

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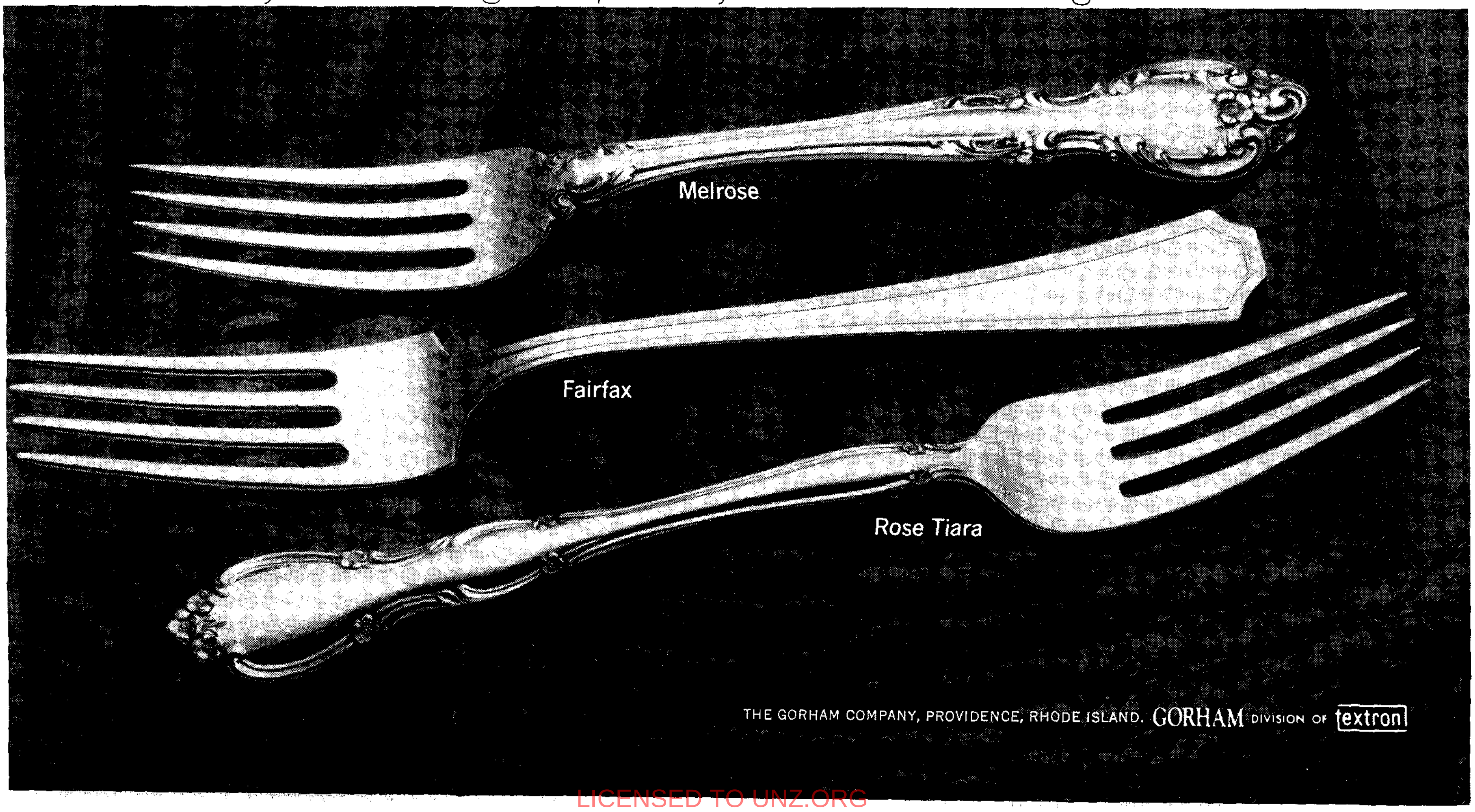
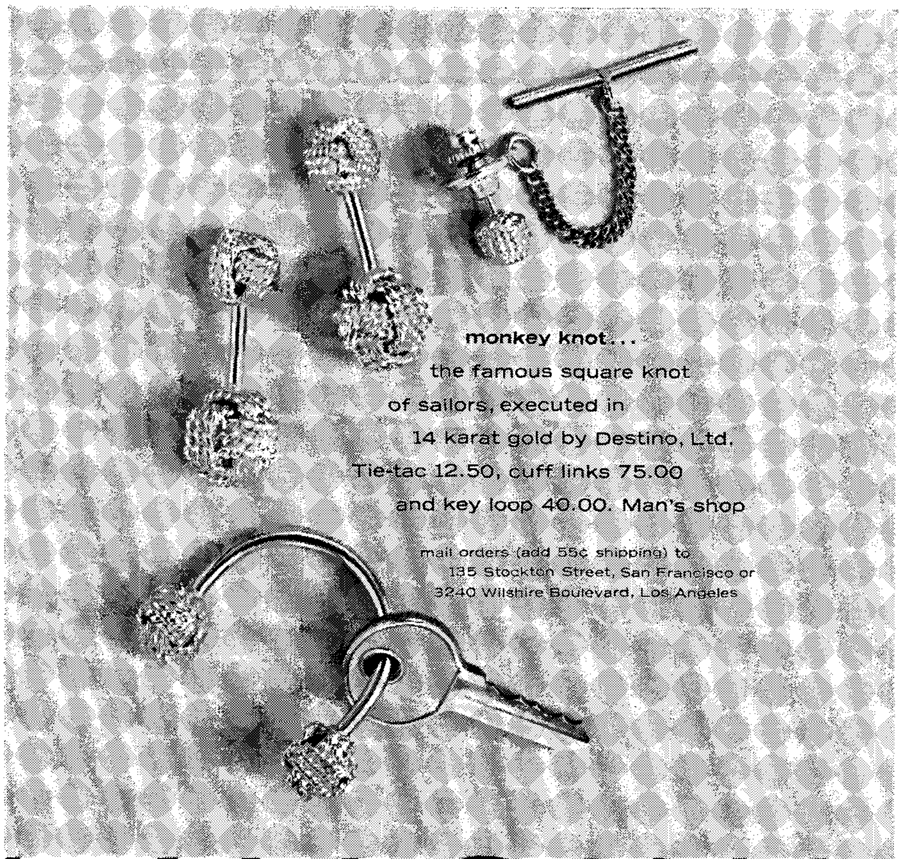


THE GORHAM COMPANY, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND. GORHAM DIVISION OF textron would probably have induced his father to support him until he received a full professorship, since this was a common practice in those days. It is now hard to understand how he and his friends could ever have hoped that his bid for admission to a normal department of German literature would be successful. He was accepted as a candidate by a professor at the University of Frankfurt, whose name is now forgotten, and he submitted an enormously learned study entitled "The Origin of German Tragedy." Thanks to the Goethe essay, he was known, so the manuscript was read by several members of the department before it was rejected. The gentlemen involved declared later that they had not understood a single word, and their statement can certainly be believed. How were they to understand a writer whose greatest pride it had been to assemble and coördinate significant quotations, who had packed all the sheer information that proved his erudition into footnotes, so that he could reduce his own writing to a minimum ("The writing consists largely of quotations, the craziest mosaic technique imaginable," he noted at the time), and who had laid the greatest emphasis on six mottoes that preceded the work ("No one . . . could gather any rarer or more precious ones")? It was as if a master had fashioned some unique work of art only to offer it for sale at the nearest bargain center. Truly, neither anti-Semitism nor ill will toward an outsider (having taken his doctoral degree in Switzerland during the First World War, Benjamin was no one's disciple) nor the customary academic suspicion of anything not guaranteed mediocre need have been involved. However—and this is where bungling and bad luck come in—in the Germany of that time there was another way, and it was precisely Benjamin's Goethe essay that closed this off and so spoiled his only chance for a university career. As is true of many of Benjamin's writings, this study was a polemical one, and what it attacked was a book on Goethe by Friedrich Gundolf, who was a member of the circle around Stefan George. Benjamin's critique of the book was definitive, and yet Benjamin could have expected more understanding from Gundolf and other members of the circle—a group with whose intellectual world he had been quite familiar in his youth—than from the usual university authorities, and he probably would not have needed to be a member of the circle to earn his academic accreditation under one of



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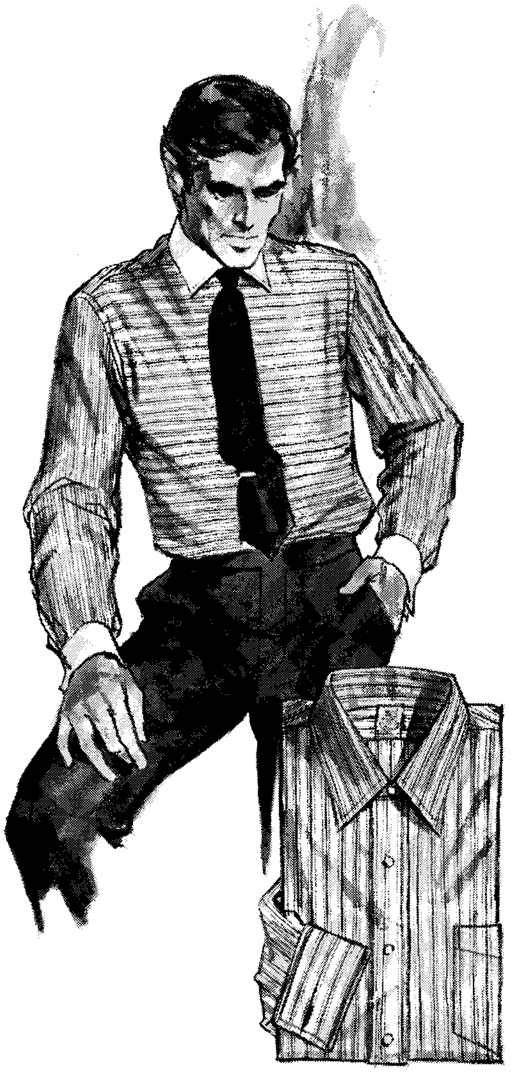
these men, who at that time were just beginning to get a fairly comfortable foothold in the academic world. The one thing he should not have done, then, was to mount so vehement an attack on Gundolf, the most prominent and most capable academic member of the circle, that everyone was bound to know that, as he explained later, he had "just as little to do with Academe . . . as with the monuments that men like Gundolf and Ernst Bertram have erected." This is indeed how it was. And it was Benjamin's own bungling, or his misfortune, to have announced this hostility to the world before he could be admitted to the university.

Yet one certainly cannot say that he consciously disregarded due caution. On the contrary, being aware that "Mr. Bungle sends his regards," he took more precautions, against all sorts of contingencies, than anyone else I have known. But his system of providing against all possible dangers (a system that included what Scholem has described as "Chinese courtesy") invariably, in a mysterious way, ignored the real danger. For, just as he fled from safe Paris to dangerous Meaux—to the front, as it were—at the beginning of the war, he was preoccupied in 1924 by the wholly superfluous worry that Hofmannsthal might take amiss a very prudent critical reference in his Goethe essay to Rudolf Borchardt, one of the chief contributors to Hofmannsthal's periodical. Yet he expected only good to come of his having found for his "attack upon the ideology of George's school . . . this one place where they will find it hard to ignore the invective." They did not find it hard at all, for no one was so isolated, so utterly alone, as Benjamin. Even the authority of Hofmannsthal—"the new patron," Benjamin called him in the first burst of happiness—could not alter this situation. Hofmannsthal's voice was hardly audible as against the very real power of the George school, an influential group in which, as in all such entities, only ideological allegiance counted, since only ideology, not rank or quality, could hold the group together. Although George's disciples assumed a pose of being above politics, they were fully as conversant with the basic principles of literary maneuver as the professors were with the fundamentals of academic politics or the journalistic hacks were with the ABC of "One good turn deserves another." Benjamin, however, did not know the score. He never knew how to handle such things and was never able to move among such



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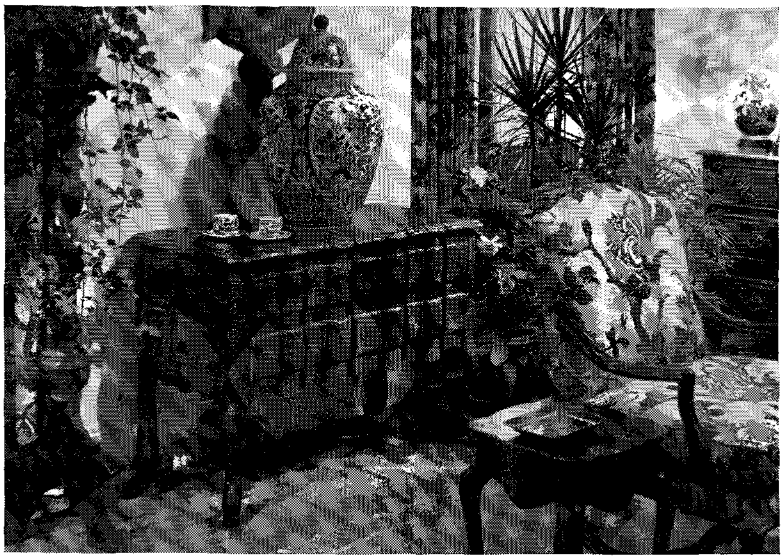

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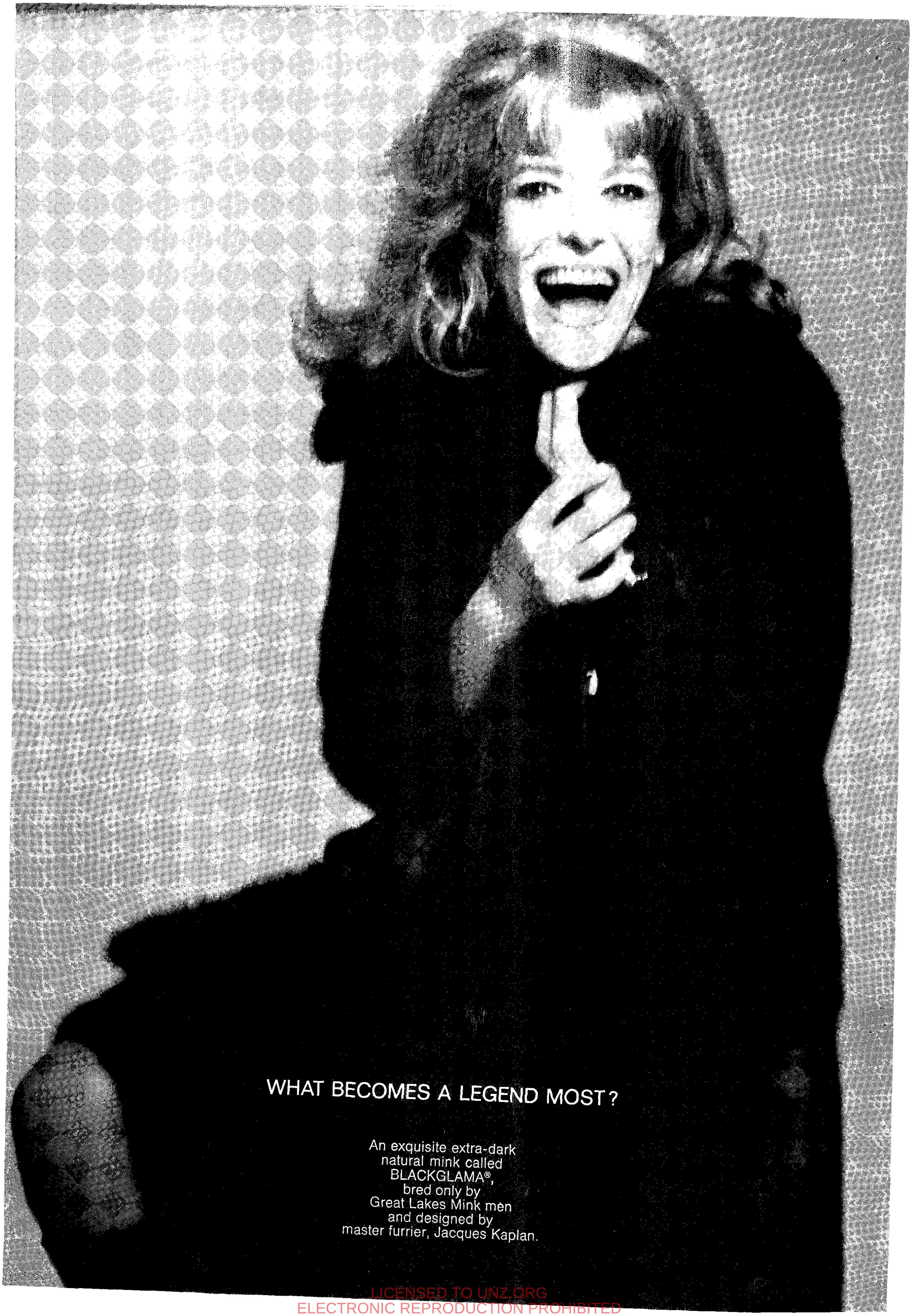
people—not even after "the adversities of outer life that sometimes come from all sides, like wolves," afforded him some insight into the so-called ways of the world. Whenever he tried to adjust himself to the ways of the world so as to get some firm ground under his feet, somehow things were sure to go wrong.

A major study by Benjamin dealing with Goethe from the viewpoint of Marxism (in the middle twenties, he came very close to joining the Communist Party) has never appeared in print—neither in the Great Russian Encyclopedia, for which it was intended, nor in present-day Germany. In the middle thirties, Klaus Mann, who had commissioned for his periodical *Die Sammlung* a review by Benjamin of Brecht's "Three-Penny Novel," returned the manuscript because Benjamin had asked two hundred and fifty French francs (then about ten dollars) for it and Mann wanted to pay only one hundred and fifty. This work, which amounted to a commentary on Brecht's poetry, did not appear in Benjamin's lifetime. And, finally, serious difficulties developed with the Institute for Social Research, which had originally been part of the University of Frankfurt but had emigrated to America in 1934, and on which Benjamin, as a contributor to its journal, was financially dependent. Its guiding spirits, Theodor W. Adorno and Max Horkheimer, were "dialectical materialists," and in their opinion Benjamin's thinking was "undialectic," as Adorno put it; moved in "materialistic categories that by no means coincide with Marxist ones;" and was "lacking in mediation" insofar as, in an essay on Baudelaire, he had related "certain conspicuous elements within the superstructure . . . directly, perhaps even causally, to corresponding elements in the substructure." The result was that Benjamin's essay "The Paris of the Second Empire in the Works of Baudelaire" was not printed either at the time, in the Institute's journal, or in the posthumous two-volume edition of his writings. Two parts of it have recently been published—"Der Flaneur" in *Die Neue Rundschau* of December, 1967, and "Die Moderne" in *Das Argument* of March, 1968.

Benjamin was probably the most peculiar of all Marxists, although Marxism, God knows, has had its full share of oddities. Inevitably, the theoretical aspect of Marxism that fascinated him most was the doctrine of the superstructure, which was only briefly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sketched by Marx but which assumed a disproportionately large role in the movement as it was joined by a disproportionately large number of intellectuals—that is, by people who were interested only in the superstructure. Benjamin used the doctrine solely as a heuristic stimulus, and was hardly interested in its historical or philosophical background. What appealed to him was the idea that the spirit of an age and its material manifestation were so intimately connected that one might discover everywhere Baudelaire's *correspondances*—phenomena capable of clarifying and illuminating one another, if only they were properly correlated, to the point where they would no longer require any interpretive or explanatory commentary. Benjamin was concerned with the correlation between a street scene, a stock-exchange speculation, a poem, and a thought—with the hidden line that held them together and enabled the historian or the philologist to recognize that they must all be placed in the same period. When Adorno criticized Benjamin's "wide-eyed presentation of actualities," he hit the nail on the head; that was precisely what Benjamin was making, and wanted to make. Such a presentation, strongly influenced by Surrealism, was an "attempt to capture the portrait of history in the most insignificant representations of reality, its scraps, as it were." Benjamin had a passion for small—even minute—things. Scholem relates that it was his ambition to get a hundred lines on one page of an ordinary notebook, and recalls his admiration of two grains of wheat—in the Jewish section of the Musée de Cluny—"on which a kindred soul had inscribed the complete *Shema Israel*." For Benjamin, the size of an object was in inverse ratio to its significance. And this passion for the minute, far from being a whim, derived directly from the only world view that had a decisive influence on him: from Goethe's conviction of the factual existence of an *Urphänomen*, or archetypal phenomenon—a concrete object, to be discovered in the world of appearances, in which "significance" ("*Bedeutung*," this most Goethean of words, keeps recurring in Benjamin's writings) and appearance, word and thing, idea and experience would coincide. The smaller the object, it seemed to Benjamin, the more likely it could contain everything else in the most concentrated form; hence his delight that two grains of wheat could contain the entire *Shema Israel*, the very essence of Judaism—tiniest essence appearing in tiniest en-

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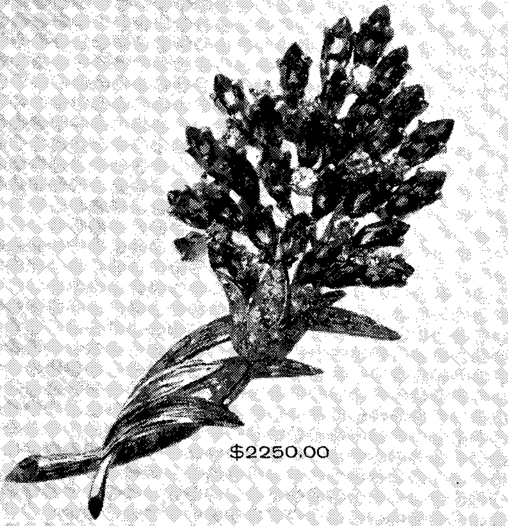

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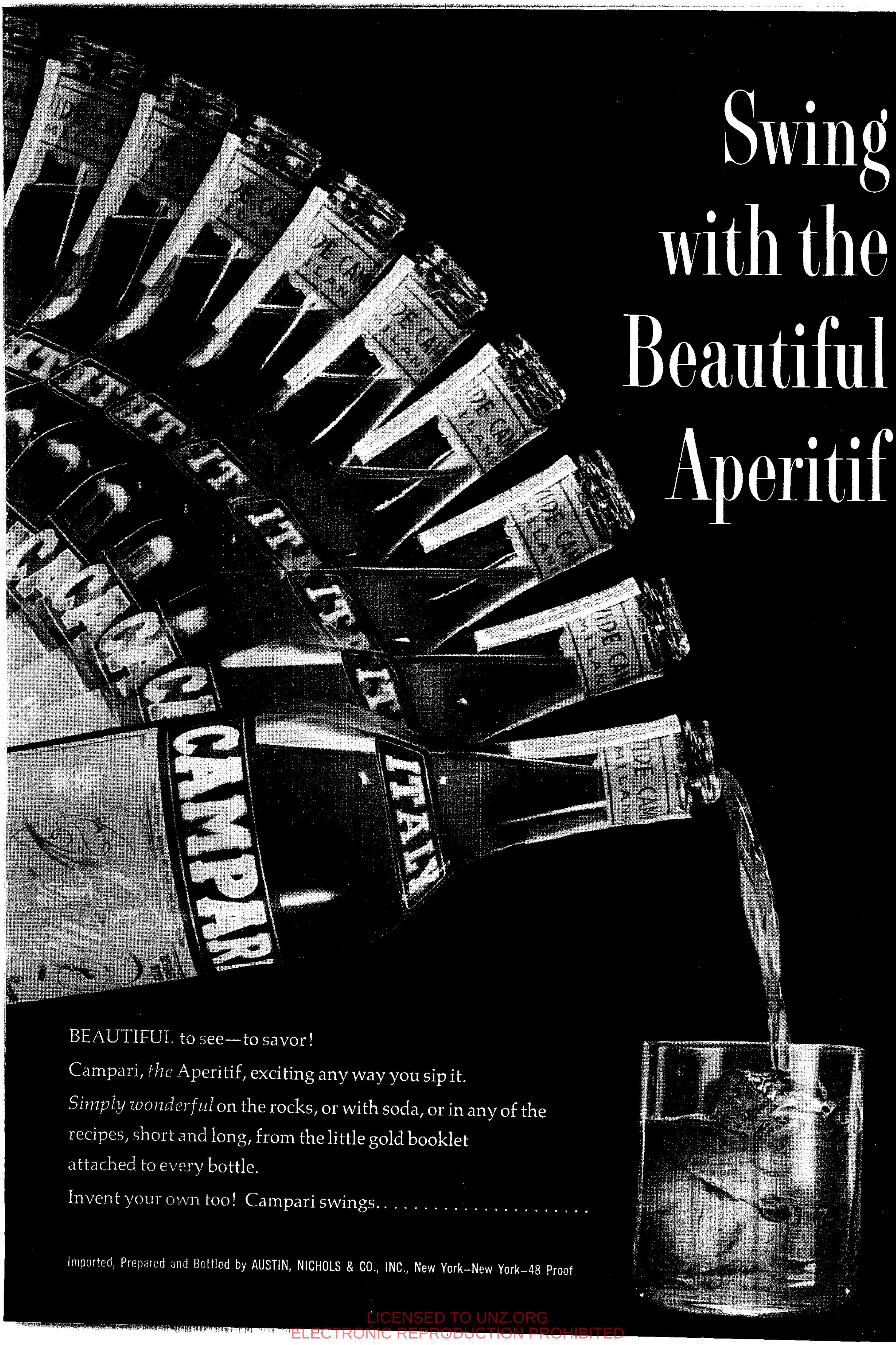

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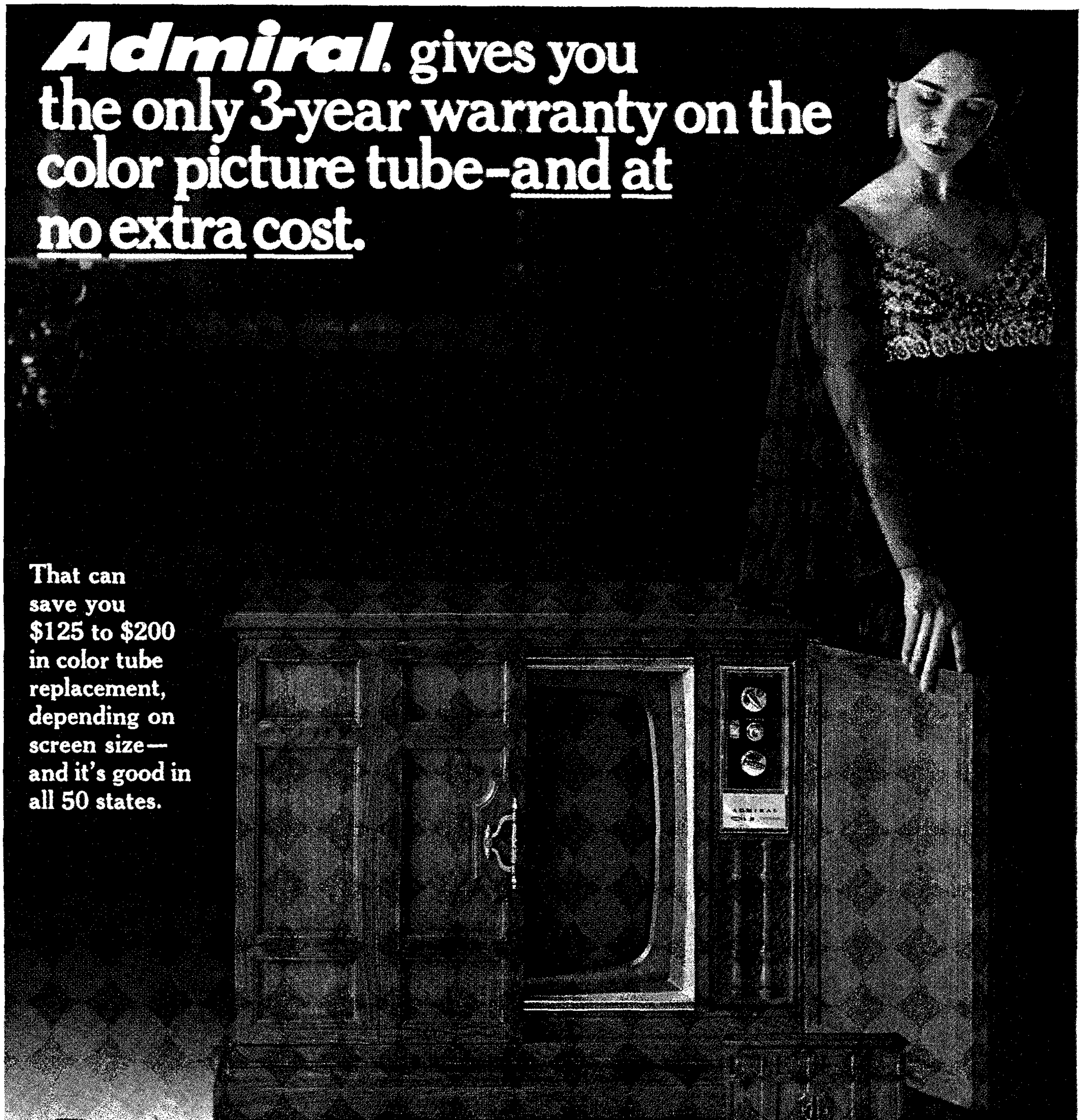

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tity, from each of which everything else in its realm originates, though in significance what thus originates cannot be compared with its origin. In other words, what profoundly fascinated Benjamin was never an idea, always a phenomenon. "What seems paradoxical about everything that is justly called beautiful is the fact that it appears," and this paradox—or, more simply, the wonder of appearance—was always at the center of his thought.

The remoteness of Benjamin's studies from Marxism and dialectical materialism is confirmed by their central figure, the *flâneur*. It is to him, aimlessly strolling through the crowds in the big cities, in studied contrast to their hurried, purposeful activity, that the secret meaning of things reveals itself. "The true picture of the past *flits* by," Benjamin wrote, and only the *flâneur* who idly strolls by receives the message. With great acumen, Adorno has pointed out the static element in Benjamin: "To understand Benjamin properly, one must feel behind his every sentence the conversion of extreme agitation into something static—indeed, the static notion of movement itself." Naturally, nothing could be more "undialectic" than this attitude, in which "the angel of history" (referred to in the ninth of Benjamin's "Theses on the Philosophy of History") does not dialectically move forward into the future but has his face "turned toward the past": "Where a chain of events appears to *us*, *he* sees one single catastrophe, which keeps piling wreckage upon wreckage, hurling it in front of his feet. The angel would like to stay, awaken the dead, and join together what has been smashed to pieces. [Which would presumably mean the end of history.] But a storm is blowing from Paradise [and] irresistibly propels him into the future to which his back is turned, while the pile of ruins before him grows skyward. What we call progress is *this* storm." In this angel, which Benjamin saw in Paul Klee's "Angelus Novus," the *flâneur* achieves his final transfiguration. For the *flâneur*, by the act of purposeless strolling, turns his back on the crowd even as he is swept along by it, just as the angel of history, who looks at nothing but the expanse of ruins of the past, is blown backward into the future by the storm of progress. That a thinker of such thoughts should ever have bothered to try and fit them into a consistent, dialectically sensible, rationally explainable process seems absurd.

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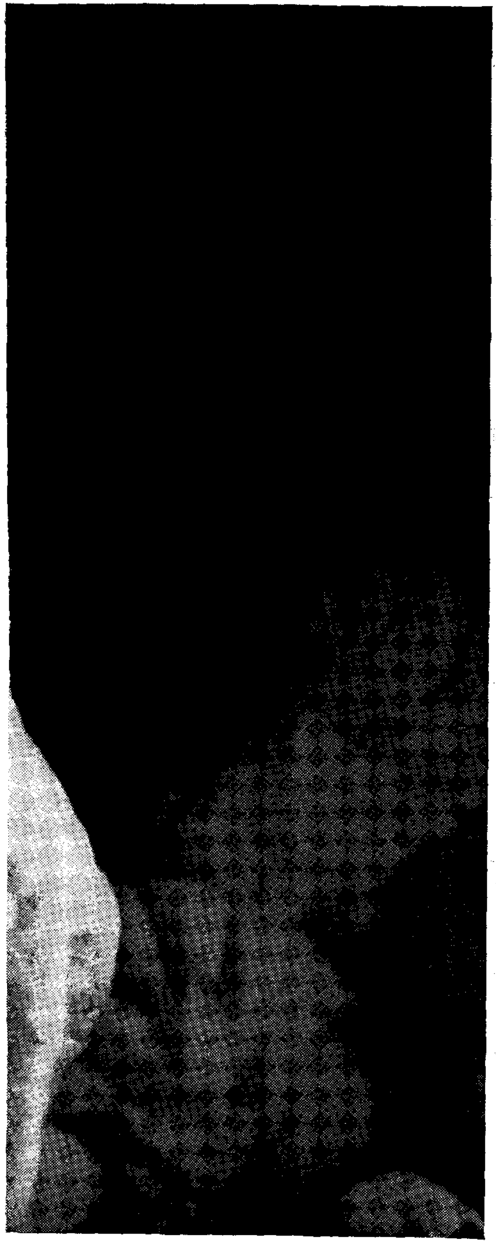

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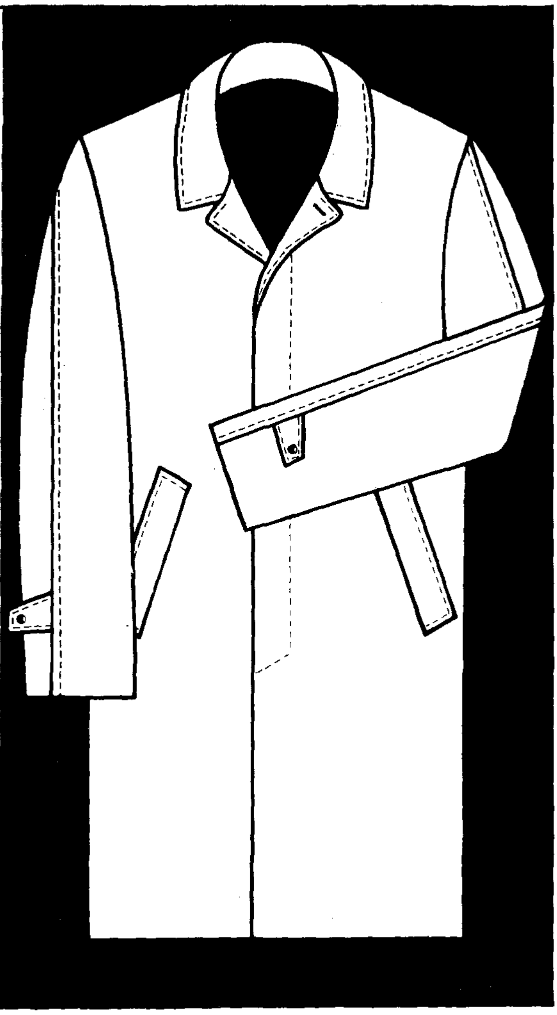

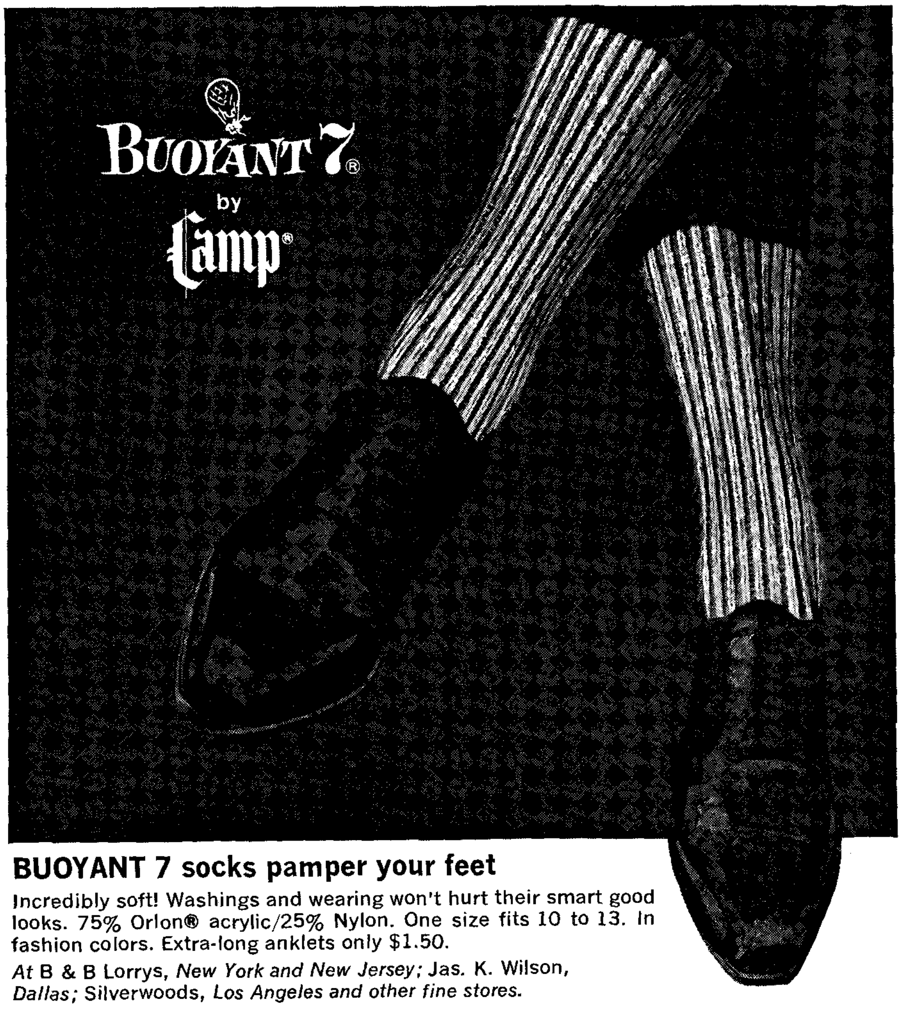

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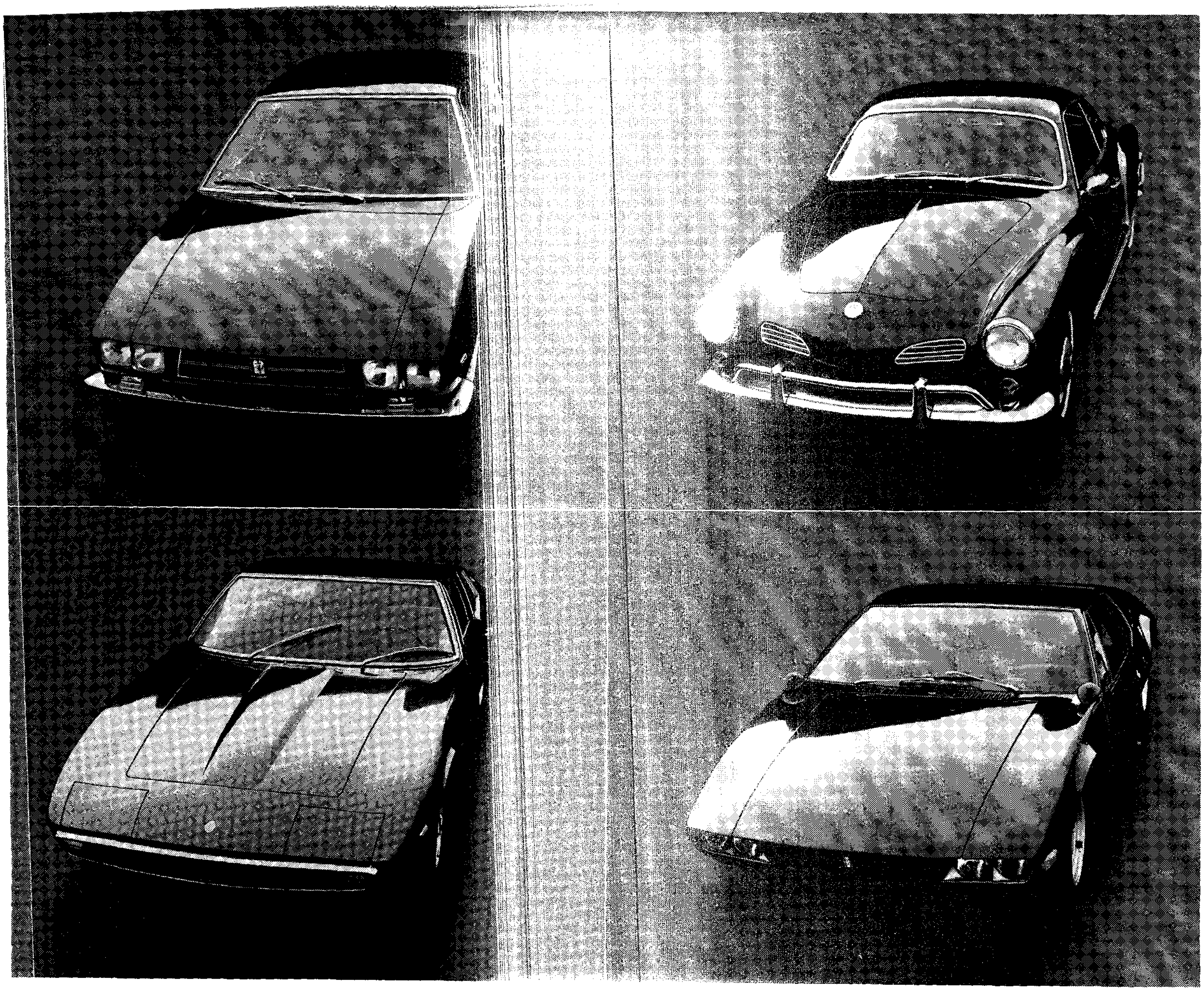
ing neither aimed at nor could arrive at generally valid statements, these being replaced, as Adorno notes critically, by metaphorical ones. Concerned with concrete facts, with single occurrences whose "significance" was manifest, Benjamin was not much interested in theories or "ideas" unless they immediately assumed clear outward shapes. In this complex, though still realistic, mode of thought the Marxian relationship between superstructure and substructure became, in the most precise sense of the word, a metaphorical one. If, for example—this is certainly in the spirit of Benjamin's thought—the abstract concept "*Vernunft*" ("reason") is traced back to its origin in the verb "*vernehmen*" ("to perceive, to hear"), it may be assumed that a word from the sphere of the superstructure has been given back its sensual substructure, or, conversely, that a concept has been transformed into a metaphor—provided that the term "metaphor" is understood in its original, non-allegorical sense of "*metapherein*" ("to transfer"). For a metaphor establishes a connection that is immediately perceived by the senses and requires no interpretation, whereas an allegory always proceeds from an abstract notion, which is represented by something palpable, chosen at will. The allegory must be explained before its meaning can be understood, an answer found to the riddle it poses; the interpretation of allegorical figures unhappily reminds one of the solving of puzzles, even when no more ingenuity is demanded than to see in a skeleton a representation of death. Since Homer, the metaphor has borne that element of the poetic which conveys cognition. Its use establishes *correspondances* between physically remote things—as when, in "The Iliad," the tearing onslaught of fear and grief upon the hearts of the Achaeans corresponds to the combined onslaught of the winds from north and west upon the dark waters of the sea; or when the approach of the army moving out to battle in line after line corresponds to the sea's long billows, which, driven by the wind, gather headway far out on the sea and roll to shore in line after line, bursting on the land in thunder. Metaphors are the means by which the oneness of the world is poetically brought about. What is so hard to understand about Benjamin is that without being a poet he *thought poetically*, and therefore was bound to regard the metaphor as the greatest gift of language, enabling us to give material form to the invisible ("A mighty fortress is our God"),



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and thus to render it capable of being experienced. He had no trouble accepting the theory of the superstructure as the final doctrine of metaphorical thinking; without any need to struggle, and eschewing all "mediation," he related the superstructure directly to the so-called material substructure, which to him meant the totality of sensually experienced data. He was clearly fascinated by the very thing that others branded as "vulgar-Marxist" or "undialectical" thinking.

Because Benjamin's spiritual self had been formed and informed by Goethe—a poet, not a philosopher—and his interest, although he had studied philosophy, aroused almost exclusively by poets and novelists, it seems natural that he should have found it easier to communicate with poets than with theoreticians, whether of the dialectical or the metaphysical variety. And, indeed, there is no question but that his friendship with Brecht—unique in that it involved the greatest living German poet and the most important living German critic, a fact of which both were fully aware—was the second, and incomparably more important, stroke of good fortune in Benjamin's life. It, too, immediately had the most adverse consequences: it antagonized nearly all the few other friends he had, it endangered his relations with the Institute for Social Research, toward whose "suggestions" he felt he had every reason "to be docile," and the only reason it did not cost him his friendship with Scholem was Scholem's abiding loyalty and admirable generosity in all matters concerning the friend. Both Adorno and Scholem blamed Brecht's "disastrous influence" (the phrase is Scholem's) for Benjamin's clearly undialectic use of Marxian categories and his determined break with metaphysics, and the fact is that Benjamin, who was usually quite inclined to make compromises (if mostly unnecessary ones), insisted on maintaining his friendship with Brecht, feeling that here he had come to the absolute limit not only of docility but even of diplomacy, for "my agreeing with Brecht's production is one of the most strategic points in my entire position." In Brecht he found a poet of rare intellectual powers and—almost as important for him at the time—someone on the left who, for all his talk about dialectics, was no more of a dialectical thinker than he was but, rather, possessed an intelligence that was in uncommonly close touch with reality. With Brecht, Benjamin could practice what Brecht himself

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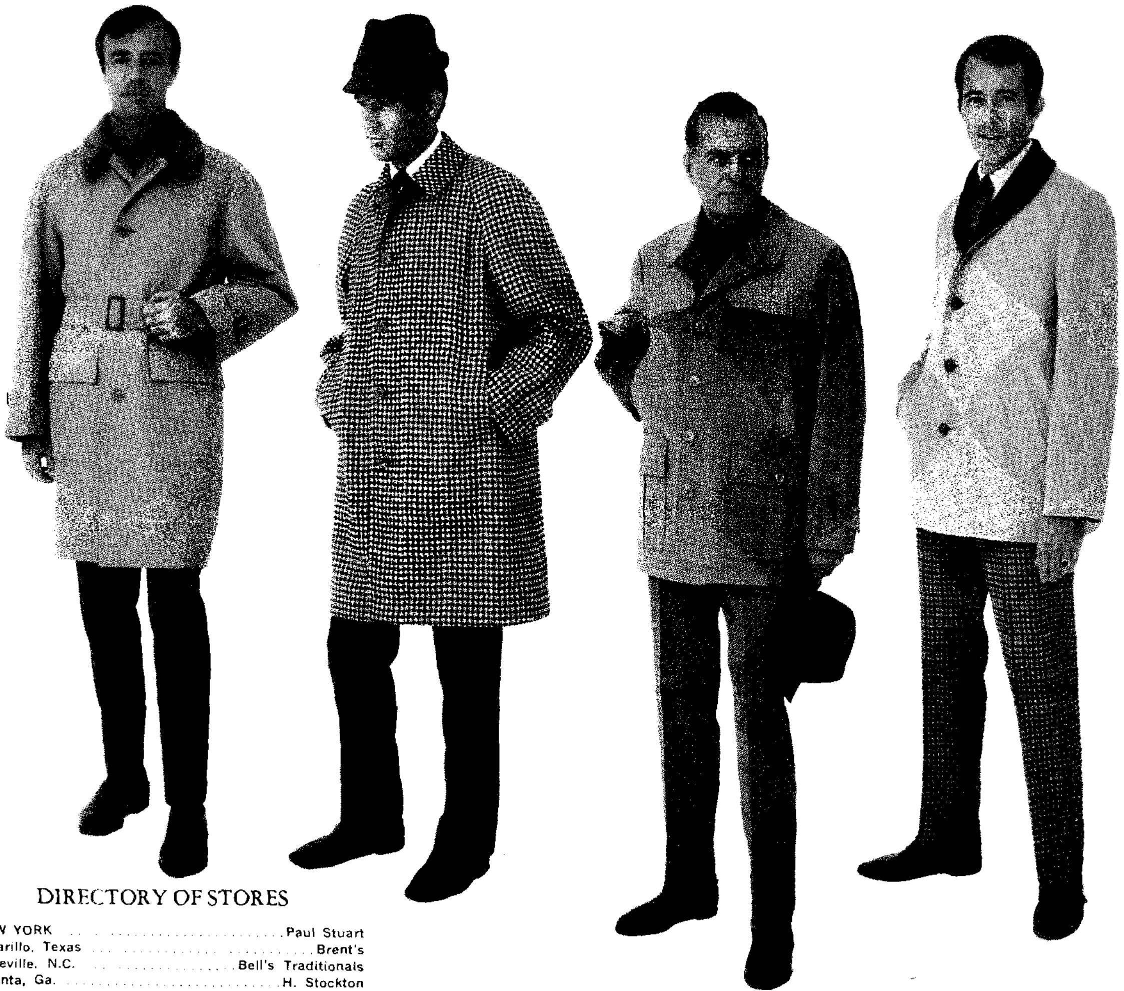
called "crude thinking" ("*das plumpe Denken*"). "The main thing is to learn how to think crudely. Crude thinking is the thinking of the great," said Brecht, and Benjamin added, by way of elucidation, "There are many people whose idea of a dialectician is a lover of subtleties. . . . On the contrary, crude thoughts should be an integral part of dialectical thinking, because they are nothing but the referral of theory to practice. . . . A thought must be crude to come into its own in action." Actually, what attracted Benjamin to crude thinking was probably a referral not so much to practice as to reality, and for him reality manifested itself most directly in the proverbs and idioms of everyday language. "Proverbs are a school of crude thinking," he wrote in the same context, and the art of taking proverbial and idiomatic speech literally enabled Benjamin—as it did Kafka, in whom figures of speech are often clearly discernible as a source of inspiration and furnish the key to many an enigma—to write prose of a singularly enchanted and enchanting closeness to reality.

WHEREVER one looks in Benjamin's life, one finds the little hunchback. Long before the emergence of the Third Reich, he was playing his evil tricks—for instance, causing a succession of publishers who had promised Benjamin an annual stipend for reading manuscripts or editing a periodical to go bankrupt before he could receive his first payment. Later, the hunchback did allow a collection of magnificent German letters, which Benjamin had made with infinite care and had provided with marvellous commentaries, to be printed—under the title "Deutsche Menschen" and with the epigraph "*Von Ehre ohne Ruhm/Von Grösse ohne Glanz/Von Würde ohne Sold*" ("Of Honor Without Fame/Of Greatness Without Splendor/Of Dignity Without Pay")—but then saw to it that it ended up in a cellar in Switzerland (for its publisher had gone bankrupt), instead of being distributed in Nazi Germany, as Benjamin, who signed the work with a pseudonym, had intended. And in this cellar the edition was discovered in 1962, just at the moment that a new edition came off the presses of a German publisher. (One could also charge it to the little hunchback that the few things in Benjamin's life that were to take a good turn often presented themselves first in an unpleasant guise. A case in point is the translation of "Anabase," by St. John



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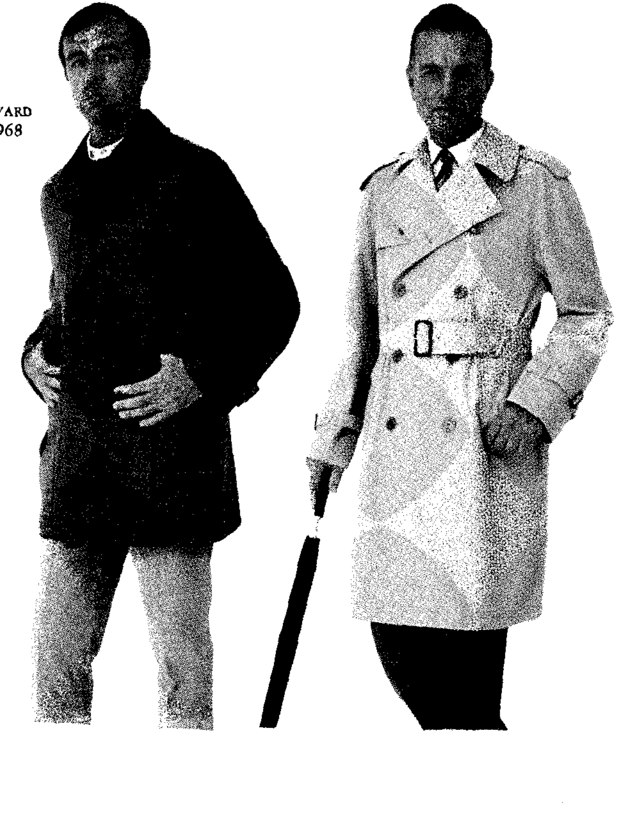

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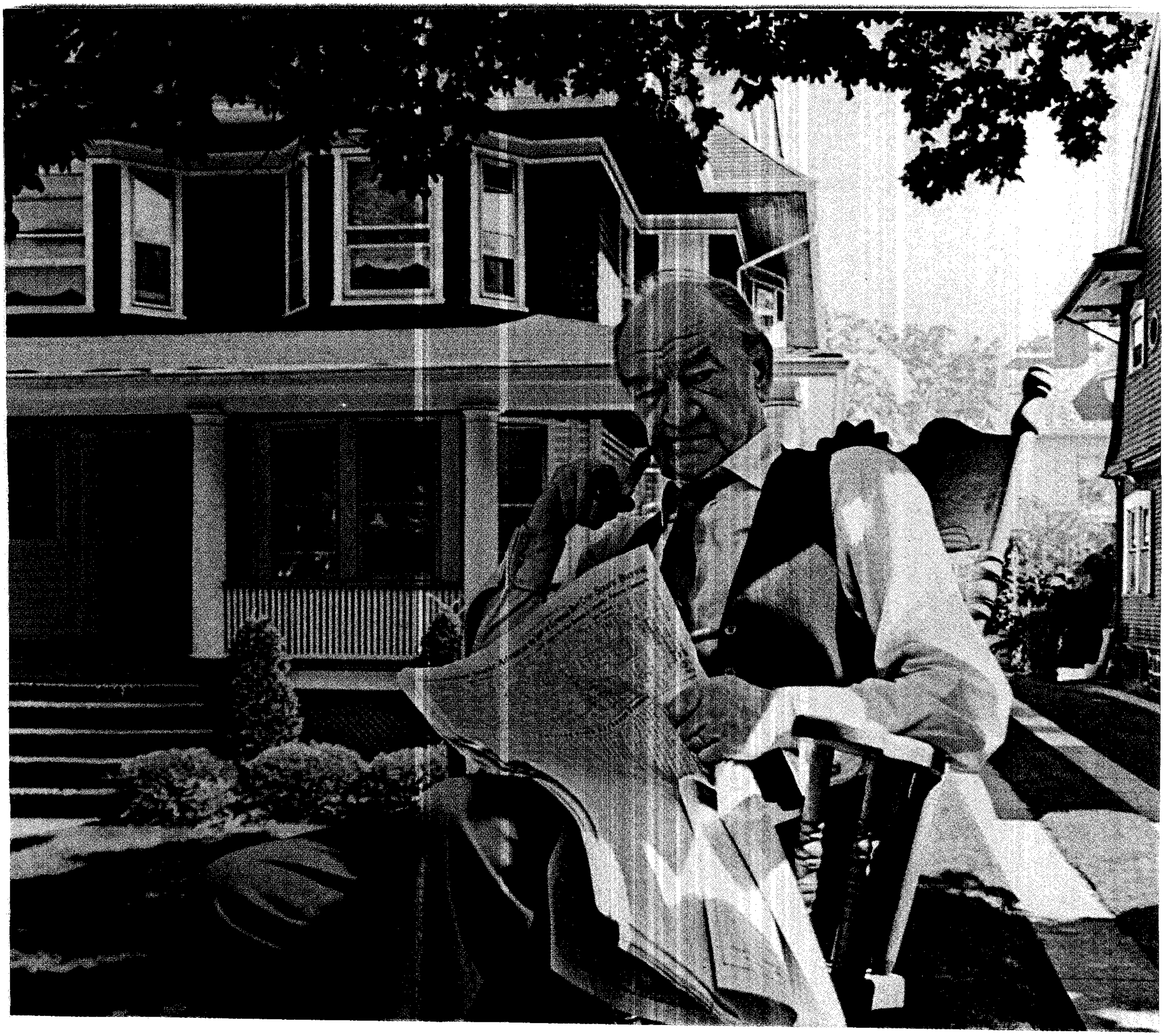

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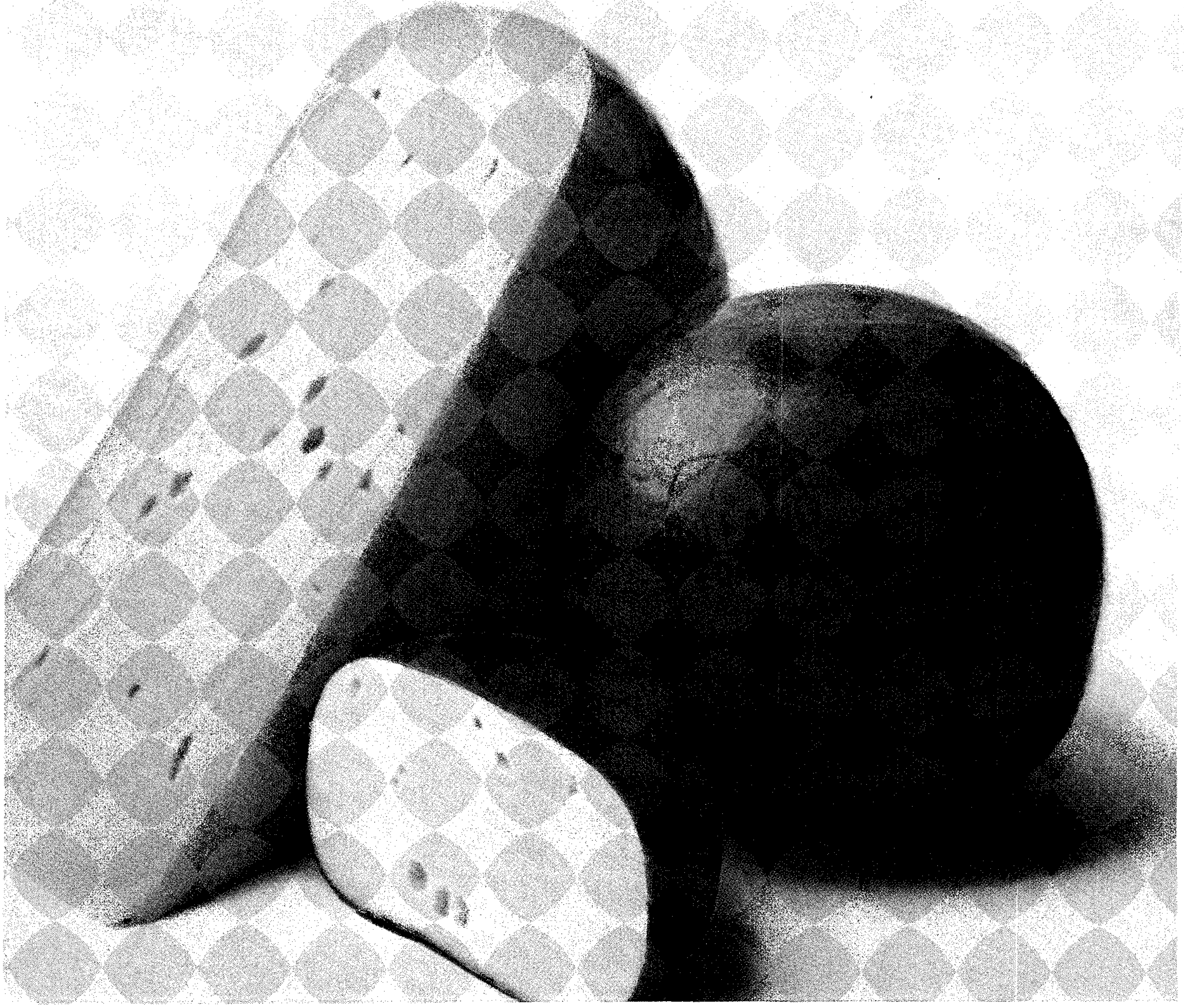

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Perse—the pseudonym of Alexis Saint-Léger Léger—which Benjamin, who thought the work "of little importance," undertook because the assignment had been procured for him by Hofmannsthal. The translation did not appear in Germany until after the war, but to it Benjamin owed his contact with Léger, and Léger, being a diplomat, was able to intercede with the French government to spare Benjamin the mass internment of refugees in May, 1940—a privilege that very few others enjoyed. At the beginning of the war, he had been interned with all other German-Jewish males in a "*camp des travailleurs volontaires*" but had soon been released, thanks to the efforts of Adrienne Monnier.) In any event, after mischief came "the piles of debris." The last of these, except for the catastrophe at the Spanish border, was the danger that, according to Benjamin, had threatened since 1938—that the Institute for Social Research, which provided the only "material and moral support" of his Paris existence, would desert him. "The very circumstances that greatly endanger my European situation will probably make emigration to the U.S.A. impossible for me," he wrote in April of 1939, still feeling the impact of the "blow" dealt him by Adorno's letter of November, 1938, rejecting the first version of his Baudelaire study.

Scholem is surely right when he says that, next to Proust, Kafka was the contemporary author with whom Benjamin felt the closest personal affinity, and undoubtedly Benjamin had "the field of ruins and the disaster area" of his own work in mind when he wrote that "an understanding of [Kafka's] production involves, among other things, the simple recognition that he was a failure." What he went on to say of Kafka also applies to him: "The circumstances of this failure are multifarious. One is tempted to say: Once he was certain of eventual failure, everything worked out for him en route as in a dream." Benjamin had not needed to read Kafka in order to think like Kafka. Before he had read anything by Kafka except "The Stoker," he had accorded Goethe's statement about hope—"Hope passed over their heads like a star that falls from the sky"—a prominent place in his essay on "Elective Affinities," and the sentence with which he concluded this study reads as though Kafka had written it: "Only for the sake of the hopeless ones have we been given hope."

On September 26, 1940, when Benjamin was preparing to emigrate

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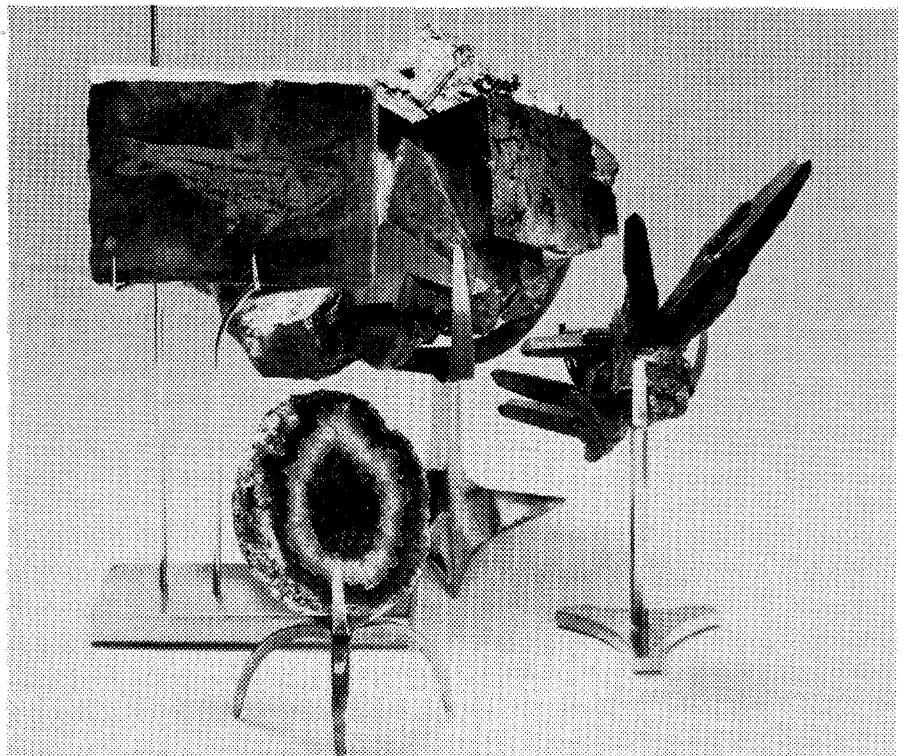
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to America, he took his life at the Franco-Spanish border. There were various reasons for this. The Gestapo had confiscated his Paris apartment, which contained his library (he had been able to get "the more important half" out of Germany) and a good proportion of his manuscripts, and he was concerned about the rest of his papers, which, through the good offices of Georges Bataille, had been placed in the Bibliothèque Nationale prior to his flight from Paris to Lourdes, in Unoccupied France. How was he to live without a library? And how could he earn a living without the extensive collection of quotations and excerpts among his manuscripts? Besides, nothing drew him to America, where, he used to say, people would probably find nothing to do with him except cart him up and down the country exhibiting him as "the last European." But the immediate occasion for Benjamin's suicide was a stroke of uncommonly bad luck. By the provisions of the armistice agreement between Vichy France and the Third Reich, refugees from Hitler Germany—"*les réfugiés provenant d'Allemagne*," as they were officially referred to in France—were presumably in danger of being shipped back to Germany only if they had been politically active. To save refugees in this category—which, it should be noted, never included the unpolitical mass of Jews, who later turned out to be the most seriously endangered of all—the United States distributed a number of emergency visas through its consulates in Unoccupied France. Thanks to the efforts of the Institute in New York, Benjamin was among the first to receive such a visa in Marseille. He also quickly obtained Spanish and Portuguese transit visas, to enable him to get to Lisbon and board a ship there. However, he did not have a French exit visa, which at that time was still required, and which the French government, eager to please the Gestapo, invariably denied to German refugees. In general, this presented no great difficulty, because a road leading over the mountains to Port Bou, which was not guarded by the French border police, was well known and was not too long or too arduous to traverse on foot. Still, for Benjamin, who appears to have been suffering from a cardiac condition, even the shortest walk was a great exertion, and this one must have left him in a state of exhaustion. And when the small group of refugees that he had joined reached the Spanish border town, it turned out that Spain had

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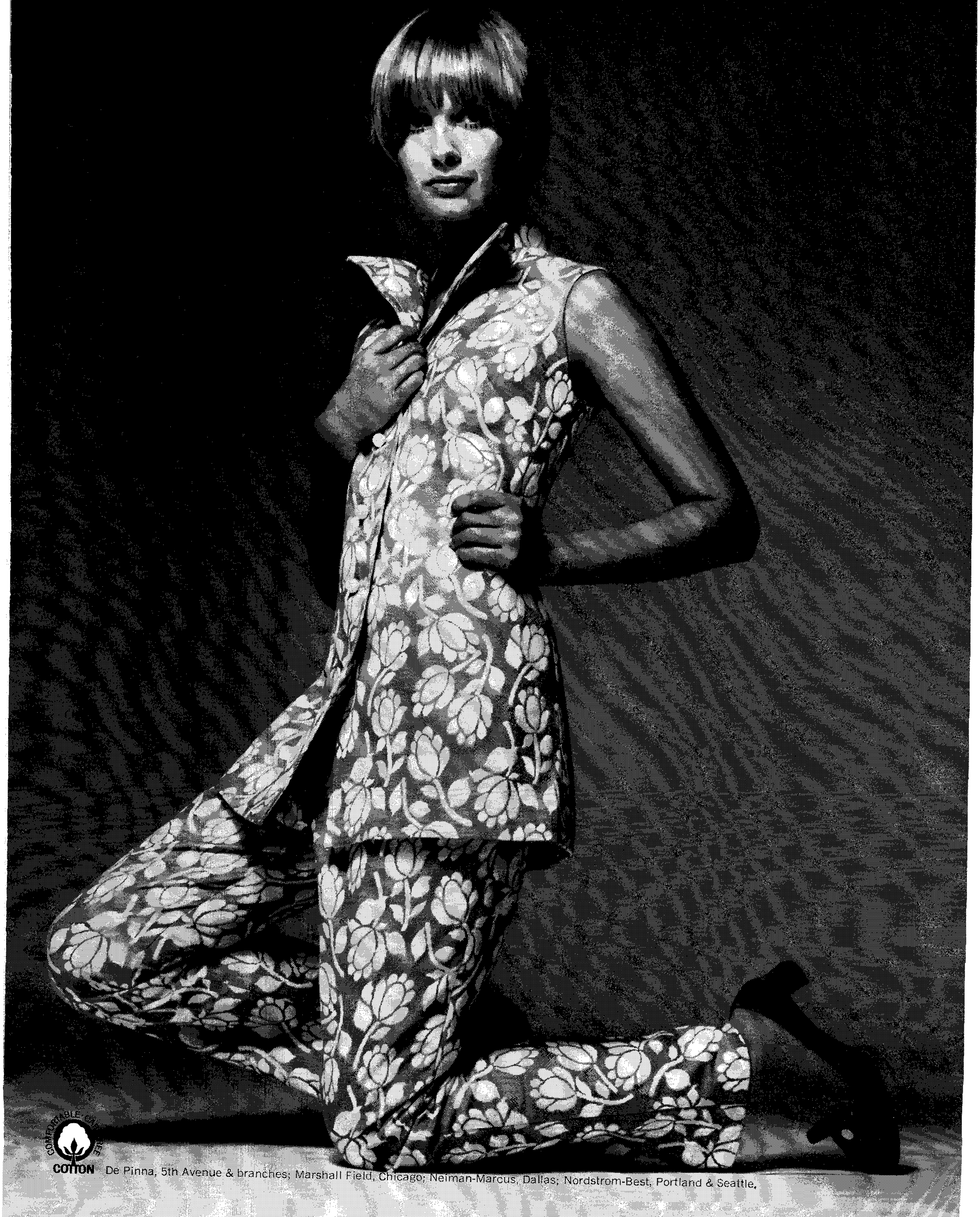

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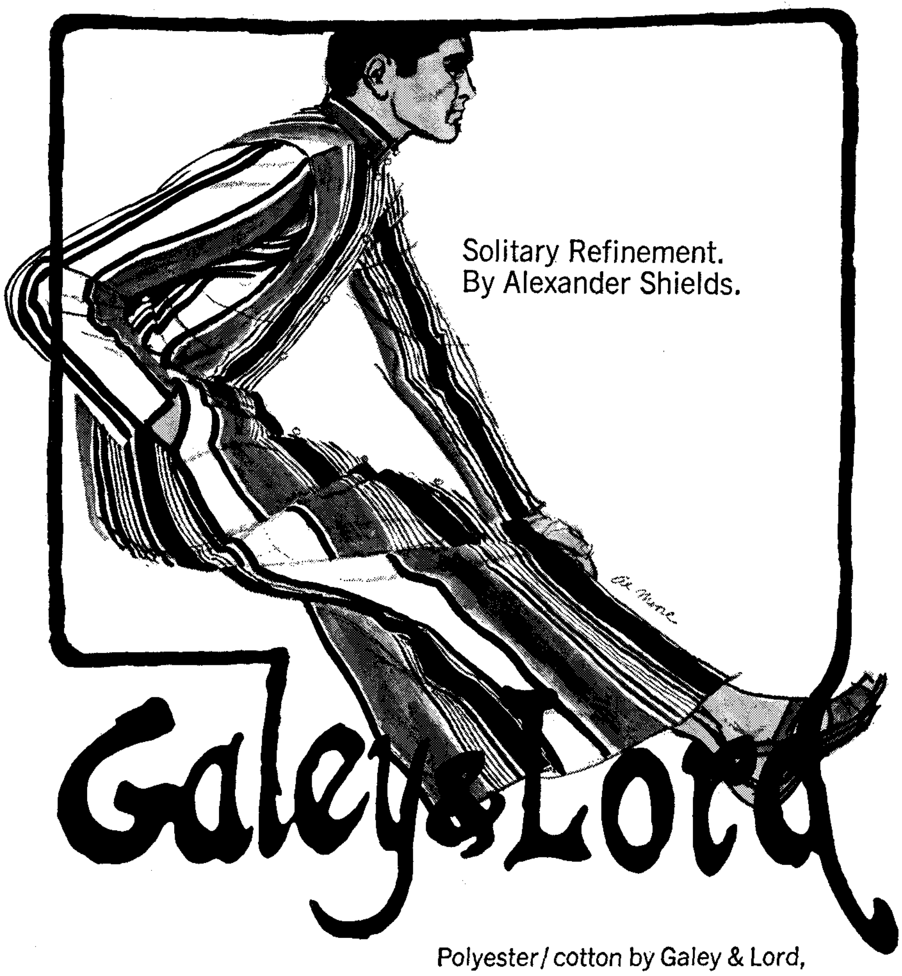
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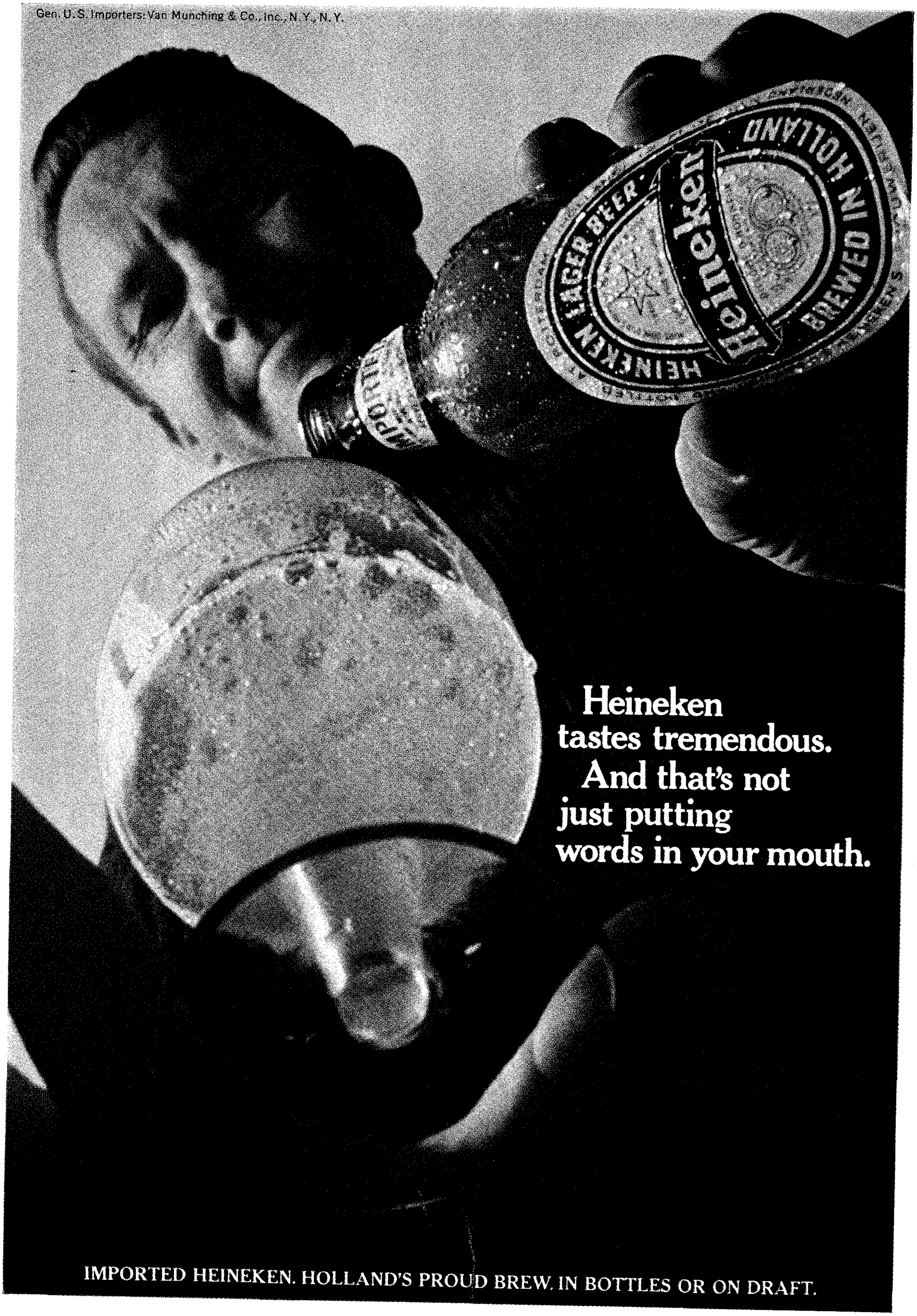
closed the border that very day; the border officials would not honor the visas issued in Marseille. The refugees were supposed to return to France by the same road the next morning. During the night, Benjamin took his life, whereupon the border officials, on whom his suicide made a certain impression, allowed his companions to proceed to Portugal. A few weeks later, the embargo on visas was lifted. One day earlier, Benjamin would have got through without any trouble. One day later, the people in Marseille would have known that for the time being it was impossible to pass through Spain. Only on that particular day could the catastrophe have happened.

II—THE DARK TIMES

> Anyone who cannot come to terms with his life while he is alive needs one hand to ward off a little his despair over his fate . . . but with his other hand he can note down what he sees among the ruins, for he sees different (and more) things than do the others; after all, dead as he is in his own lifetime, he is the real survivor.—*The entry of October 19, 1921, in Franz Kafka's "Diaries."*

> . . . Like one who keeps afloat on a shipwreck by climbing to the top of a mast that is already crumbling . . . But from there he has a chance to give a signal leading to his rescue.—*Walter Benjamin in a letter to Gerhard Scholem dated April 17, 1931.*

OFTEN an era brands most clearly with its seal those who are least influenced by it, most alien to it, and who therefore suffer most from it. Thus it was with Proust, with Kafka, with Karl Kraus, and with Benjamin. His gestures and the way he held his head when he was listening or talking; the way he moved; his manner, and especially his style of speaking, down to his choice of words and the shape of his syntax; and, finally, his downright idiosyncratic tastes—all seemed old-fashioned, as though he had drifted out of the nineteenth century into the twentieth the way a ship is carried onto a strange coast by a hidden current. Did he ever feel at home in twentieth-century Germany? There is reason to doubt it. When he first visited France, in 1913, as a very young man, the streets of Paris were "almost more homelike" to him after a few days than the familiar streets of Berlin. He may have felt then, and he certainly felt when he returned to Paris twenty years later, how much the trip from Berlin to Paris was like a trip through time—a trip not from one country to another but from the twentieth century back to the nineteenth. France was the *nation par excellence* whose culture had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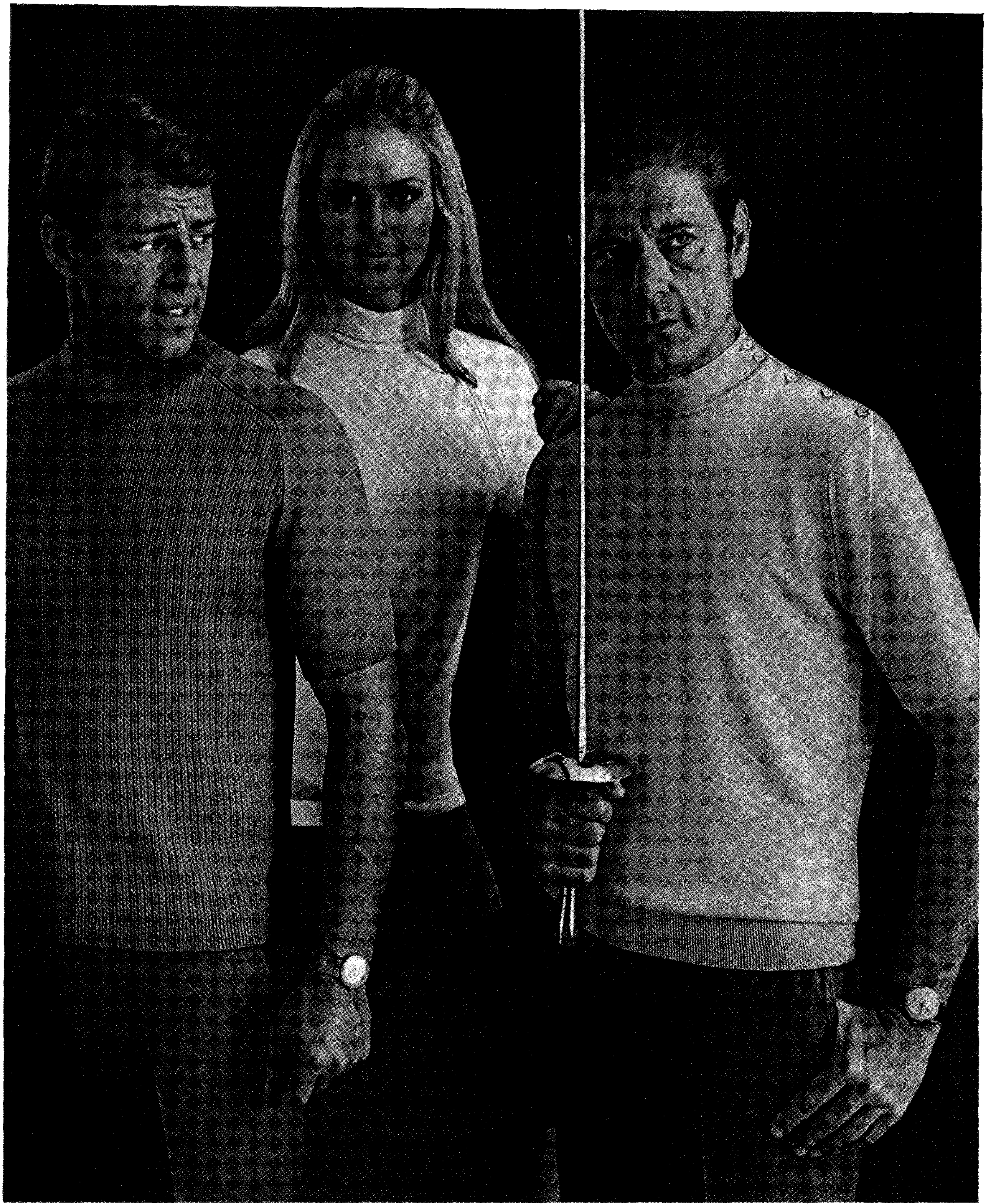

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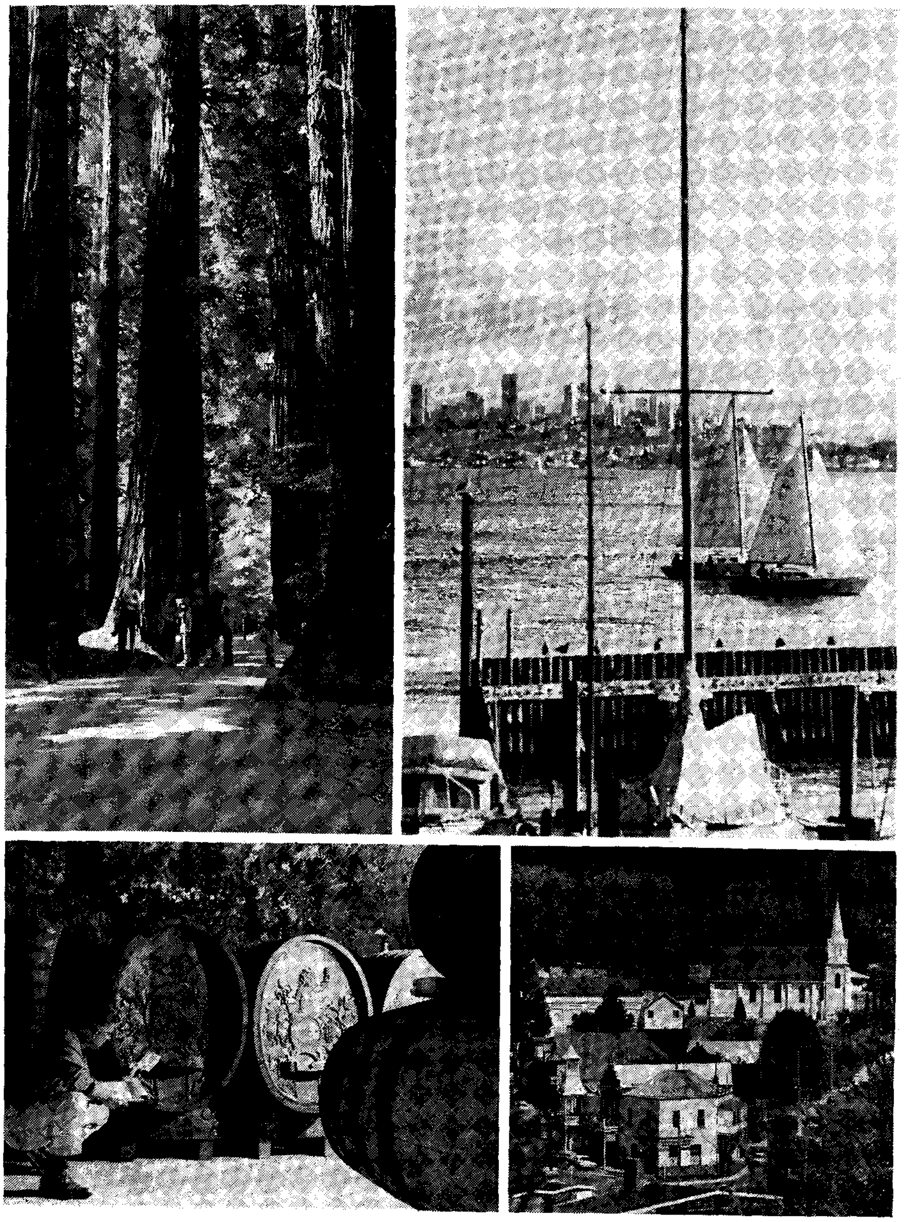
determined the Europe of the nineteenth century and for which Haussmann had rebuilt Paris—"the capital of the nineteenth century," as Benjamin was to call it. Haussmann's Paris was not yet cosmopolitan, to be sure, but it was profoundly European, and for that reason it has always, with unparalleled naturalness, offered itself to all homeless people as a second home. Neither the pronounced xenophobia of its inhabitants nor the sophisticated harassment by the local police has been able to change this. Long before his emigration, Benjamin recognized that it was "very exceptional to make the kind of contact with a Frenchman that would enable one to prolong a conversation with him beyond the first quarter of an hour." Later, when he was living in Paris as a refugee, his innate nobility prevented him from cultivating his slight acquaintance with some of the people there—chief among these acquaintances was Gide—and developing them into connections through which he could make new contacts. Pierre Missac, in his strikingly judicious review of Benjamin's works and letters, and also of the secondary literature, has pointed out how greatly Benjamin must have suffered because in France he did not get the "reception" that was due him. This is true, of course, but surely it was anything but a surprise.

Irritating though this sort of thing may have been, the city made up for all of it. Its boulevards, as Benjamin discovered on his first visit, are lined with houses that "do not seem made to be lived in but are like stone sets for people to walk between." This city, around which one can still travel in a circle past the old gates, has remained what any city of the Middle Ages, severely walled off and protected against the world outside, was—an interior. But, freed from the narrowness of medieval streets, it is a generously planned and built open-air interior, with the arch of the sky as its majestic ceiling. "The finest thing about all art and all activity here is the fact that they leave the few remnants of the original and the natural their splendor." Indeed, they help these remnants to acquire a new lustre. Owing to the uniform façades, lining the streets like inside walls, one feels more physically sheltered in this city than in any other. The arcades that connect the great boulevards and offer protection from inclement weather, so that there is no need to enter a house, held such an enormous fascination for Benjamin that he referred to his projected major work about the nineteenth century and its



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capital simply as "The Arcades"—and these passageways are indeed a symbol of Paris, because, being inside and outside at the same time, they present its true nature in quintessential form. In Paris, a stranger feels at home because he can inhabit the city the way he lives inside his own four walls. And, just as one makes an apartment comfortable by living in it, and not merely using it for sleeping, eating, and working, one becomes comfortable in the city by strolling through it without aim or purpose, stopping off at one or another of the countless cafés that line the streets and past which the life of the city, the flow of pedestrians, moves along. To this day, Paris is the only one of the large cities that can be comfortably covered on foot, and, more than any other city, it is dependent for its liveliness on the people who pass by in the streets, so for more than technical reasons modern automobile traffic endangers its very existence. In the wasteland of an American suburb, or a residential district of a metropolis, all the life of the streets goes by out in the roadway, and one can walk along the sidewalks—by now reduced to footpaths—for miles without encountering a human being. Paris is the exact opposite. What all other cities seem to permit only reluctantly, and only to the dregs of society—strolling, idling, *flânerie*—Paris streets invite everyone to do. Therefore, ever since the Second Empire the city has been the paradise of all those who chase after no livelihood, pursue no career, struggle toward no goal—the paradise, that is, of the bohemians, and not only of the artists and writers but of all those (including homeless and stateless people) who gather about them because they, too, could not become a part, either politically or socially, of any other place.

Unless one understands that this background was what made the city a decisive experience for the young Benjamin, one can hardly grasp the reason that the *flâneur* became the key figure in his writings. The extent to which strolling determined the pace of Benjamin's thinking was clearly revealed in his gait, which the Swiss critic Max Rychner described as "at once advancing and tarrying, a strange mixture of both." It was the walk of a *flâneur*, and it was so striking because the *flâneur*, like the dandy and the snob, had his home in the nineteenth century—an age of security, in which children of upper-middle-class families were assured of an income without having to work, and so had no reason to hur-

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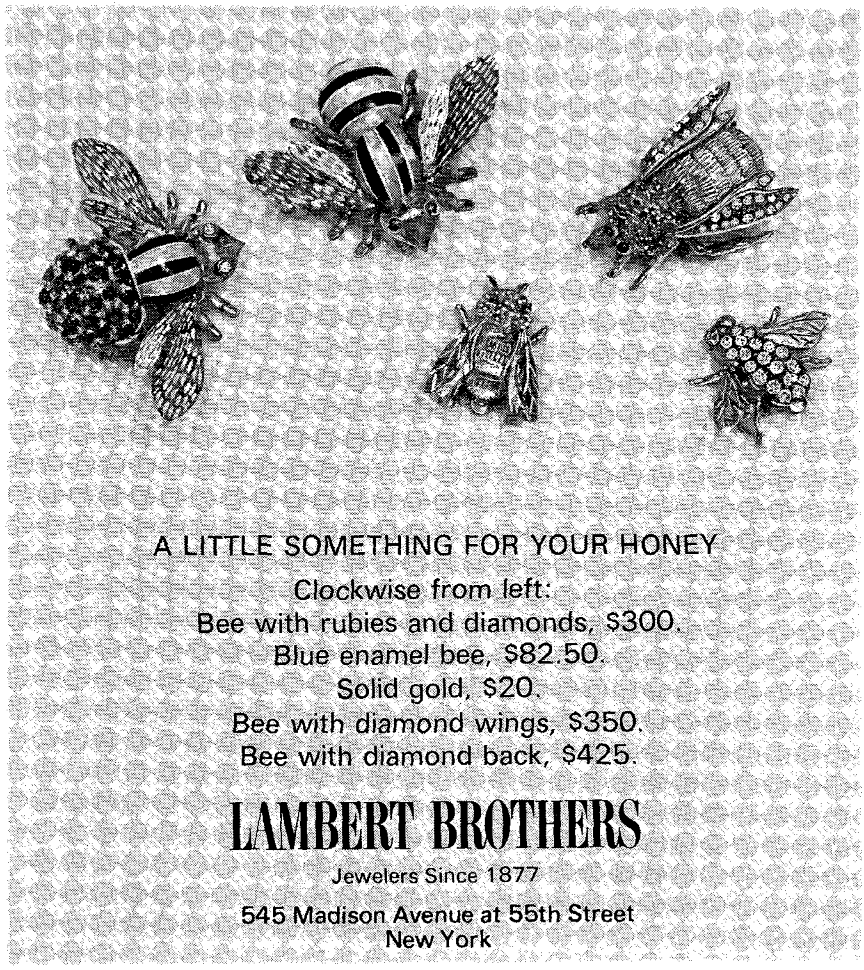

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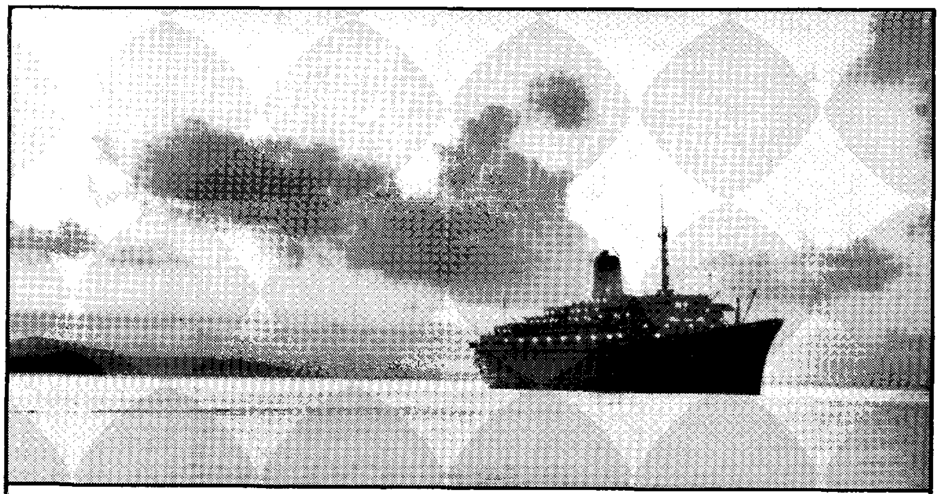

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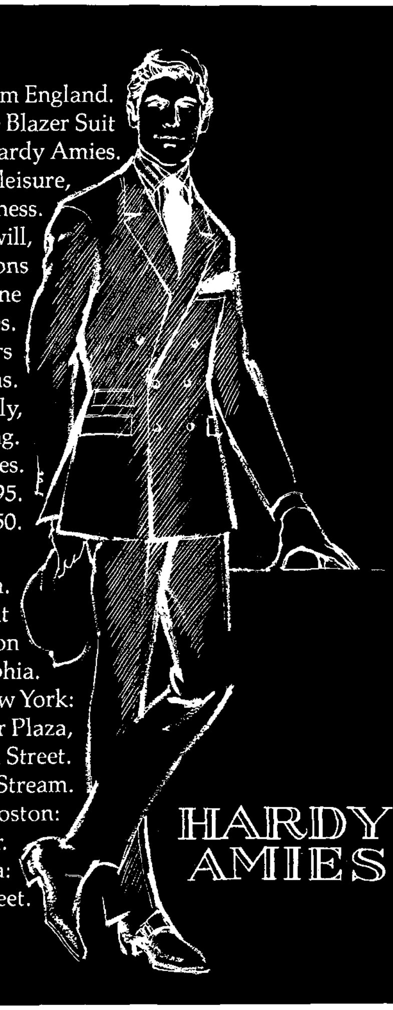
ry. And just as Paris taught Benjamin *flânerie*, the nineteenth century's secret style of walking and thinking, it aroused in him a feeling for French literature, and thus almost irrevocably estranged him from German intellectual life. (In a letter written in 1919 he had remarked on "the incredible feeling of kinship" that Péguy inspired in him: "No written work has ever touched me so closely and given me such a sense of communion.") "In Germany, I feel quite isolated in my efforts and interests among those of my generation, while in France there are certain forces—the writers Giraudoux and, especially, Aragon; the Surrealist movement—in which I see at work what occupies me, too." So he wrote to Hofmannsthal in 1927 when, having returned from a trip to Moscow convinced that it was unfeasible for literary ventures to sail under the Communist flag, he set out to "consolidate his Paris position." Well, he did not succeed in consolidating anything, and such success would hardly have been possible; only in postwar Paris have foreigners—which is what everyone not born in France is presumably called in Paris to this day—been able to occupy "positions." Instead, he was forced into a position that did not actually exist anywhere, and, in fact, could not even be identified as a position until later. It was the position at the top of the mast, from which the tempestuous times could be surveyed better than from a safe harbor, and when the shipwreck came, the distress signals sent out by this one man, who had not learned to swim either with or against the tide, were hardly noticed—whether by those who had never exposed themselves to the sea or by those who were capable of moving in this element.

Ostensibly, Benjamin's position was that of the free-lance writer, living by his pen; however, as only Max Rychner seems to have observed, he maintained the position in "a peculiar way," for "his publications were anything but frequent" and "it was never quite clear . . . to what extent he was able to draw upon other resources." Rychner's suspicions were justified. Not only were "other resources" at Benjamin's disposal prior to his emigration but behind the façade of free-lance writing he led the considerably freer, though still constantly endangered, life of an *homme de lettres*, his home a library that had been gathered with extreme care but was by no means intended as a working tool, consisting, as it did, of treasures whose value, as



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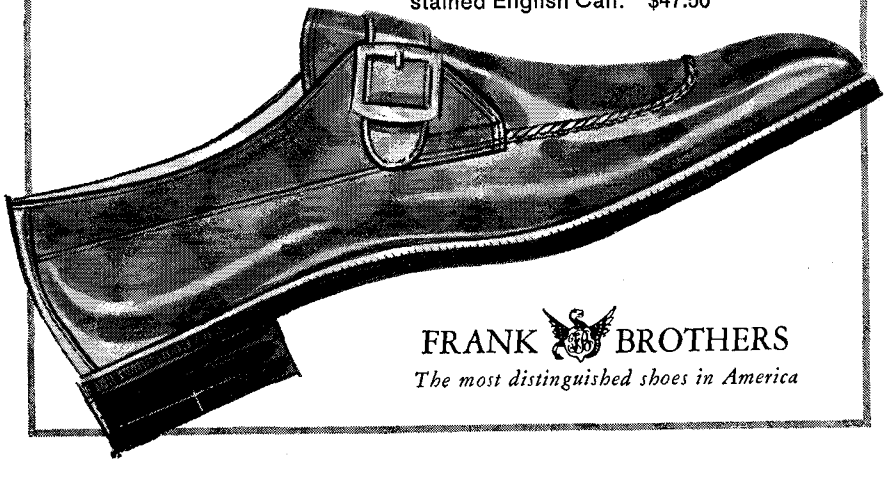

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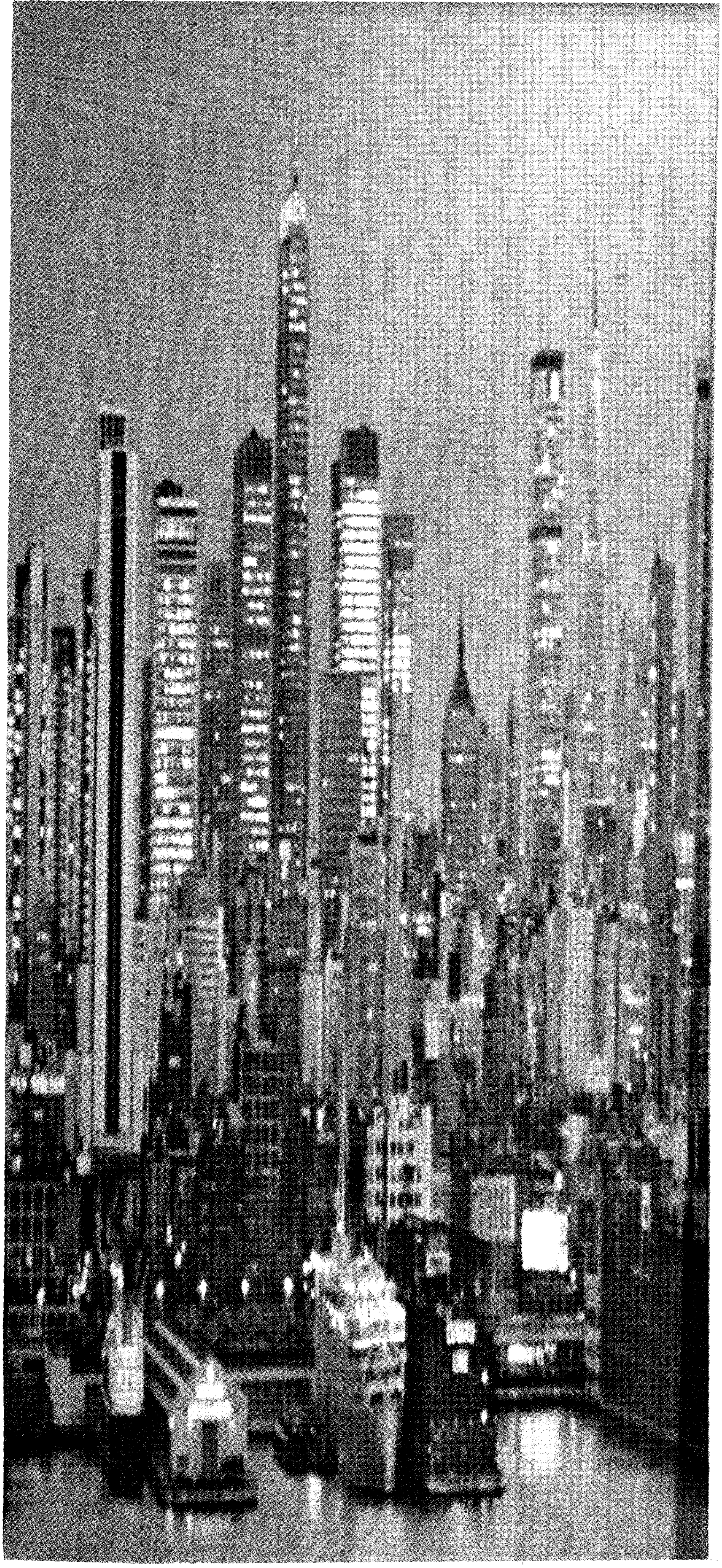

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Benjamin often repeated, was proved by the fact that he had not read them—a library, in fact, that was guaranteed not to be useful or at the service of any profession. Such an existence was something unknown in Germany, and almost equally unknown was the occupation that Benjamin, only because he had to make a living, derived from it—the occupation not of a literary historian and scholar with the requisite number of fat tomes to his credit but of a critic and essayist who regarded even the essay form as too vulgarly extensive and would have preferred the aphorism if he had not had to remember that he was paid by the line. He was certainly aware of the fact that his professional ambitions were directed toward something that simply did not exist in Germany, where, despite Lichtenberg, Lessing, Friedrich Schlegel, Heine, and Nietzsche, aphorisms had never been appreciated and people had usually thought of criticism as something disreputably subversive, which might be enjoyed, if at all, only in the cultural section of a newspaper. It was no accident that Benjamin chose to state this ambition in the French language: "*Le but que je m'avais proposé . . . c'est d'être consideré comme le premier critique de la littérature allemande. La difficulté c'est que, depuis plus de cinquante ans, la critique littéraire en Allemagne n'est plus considerée comme un genre sérieux. Se faire une situation dans la critique, cela . . . veut dire: la recréer comme genre.*" ("The goal I have set for myself . . . is to be regarded as the foremost critic of German literature. The trouble is that for more than fifty years literary criticism in Germany has not been considered a serious literary form. To make a place for oneself . . . means re-creating it as a literary form.")

There is no doubt that Benjamin owed his choice of occupation in part to early French influences—to the proximity of the great neighbor on the other side of the Rhine who inspired in him so intimate a sense of affinity. But this choice was actually motivated even more by hard times and financial woes. If one wants to define in social terms the "occupation" he had prepared himself for—spontaneously, not deliberately—one has to go back to the Wilhelmian Germany in which he grew up and where his first plans for the future took shape. Then one could say that Benjamin did not prepare for any "occupation" but that of a private collector and a totally independent scholar—what was then called a *Privatgelehrter*. Under the circumstances of the

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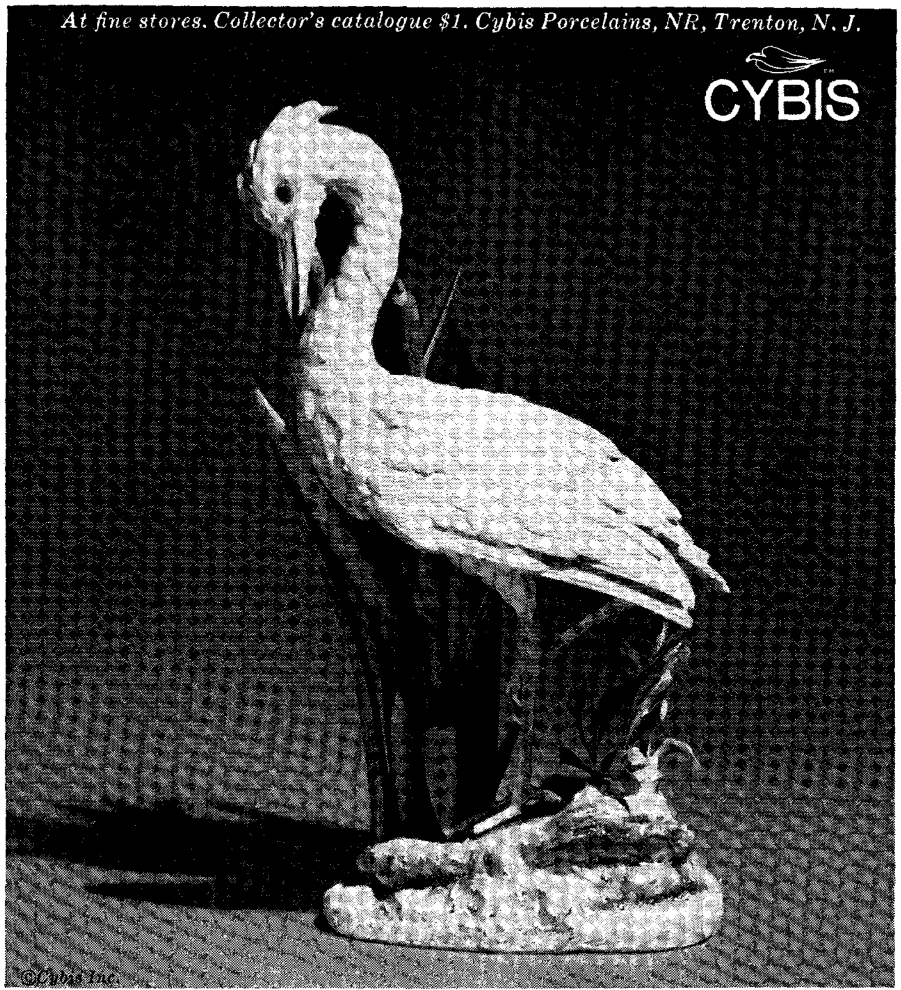
time, his studies, which he had begun before the First World War, could have ended only in a university career, but unbaptized Jews were then barred from this kind of career, as they were from any career in the civil service. Such Jews were permitted a *Habilitation* and could attain, at most, the rank of an unpaid *Extraordinarius;* it was a career that presupposed, rather than provided, an assured income. The doctorate that Benjamin decided to take, only "out of consideration for my family," and his subsequent attempt to secure a *Habilitation* were intended to persuade his family to place such an income at his disposal.

This situation changed abruptly after the First World War; the inflation impoverished, and even dispossessed, large numbers of the bourgeoisie, and in the Weimar Republic, therefore, a university career was open to unbaptized Jews. The unhappy story of Benjamin's *Habilitation* shows how little he took these altered circumstances into account, and how much he continued to be dominated by prewar ideas in all financial matters. For the *Habilitation* had been intended from the outset only to call his father "to order" by supplying "evidence of public recognition," and to make him grant his son, who was in his thirties then, an income that was adequate and, it should be added, commensurate with his social standing. At no time—not even after he had become close to the Communists—did he doubt that, though he and his parents were perpetually in conflict, he was entitled to such support, and their demand that he "work for a living" was "unspeakable." Benjamin's father eventually said that he could not and would not increase the monthly stipend he was already giving him, even if his son achieved the *Habilitation*, and this naturally rendered the entire undertaking meaningless. Until his parents' death, in 1930, Benjamin was able to solve the problem of his livelihood by moving back into the parental home, where he lived first with his family (he had a wife and a son) and then (since a separation was soon agreed on) by himself. (He was finally divorced in 1930.) It is evident that this arrangement caused him a great deal of suffering, but just as evident that he could never have seriously considered any other. A striking feature of this period is that, despite his persistent financial difficulties, he managed to enlarge his library steadily. He visited the great auction houses the way others frequent gambling casinos, and his one attempt to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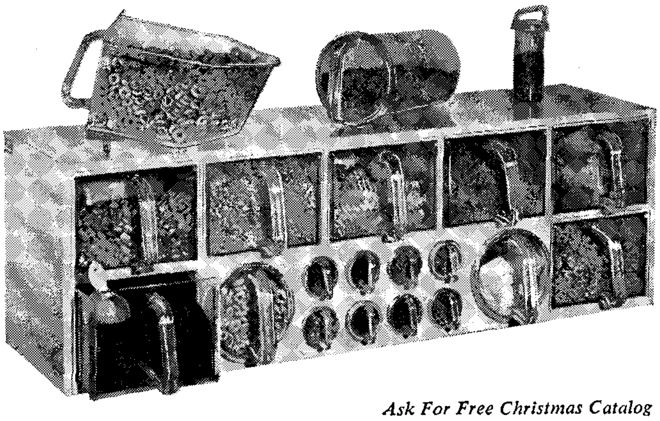

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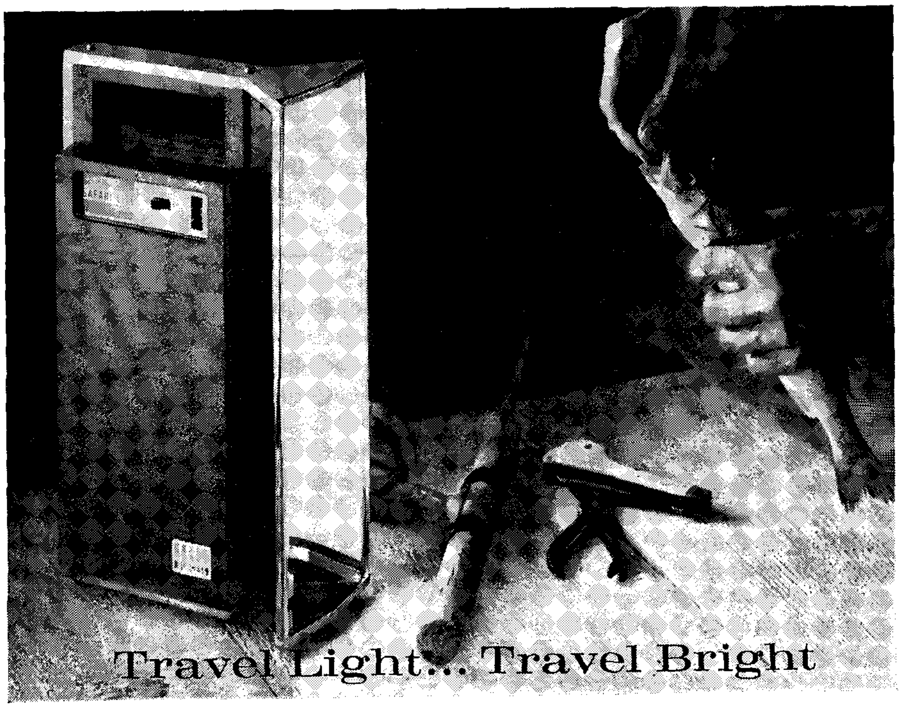

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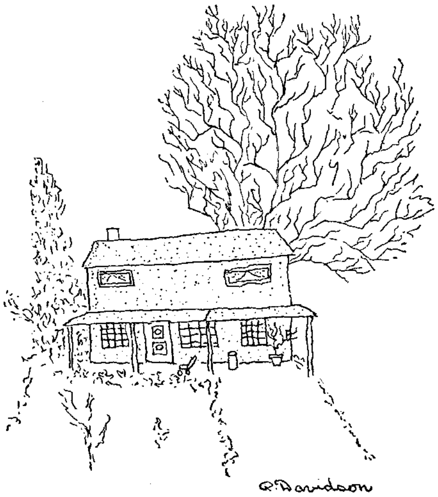
deny this expensive passion—an attempt that was accompanied by a resolve even to sell something "in an emergency"—ended with his feeling obliged to "deaden the pain of this readiness" by making fresh purchases. Similarly, his one attempt to free himself from financial dependence on his parents ended with his proposing that his father immediately give him "funds *enabling me to buy an interest in a* secondhand-book store." This was the only gainful employment that Benjamin ever considered—and, of course, nothing came of it.

In view of the situation in Germany in the twenties, and of Benjamin's awareness that he would never be able to make a living with his pen ("There are places in which I can earn a minimum and places in which I can live on a minimum, but there is no place where I can do both," he wrote in 1933), his whole attitude may seem unpardonably irresponsible. Yet this was anything but a case of irresponsibility. It is reasonable to assume that it is just as hard for rich people grown poor to believe in their poverty as it is for poor people turned rich to believe in their wealth; the former seem carried away by a recklessness of which they are totally unaware, and the latter seem possessed by a stinginess that is actually nothing but the old, ingrained fear of what the next day may bring. Moreover, in his attitude toward financial problems Benjamin was by no means alone. If anything, his outlook was that of an entire generation of German-Jewish intellectuals, although probably no other member of that generation fared so badly as a result of it. Its basis was the outlook of the fathers, successful businessmen who did not think very highly of their own achievements and whose dream it was that their sons were destined for higher things. It was a secularized version



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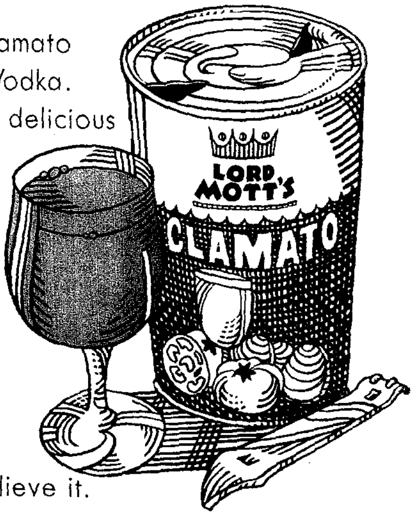

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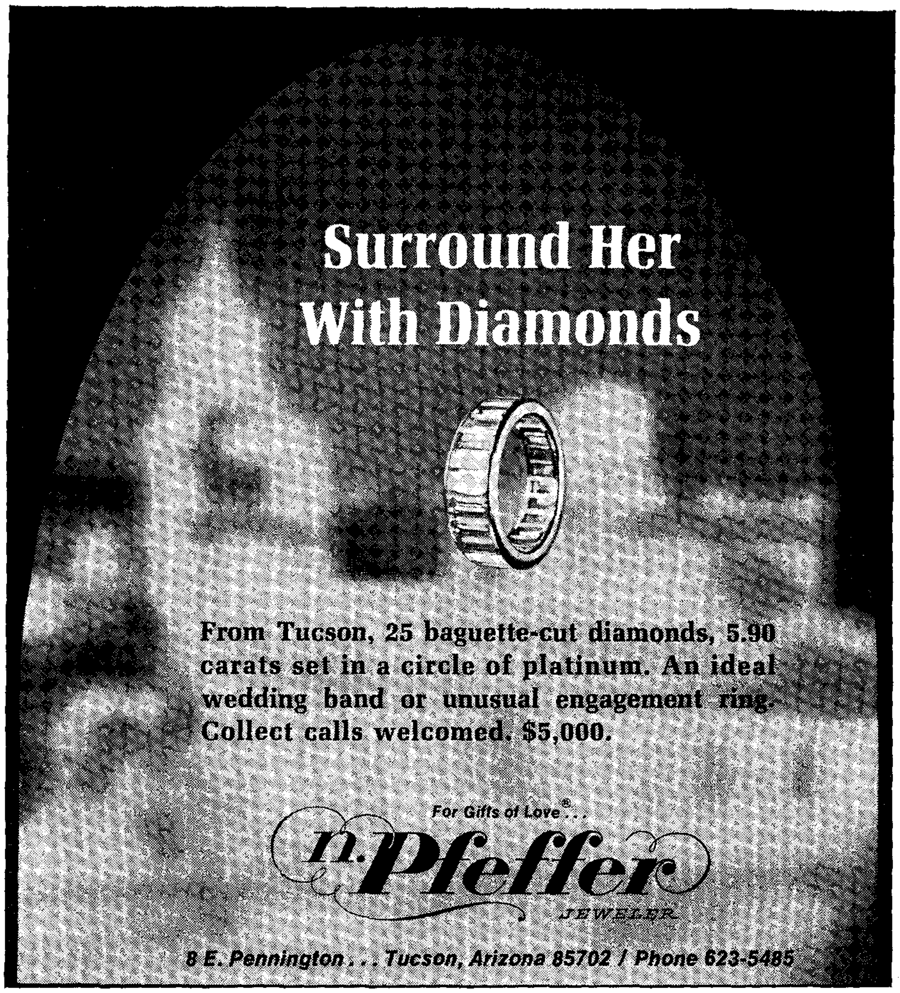
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of the ancient Jewish belief that those who "learn"—the Torah or the Talmud; that is, God's Law—are the true élite, and should not have to be bothered with such a vulgar preoccupation as making money. This is not to say that in that time there were no father-son conflicts; on the contrary, the literature of the time is full of them, and if Freud had lived and carried on his inquiries anywhere but in the German-Jewish milieu that supplied his patients, we might never have heard of an Oedipus complex. As a rule, however, these conflicts were resolved by the sons' laying claim to being geniuses, or, in the numerous cases of Communists from well-to-do homes, to being devoted to the welfare of mankind—in any event, to aspiring to things higher than making money—and by the fathers' being more than willing to grant that this was a valid excuse for not earning a living. Where such claims were not advanced or were not recognized, catastrophe was just around the corner. Benjamin was an example; his father never recognized his claims, and relations were extraordinarily bad. Another example was Kafka, who—possibly because he really was something like a genius—was quite free of the genius mania of his environment, never claimed to be a genius, and insured his financial independence by taking an ordinary job in the Prague workmen's-compensation office. (His relations with his father were equally bad, but for different reasons.) And yet Kafka had no sooner taken this position than he saw in it a "running start for suicide," as though he were obeying an order that said, "You have to earn your grave."

For Benjamin, at any rate, a monthly income remained the only possible form of subsistence, and in order to receive one after his parents' death he was ready—or thought he was—to do many things: to study Hebrew for three hundred marks a month, if the Zionists thought it would do them some good, or to think dialectically, with all the mediating trimmings, for a thousand French francs, if there was no other way of doing business with the Marxists. The fact that even when he was down and out he did neither is worthy of admiration, and so is the infinite patience with which Scholem, who had worked very hard to get Benjamin a stipend for the study of Hebrew from the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, endured being put off for years. No one, of course, was prepared to subsidize Benjamin in the only "position" to which he was born—that of an *homme*

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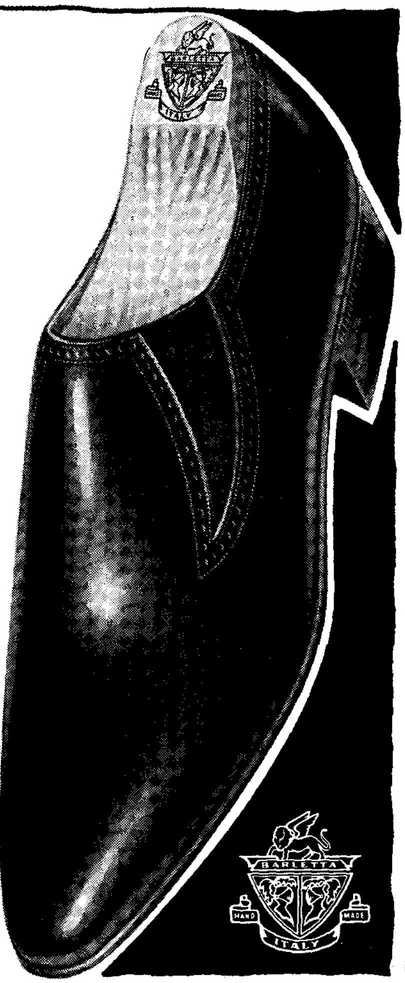

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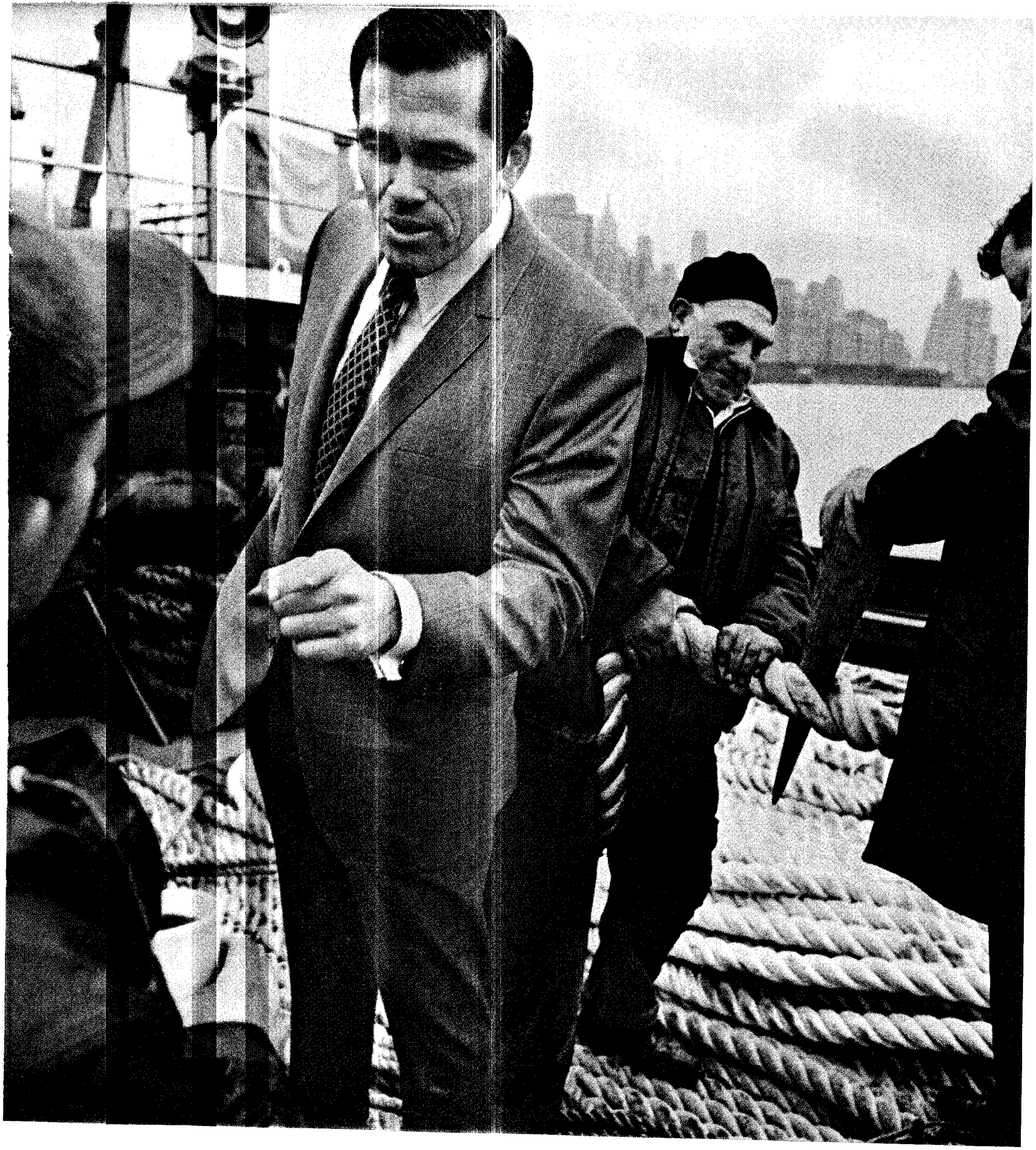
de lettres, a position with unique prospects of which neither the Zionists nor the Marxists were, or could have been, aware.

Today, the *homme de lettres* strikes us as a rather harmless, marginal figure, as though he actually were to be equated with the figure of the *Privatgelehrter*, which has always had a touch of the comic about it. Benjamin, who felt so close to French that the language became for him "a sort of alibi" for his existence, undoubtedly knew about the origins of the *homme de lettres* in prerevolutionary France and also about his extraordinary role in the French Revolution. In contrast to the later writers and literati—the "*écrivains et littérateurs*," as Larousse identifies these men—the *hommes de lettres*, though they did live in the world of the written and printed word, and, above all, were surrounded by books, were neither obliged nor willing to write and read professionally in order to earn a living. Unlike the class of the intellectuals, who offered their services either to the state, as experts, specialists, and officials, or to society, for diversion and instruction, the *hommes de lettres* always strove to keep aloof from both the state and society. Their material existence was based on income without work, and their intellectual attitude rested upon a resolute refusal to be absorbed into either the political or the social life of their time. Because of this dual independence, they could afford that attitude of superiority which gave rise to La Rochefoucauld's disdainful insight into human behavior, the worldly wisdom of Montaigne, the aphoristic trenchancy of Pascal's thought, and the boldness and open-mindedness of Montesquieu's political reflections. It cannot be my task here to discuss the circumstances that in the eighteenth century turned the *hommes de lettres* into revolutionaries, or to show how their successors in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries split into the class of the "cultured," on the one hand, and the professional revolutionaries, on the other. I mention this historical background only because in Benjamin the element of culture combined in such an extraordinary way with the element of the revolutionary and rebellious. It was as if, shortly before its disappearance, the figure of the *homme de lettres* were destined to show itself once more—although (or possibly because) it had lost its material basis—so that the purely intellectual passion that makes this figure so lovable might unfold all its most impressive possibilities.

Benjamin certainly had no lack of



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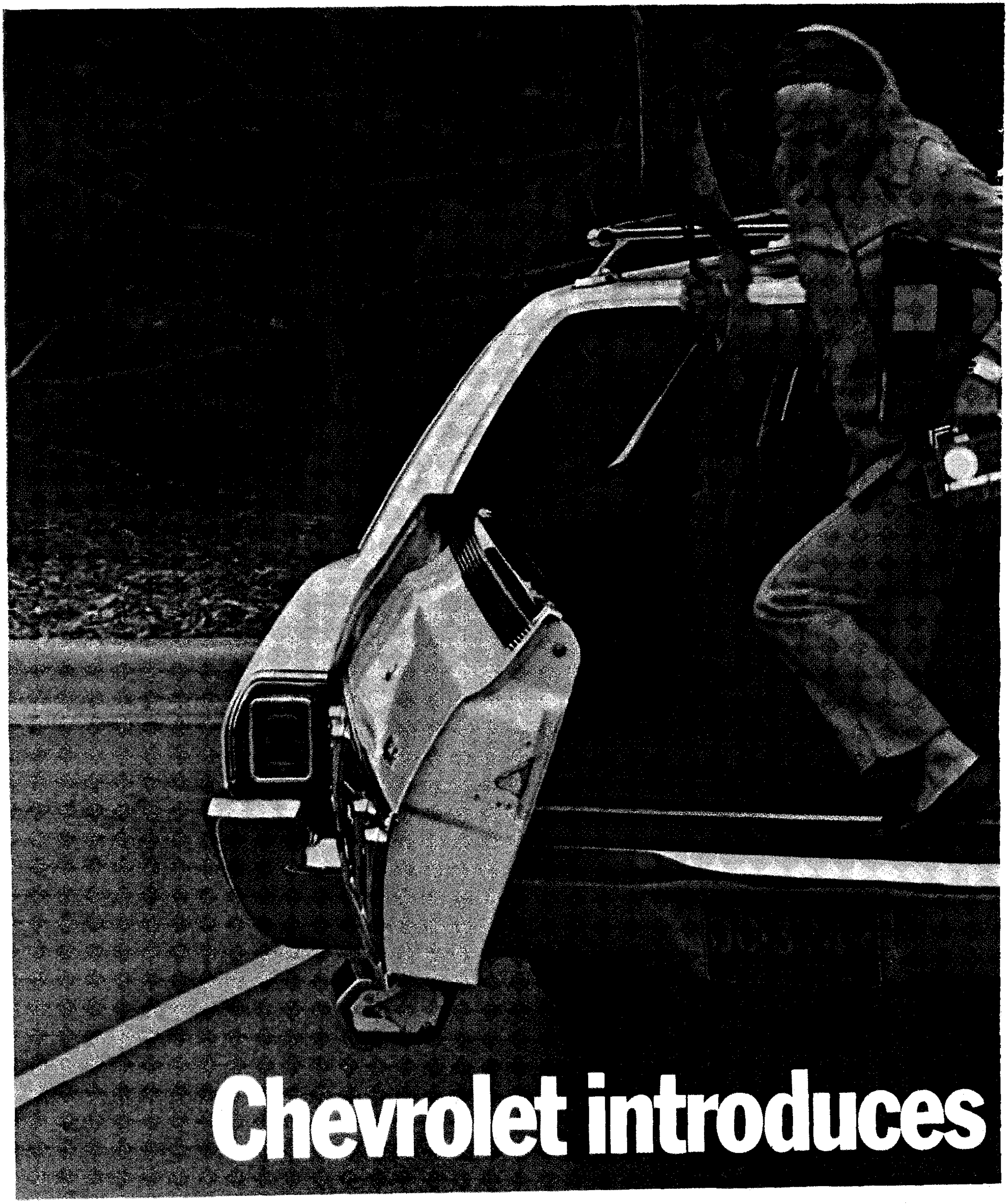

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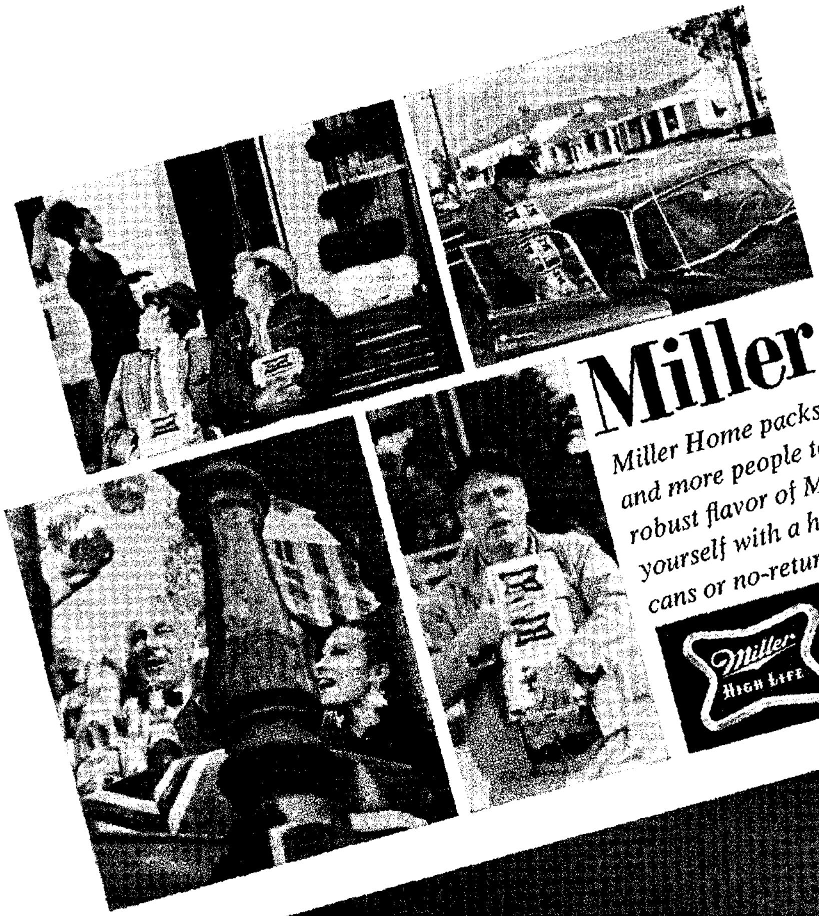

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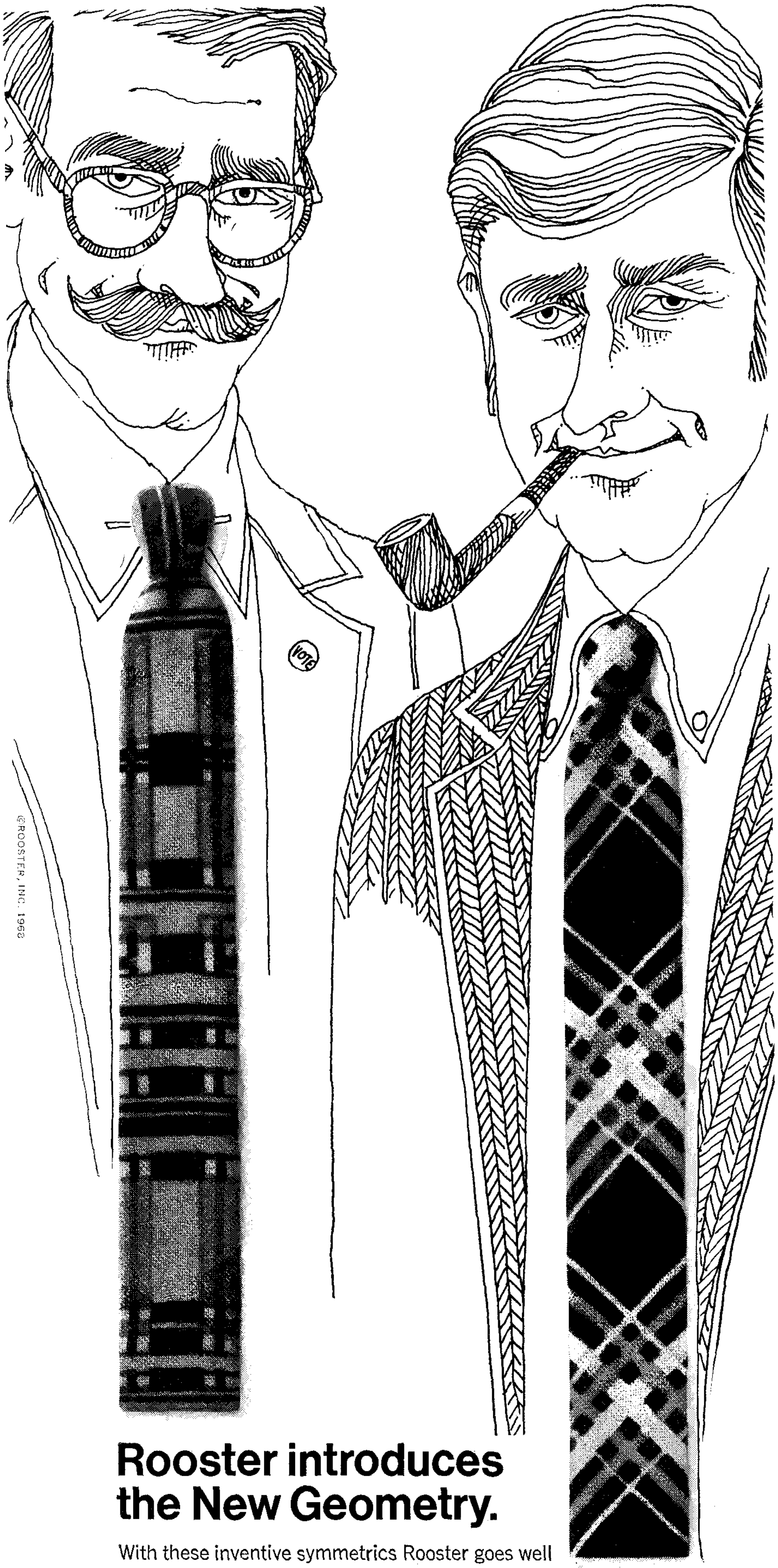
reason to rebel against his origins—the milieu of German-Jewish society in Imperial Germany—nor had he any lack of justification for taking a stand against the Weimar Republic, in which he refused to follow a profession. In "A Berlin Childhood Around 1900," he described the house from which he came as "a mausoleum long intended for me." Characteristically, his father was an art dealer and antiquarian. The family was a wealthy and fairly well-assimilated one; one of his grandfathers was Orthodox, the other belonged to a Reform congregation. "In my childhood, I was a prisoner of the old and the new West," Benjamin recalled. "In those days, my clan inhabited these two districts with an attitude of mingled stubbornness and self-confidence, turning them into a ghetto that it regarded as its fief." The stubbornness of these people concerned their Jewishness; it was only stubbornness that made them cling to it. The self-confidence was inspired by their position in the non-Jewish environment, in which they had, after all, achieved quite a bit. Just how much was shown on days when company was expected. On such occasions, the sideboard, which seemed to be the center of the house, and thus "with good reason resembled the temple mountains," was opened, and it was possible "to show off treasures such as idols like to be surrounded with." Then "the house's hoard of silver" appeared, and what was displayed "was there not tenfold but twentyfold or thirtyfold," Benjamin wrote. "And when I looked at those long, long rows of mocha spoons or knife rests, fruit knives or oyster forks, the enjoyment of this profusion struggled with the fear that those who were being expected might all look alike, just as our silver did." Even the child knew that something was radically wrong, and not only because there were poor people ("The poor—for the rich children of my age they existed only as beggars. And it was a great advance in my understanding when for the first time poverty dawned on me in the ignominy of poorly paid work") but because stubbornness within and self-confidence without were producing an atmosphere of insecurity and self-consciousness that was anything but suitable for the raising of children. This was true not only of Benjamin or Berlin or Germany. With what passion did Kafka try to persuade his sister to put her ten-year-old son in a boarding school, so as to save him from "the special cast of mind which is especially virulent among



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wealthy Prague Jews and which cannot be kept away from children . . . this petty dirty, sly cast of mind."

What was involved, then, was something that had since the eighteen-seventies or eighties been called "the Jewish question," and that existed in that form only in the German-speaking Central Europe of those decades. Today, this question has been washed away, as it were, by the catastrophe that befell European Jewry, and is justly forgotten by most of the world, although one still encounters it occasionally in the language of the older generation of German Zionists, whose habits of thought derive from the first decades of this century. Besides, it was never the concern of anyone except the Jewish intelligentsia, and had no significance for the majority of the Central European Jews. For the intellectuals, however, it was of great importance, because their own Jewishness played hardly any role in their spiritual lives and yet determined their social lives to an extraordinary degree, and therefore presented itself to them as a moral question of the first order. In this *moral* form, the Jewish question was responsible for, in Kafka's words, "the terrible inner condition of these generations." No matter how insignificant this question may appear to us in the face of what happened later, we cannot disregard it here, for neither Benjamin nor Kafka nor Karl Kraus can be understood unless it is understood, too. For simplicity's sake, I shall state the question exactly as it was stated then, in an article by Moritz Goldstein entitled "German-Jewish Parnassus," which created a great stir and was endlessly discussed when it was published, in 1912, in the distinguished journal *Der Kunstwart*. According to Goldstein, the problem, as it appeared to the Jewish intelligentsia, had a dual aspect, one aspect being the non-Jewish environment and the other being assimilated Jewish society, and in his view the problem was insoluble. With respect to the non-Jewish environment, he wrote, "We Jews administer the intellectual property of a people which denies us the right and the ability to do so," and "It is easy to show the absurdity of our adversaries' arguments and prove that their enmity is unfounded. What would be gained by this? Knowledge that their hatred is *genuine*. When all calumnies have been refuted, all distortions rectified, all false judgments about us rejected, antipathy will remain as something irrefutable. Anyone who does not realize this is beyond help." The failure to rec-

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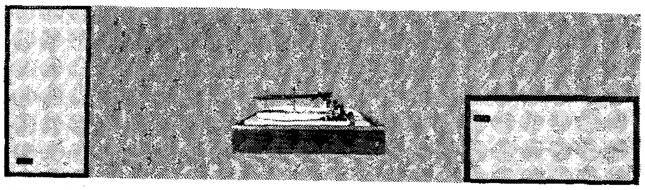
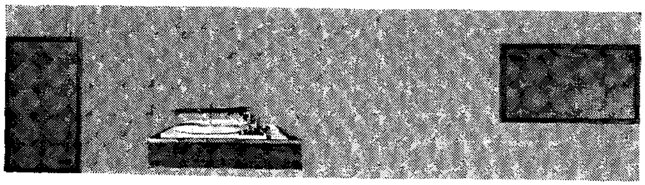


(The Model Twenty)



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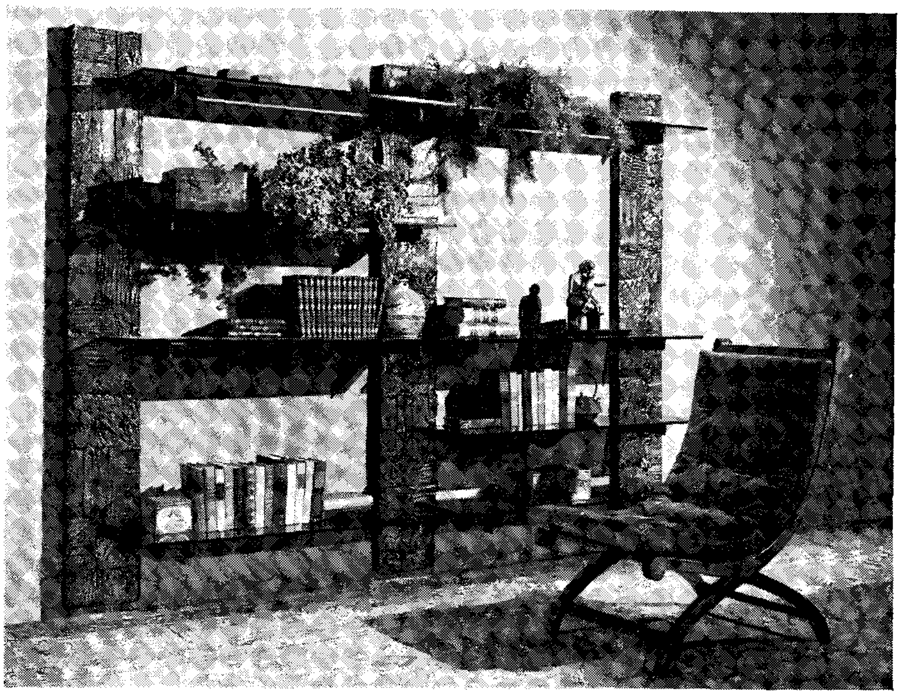
ognize the hostility of their surroundings was felt to be an unbearable aspect of Jewish society, whose representatives, on the one hand, wished to remain Jews and, on the other, did not want to acknowledge their Jewishness: "We shall openly drum into them the problem that they are shirking. We shall force them to own up to their Jewishness or to have themselves baptized." But even if this effort should succeed, even if the mendacity of this milieu could be exposed and escaped, what would be gained by it? A "leap into modern Hebrew literature" was impossible for the current generation. Hence Goldstein concluded, "Our relationship to Germany is one of unrequited love. Let us be manly enough at last to tear the beloved out of our hearts. . . . I have stated what we *must* want to do; I have also stated why we *cannot* want it. My intention was to point up the problem. It is not my fault that I know of no solution."

One could dispose of Moritz Goldstein by saying that he simply reproduced what Benjamin, in another context, called "a major part of the *vulgar* anti-Semitic as well as the Zionist ideology" if one did not encounter in Kafka, on a far more serious level, a similar formulation of the problem and the same conclusion that it was insoluble. In a letter to Max Brod about German-Jewish writers, Kafka said of the Jewish question, "The despair over it was their inspiration—an inspiration as respectable as any other but fraught, upon closer examination, with distressing peculiarities. For one thing, what their despair discharged itself in could not be German literature, which on the surface it appeared to be"—because the problem was not really a German one. Thus, they lived "among three impossibilities," which were "the impossibility of not writing," for they could get rid of their inspiration only by writing; "the impossibility of writing in German," for Kafka considered their use of the German language "the overt or covert, or possibly self-tormenting, usurpation of an alien property, which has been not acquired but stolen, (relatively) quickly picked up, and remains someone else's possession even if not a single linguistic mistake can be pointed out;" and, finally, "the impossibility of writing differently," for no other language was available. "One could almost add a fourth impossibility," Kafka said, in conclusion, this being "the impossibility of writing, for this despair was not something that could be mitigated through writing"—as was true in the case of poets, to whom a god



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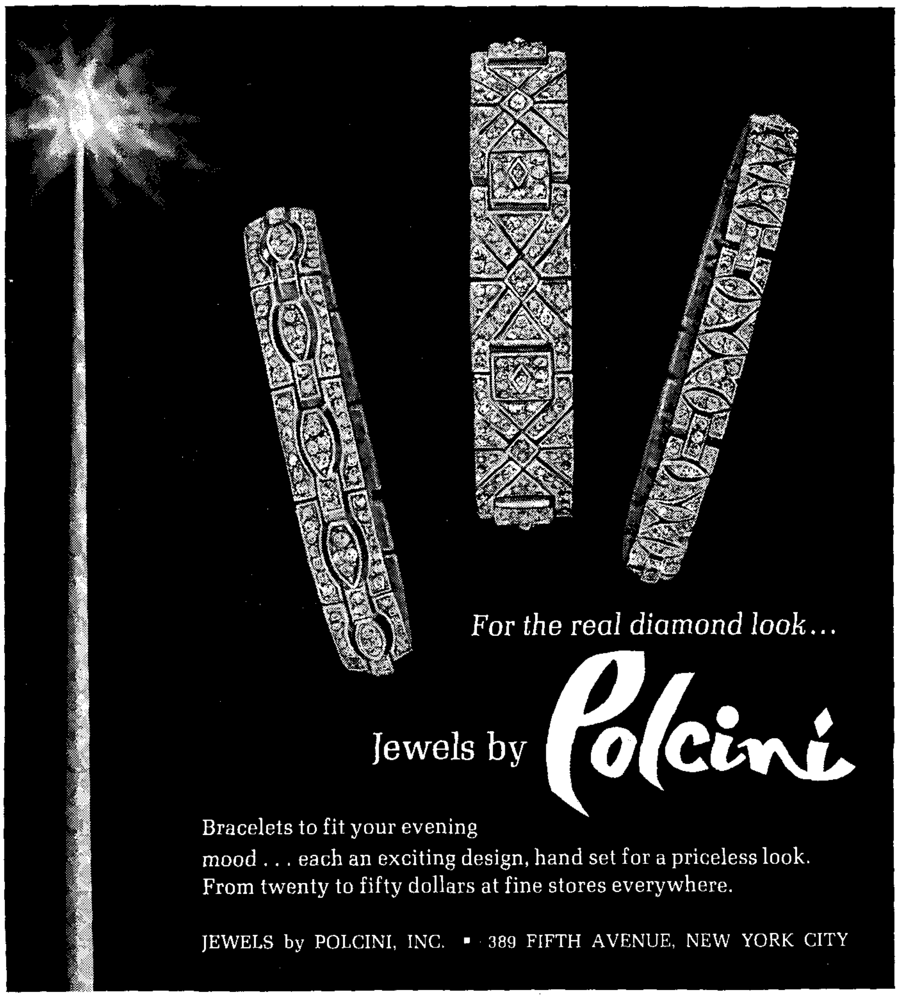

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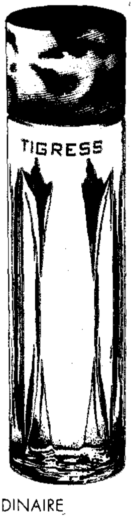

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had given the power to say what men suffered and endured. Rather, despair had become here "an enemy of life *and* of writing; writing was here only a moratorium, as it is for someone who writes his last will and testament just before he hangs himself."

Nothing could be easier than to demonstrate that Kafka was wrong and that his own work, which speaks the purest German prose of the century, is the best refutation of his views. But such a demonstration, apart from being in bad taste, is the more superfluous because Kafka himself was so very much aware of the quality of his prose—"If I indiscriminately write down a sentence," he once noted in his "Diaries," "it already is perfect"—just as he knew that "*Mauscheln*" (a Yiddishized spoken German), though it was despised by all German-speaking people, Jews and non-Jews, did have a legitimate place in the German language, Yiddish being nothing but one of the numerous German dialects. And since he rightly thought that "within the German language, only the dialects and, besides them, the most personal High German are really alive," it was naturally no less legitimate to change from *Mauscheln* or from Yiddish to High German than it was to change from Low German or from the Alemannic dialect. If one reads Kafka's remarks about the Jewish troupe of actors that so fascinated him, it becomes clear that what attracted him was less the specifically Jewish elements of their acting than the liveliness of their language and gesture.

To be sure, we today have some difficulty understanding these problems or taking them seriously, partly because it is so tempting to misinterpret and dismiss them as a mere reaction to an anti-Semitic milieu, and thus an expression of self-hatred. But nothing could be more mistaken when one is dealing with men of the human stature and intellectual rank of Kafka, Kraus, and Benjamin. What accounted for the bitter sharpness of their criticism was never anti-Semitism as such but the reaction to it of the Jewish middle class, with which the intellectuals by no means identified themselves. And within the middle class it was a matter not of the frequently undignified apologetic attitude of official Jewry, with which the intellectuals had hardly any contact, but, rather, of the lying denial of the very existence of widespread anti-Semitism—of the isolation from reality—staged by the Jewish bourgeoisie with all the devices of self-deception. As Kafka saw it, and not only

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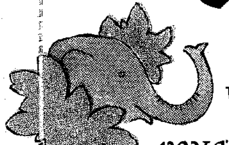

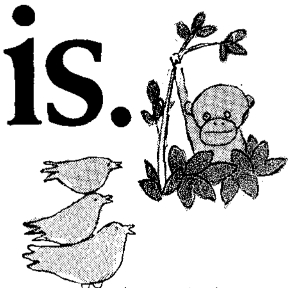

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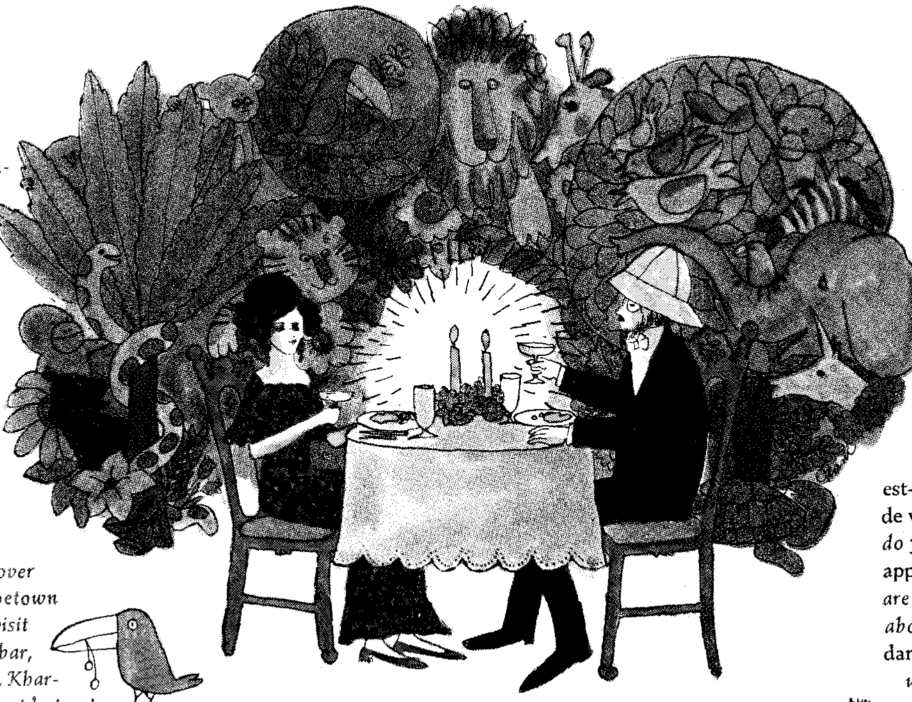

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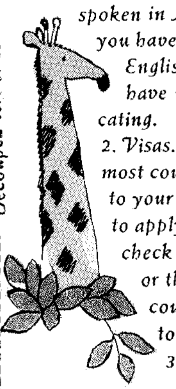

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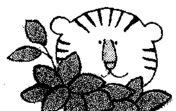

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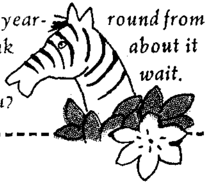

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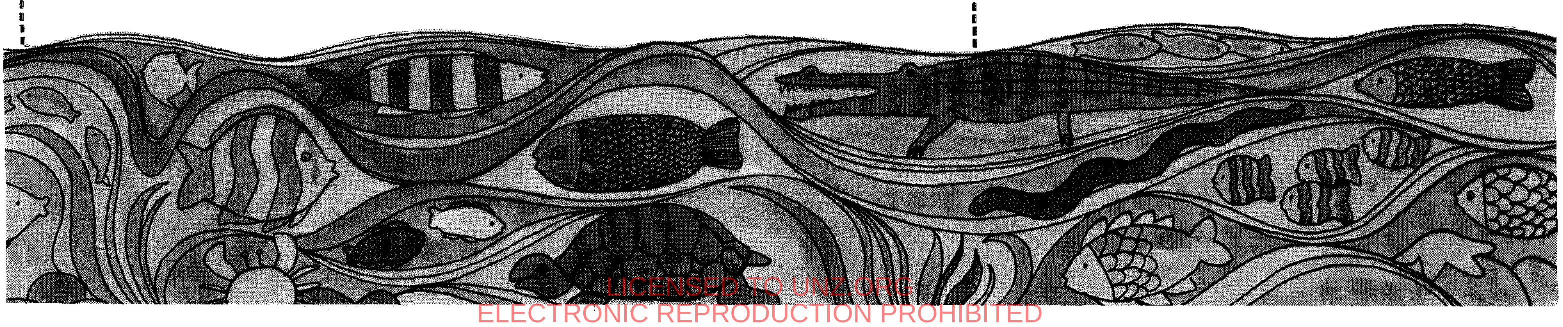

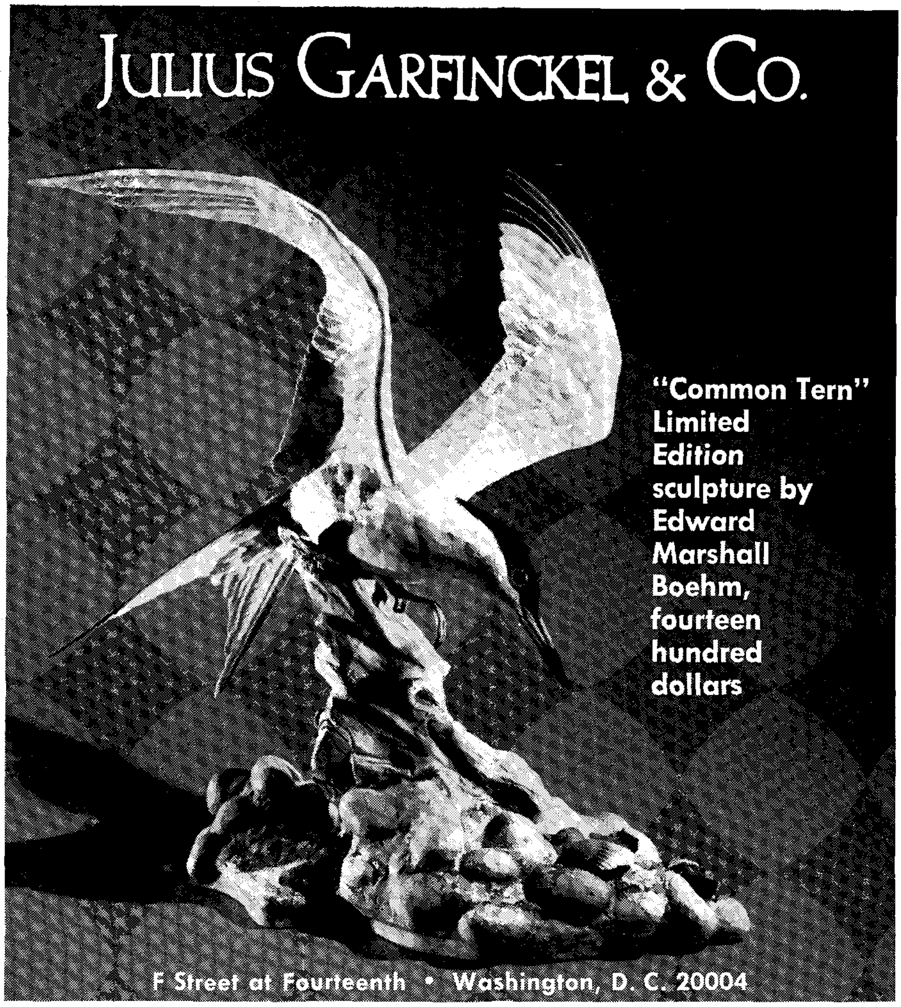
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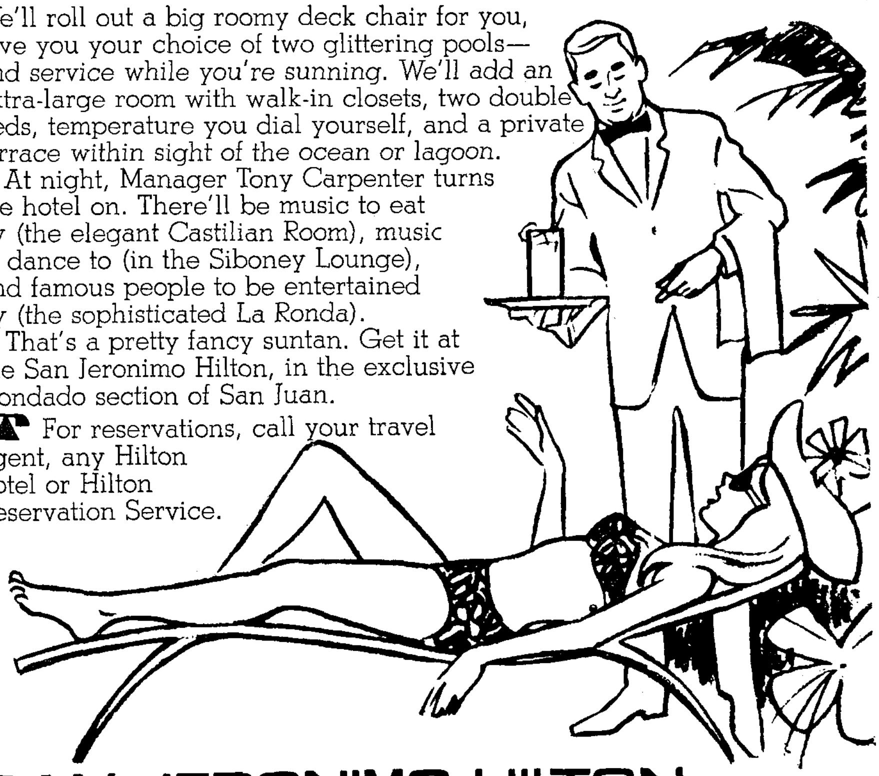

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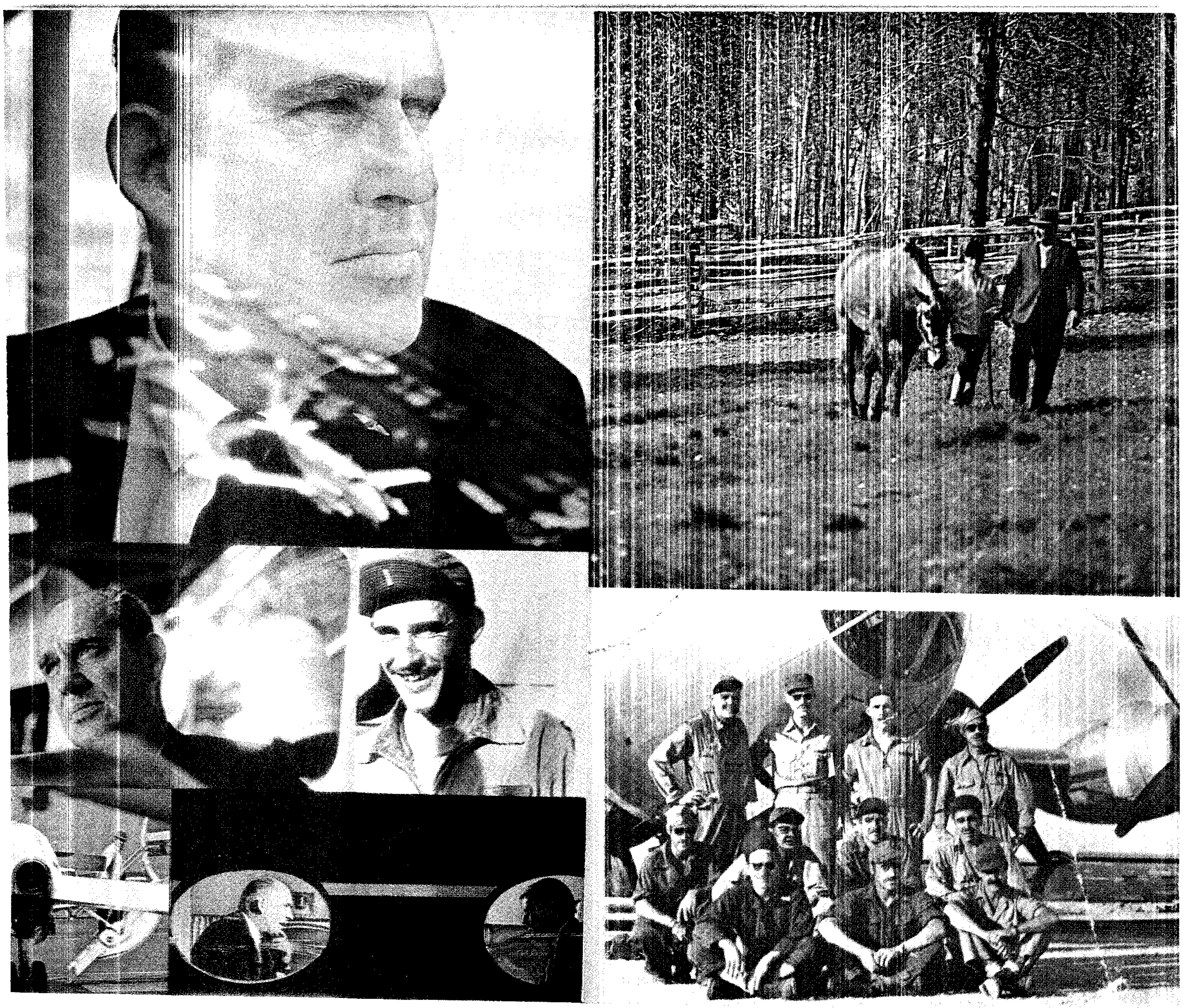
Kafka, this isolation included an often hostile and always haughty separation from the Jewish people—the so-called *Ostjuden*, or Jews from Eastern Europe—who, though one knew better, were blamed for anti-Semitism. The decisive factor in all this was the loss of reality, which was made easier for these classes by their wealth. "Among poor people," wrote Kafka, "the world, the bustle of work, so to speak, irresistibly enters the huts . . . and does not allow the musty, polluted, child-consuming air of a nicely furnished family room to be generated." The Jewish intellectuals fought against Jewish society because it tried to prevent them from living without illusions, in the world as it happened to be—from being prepared, for example, for the murder of Walther Rathenau, in 1922. (To Kafka, it was "incomprehensible that they should have let him live that long.") What finally determined the acuteness of the problem was the fact that it did not manifest itself merely, or even primarily, as a break between the generations, from which one could have escaped by leaving home and family. To just a very few German-Jewish writers did the problem present itself as it did to Kafka and Benjamin, and these few were surrounded by all those others who have now been forgotten yet from whom they are clearly distinguishable only today, when posterity has settled the question of who was who. "Their political function is to establish not parties but cliques," Benjamin wrote of those others, "their literary function to produce not schools but fashions, and their economic function to send into the world not producers but agents—agents or smart operators who know how to spend their poverty as if it were riches and who make a feast out of their yawning vacuity. One could not establish oneself more comfortably in an uncomfortable situation." Kafka, who outlined this situation in the letter to Brod in terms of "linguistic impossibilities," adding that they could "also be called something quite different," pointed to a "linguistic middle class" between, as it were, proletarian dialect and high-class prose, and called it "nothing but ashes that can be given a semblance of life only by overeager Jewish hands rummaging through them." One need hardly say that the overwhelming majority of Jewish intellectuals belonged to this "middle class;" according to Kafka, they constituted "the Hell of German-Jewish letters," over which Karl Kraus held sway as "the great overseer and taskmaster" without noticing how much



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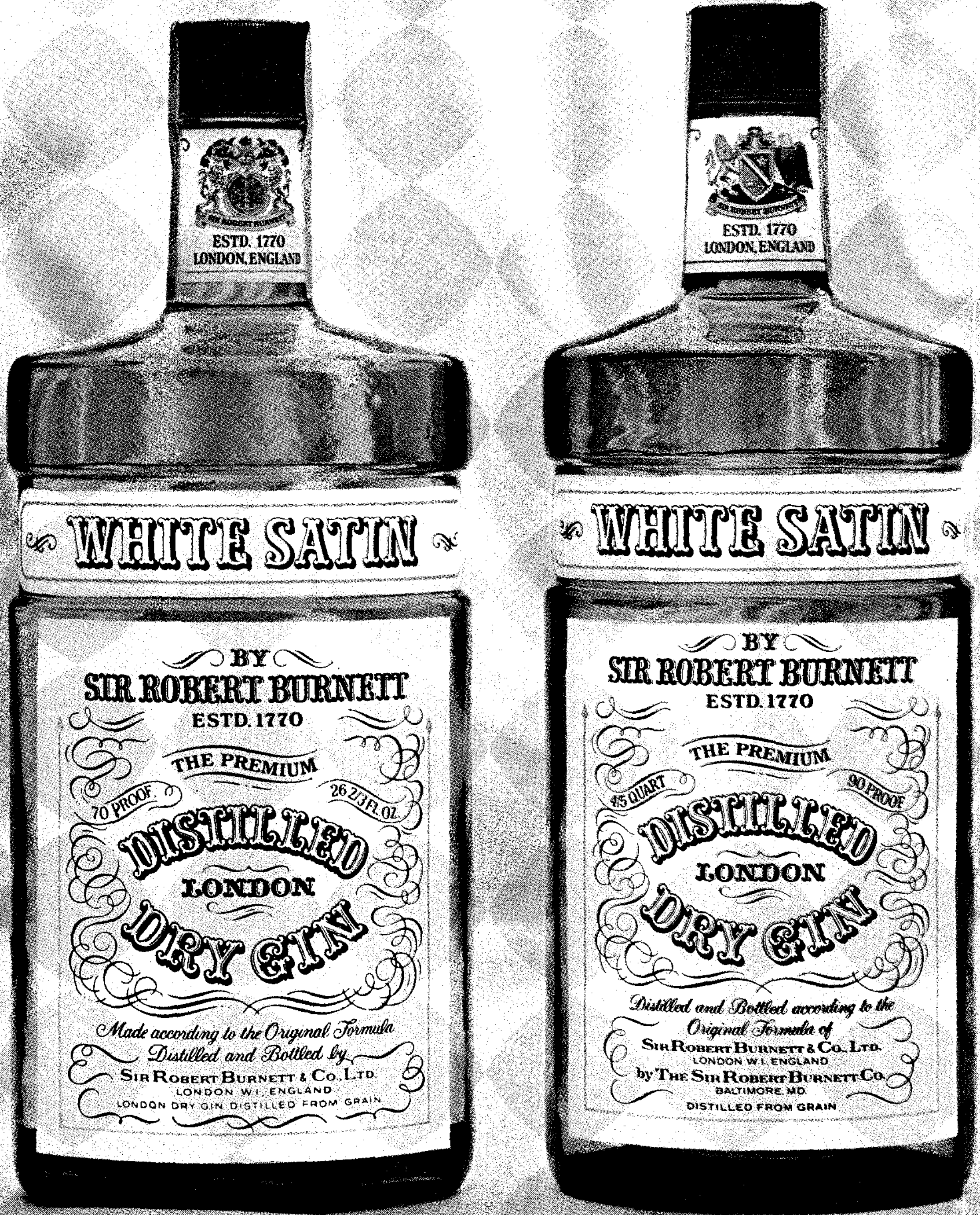
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"he himself belongs in this Hell among those to be chastised." That these things may be seen quite differently from a non-Jewish perspective becomes apparent in one of Benjamin's essays in which he quotes what Brecht said about Karl Kraus: "When the age died by its own hand, he was that hand."

For the Jews of Benjamin's generation (Kafka and Moritz Goldstein were only about ten years his senior), the available forms of rebellion were Zionism and Communism, and it is noteworthy that their fathers often condemned the Zionist form more bitterly than the Communist one. Both were escape routes from illusion into reality, from mendacity and self-deception into an honest existence. This, though, is how it appears in retrospect. At the time when Benjamin tried first a half-hearted Zionism and then a basically no less half-hearted Communism, the two ideologies faced each other with the greatest hostility: the Communists were defaming the Zionists as Jewish Fascists, and the Zionists were calling the young Jewish Communists "Red assimilationists." In a way that was probably unique, Benjamin kept both routes open to him for years; he persisted in considering the road to Palestine long after he had become a Marxist, without allowing himself to be swayed in the least by the opinions of his Marxist-oriented friends, Jewish or non-Jewish. This shows how little the "positive" aspect of either ideology interested him; what mattered to him in both instances was the "negative" factor of a criticism of existing conditions—a way out of bourgeois illusions and untruthfulness, a position outside the literary as well as the academic orthodoxy. Benjamin was quite young when he adopted this radically critical attitude, probably without suspecting what isolation and loneliness it would eventually lead him to. For example, in a letter he wrote in 1918 we read that Walther Rathenau, claiming to represent Germany in foreign affairs, and Rudolf Borchardt, making a similar claim with respect to German spiritual affairs, had in common "the *will* to lie," "an objective mendacity." Neither wanted to "serve" a cause through his works—the cause in Borchardt's case being the "spiritual and linguistic resources" of the people, and in Rathenau's the nation. Instead, both used their works and talents as "sovereign means in the service of an absolute will to power." In addition, there were the littérateurs, who dedicated their gifts to the service of a career and social status: "To be a littérateur is to live

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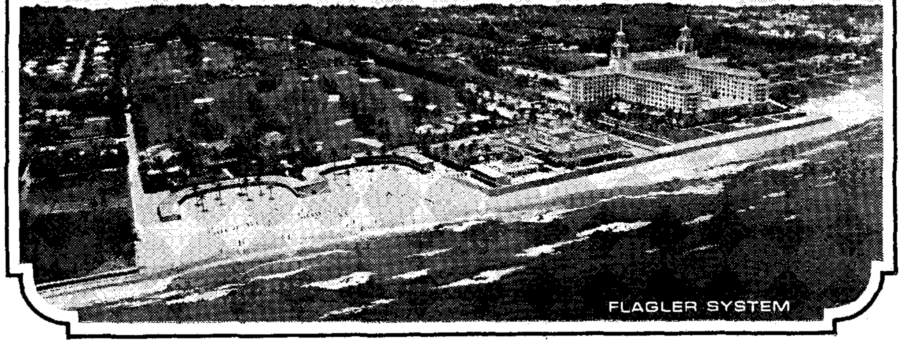
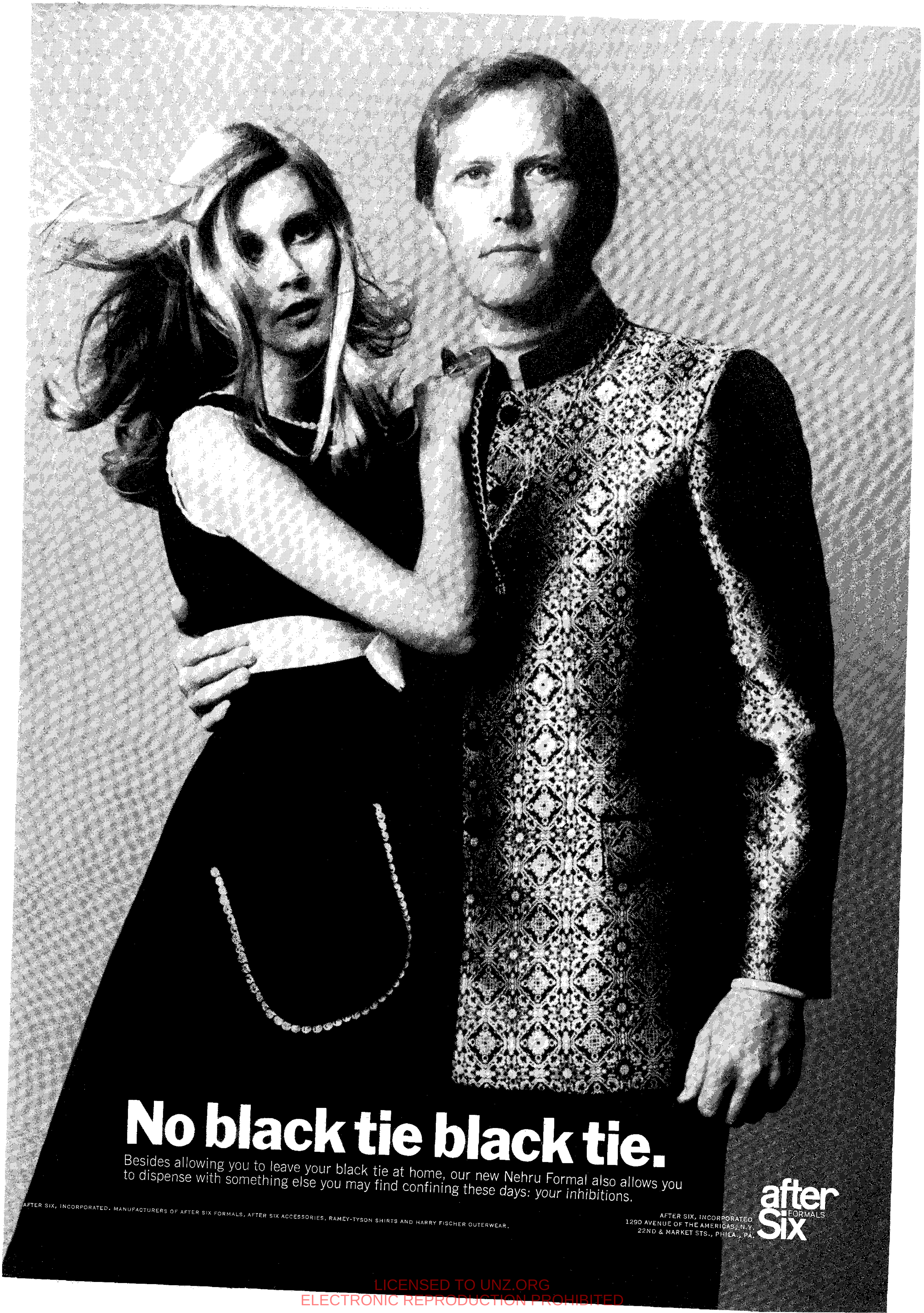


under the sign of mere intellect, as prostitution is to live under the sign of mere sex." Just as a prostitute betrayed sexual love, a littérateur betrayed the mind, and it was this betrayal of the mind that the best among the Jews could not forgive their colleagues in the literary life. In the same vein, Benjamin wrote five years later—a year after the assassination of Rathenau—to a close German friend, "Jews today ruin even the best German causes that they publicly champion, because their public statement is necessarily venal (in a deeper sense) and cannot advance proof of its authenticity." He went on to say that only the private, "almost secret" relationships between Germans and Jews were legitimate—that "everything about German-Jewish relations that works in public today causes harm." There was much truth in these words. Written from the perspective of the Jewish question in that day, they supply evidence of the darkness of a time in which Heidegger could rightly say, "By publicness everything gets obscured."

As early as 1913, Benjamin weighed the position of Zionism as "a possibility, and thus perhaps a necessary commitment," in the dual rebellion against the parental home and the German-Jewish literary life. Two years later, he met Gerhard Scholem, encountering in him, for the only time in his life, "Judaism in a living form;" soon afterward he began his curious, endless consideration, extending over a period of almost twenty years, of emigration to Palestine. "Under certain by no means impossible conditions I am ready, if not determined [to go to Palestine]. Here in Austria the Jews (the decent ones, those who are not making money) talk of nothing else." So he wrote in 1919, but at the same time he regarded such a plan as "an act of violence," unfeasible unless it turned out to be necessary. Whenever financial or political necessity arose, he reconsidered the project but did not go. It is hard to say whether he was still serious about it after his separation from his wife, who had come from a Zionist milieu, but it is certain that even during his Paris exile he announced, in a letter, that he might "go to Jerusalem in October or November, after a more or less definitive conclusion of my studies." What strikes one as indecision in the letters, as though he were vacillating between Zionism and Marxism, was probably due to the bitter insight that all solutions not only were objectively false, being inappropriate to reality, but would lead him personally to a false salvation, whether that salva-



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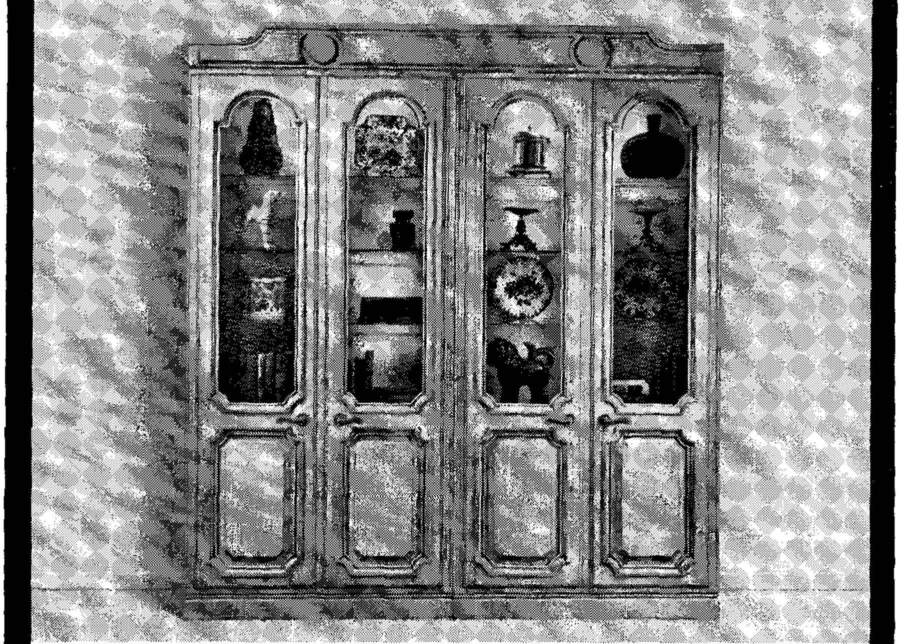

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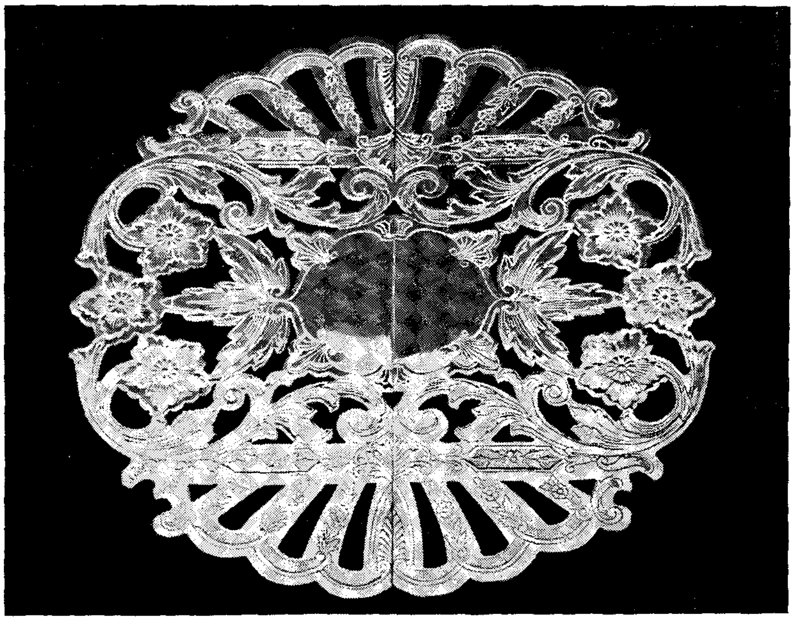

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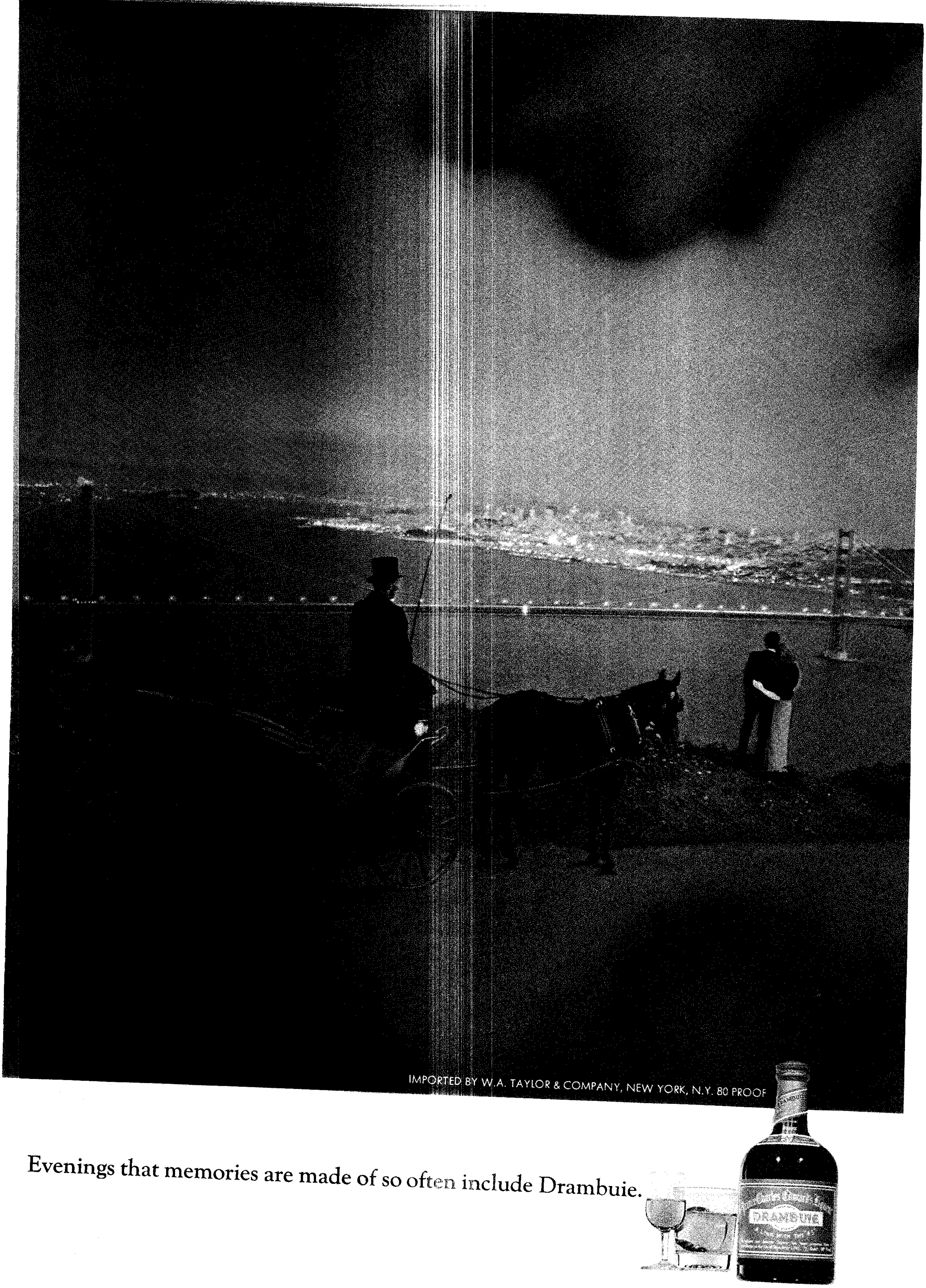
tion was labelled Moscow or Jerusalem. He felt that he would deprive himself of the positive cognitive chances of his own position—at "the top of a mast that is already crumbling" or "dead . . . in his own lifetime . . . the real survivor" among the ruins. He had settled down in the desperate conditions that corresponded to reality; there he wanted to remain, in order to "denature" his own writings, "like methylated spirits . . . at the risk that they might become unfit for consumption" by anyone then alive but would be capable of being preserved all the more reliably for an unknown future.

The insolubility of the Jewish question for that generation was by no means based only on the Jewish intellectuals' speaking and writing German or on the fact that their "production plant" was situated in Europe—in Benjamin's case, in Berlin or in Paris—something about which he said he did not "have the slightest illusions." What was decisive was that these men did not wish to "return" either to the ranks of the Jewish people or to Judaism, and could not wish to—not because they believed in "progress" and an automatic disappearance of anti-Semitism, or because they were too well "assimilated" and too far alienated from their Jewish heritage, but because all traditions and cultures, and all "belonging" as well, had become equally questionable in their eyes. This was what they felt was wrong with the "return" to the Jewish fold, as the Zionists proposed it. They could all have said what Kafka once said about being a member of the Jewish people: "My people, provided that I have one."

No doubt the Jewish question was of great importance to this generation of Jewish writers and explains much of the personal despair that is prominent in nearly everything they wrote. But the most clear-sighted among them were led by their personal conflicts to face a much more general and more radical problem; namely, the relevance to the modern world of the Western tradition as a whole. Not just Marxism as a doctrine but also the Communist revolutionary movement held a powerful attraction for them, because it implied more than a criticism of existing social and political conditions—it took into account the totality of political and spiritual traditions. For Benjamin, at any rate, this questioning of the past and of tradition as such was decisive, and precisely in the sense in which Scholem, warning his friend against the dangers to his thinking that were inherent in Marxism, formulated it,



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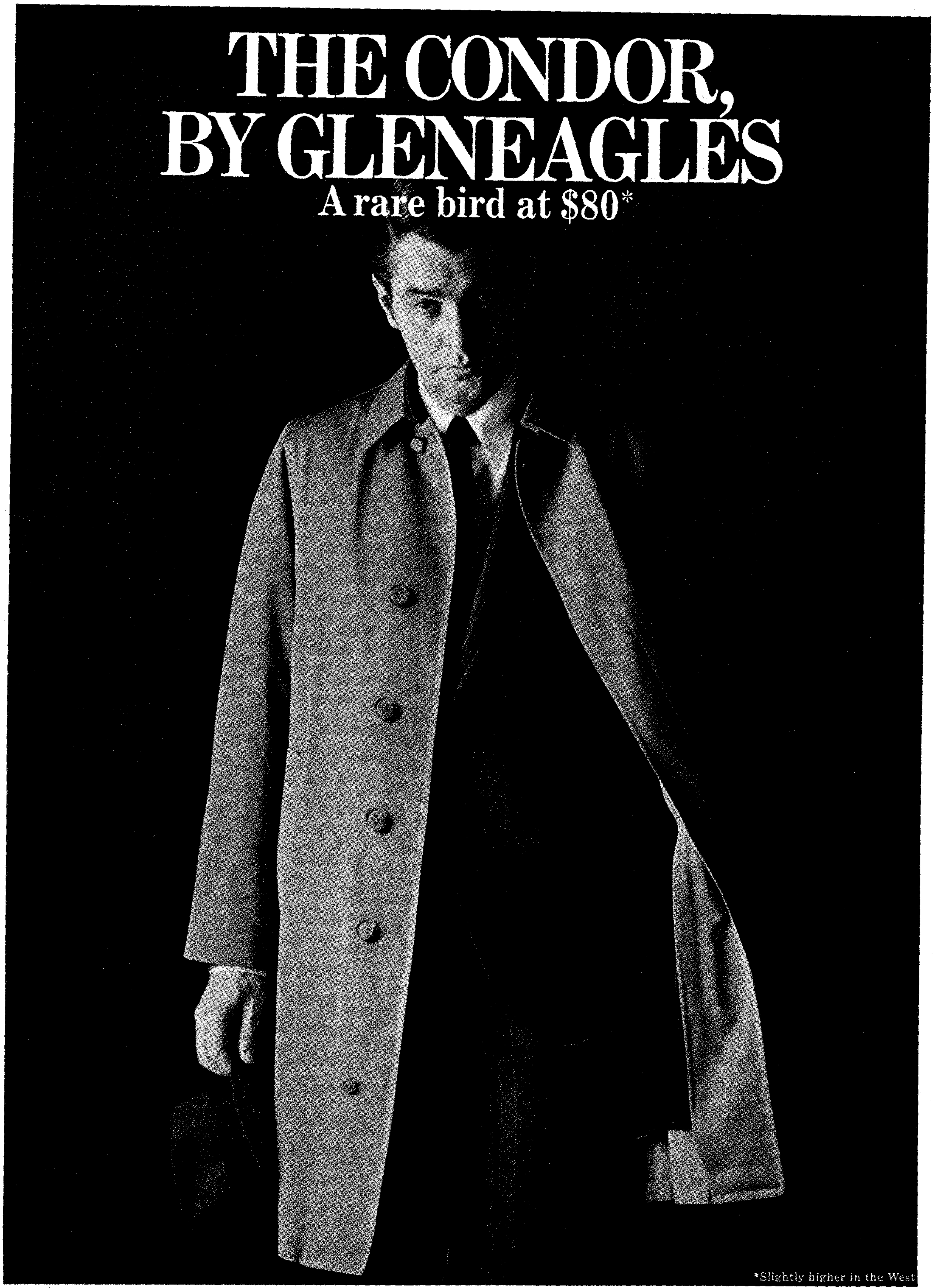
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though without being aware of the problem. Benjamin, he wrote, was running the risk of forfeiting his chance to become "the legitimate continuer of the most fruitful and most genuine traditions of a Hamann and a Humboldt." What he did not understand was that such a continuation of the past was the very thing that "the morality of [his] insights," to which Scholem appealed, was bound to rule out for Benjamin.

It is tempting to believe, and would indeed be comforting to think, that those few who ventured out into the most exposed positions of the time and paid the full price of isolation at least thought of themselves as the precursors of a new age. That, however, was not the case. In his essay on Karl Kraus, Benjamin asks this question: Does Kraus stand "at the threshold of a new age?" He then answers it by saying, "Alas, by no means. He stands at the threshold of the Last Judgment." And at this threshold there really stood all those who later became the masters of the "new age;" they looked upon the dawn of a new age basically as a decline, and viewed history, along with the traditions that led to this decline, as a field of ruins. No one expressed this more clearly than Benjamin, in his "Theses on the Philosophy of History," and also in a letter from Paris dated 1935: "Actually, I hardly feel constrained to try to make head or tail of this condition of the world. On this planet a great number of civilizations have perished in blood and horror. Naturally, one must wish for the planet that one day it will experience a civilization that has abandoned blood and horror; in fact, I am . . . inclined to assume that our planet is waiting for this. But it is terribly doubtful whether *we* can bring such a present to its hundred- or four-hundred-millionth birthday party. And if we don't, the planet will finally punish us, its unthoughtful well-wishers, by presenting us with the Last Judgment."

In this respect, the last thirty years have hardly brought much that could be called new.

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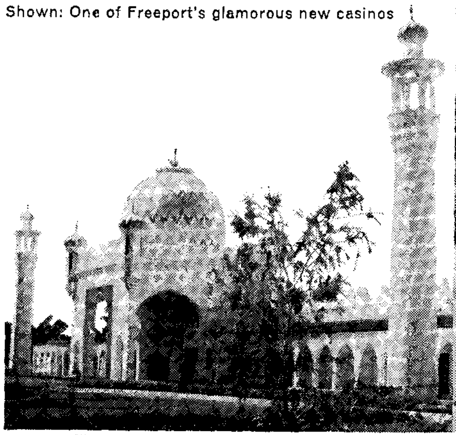

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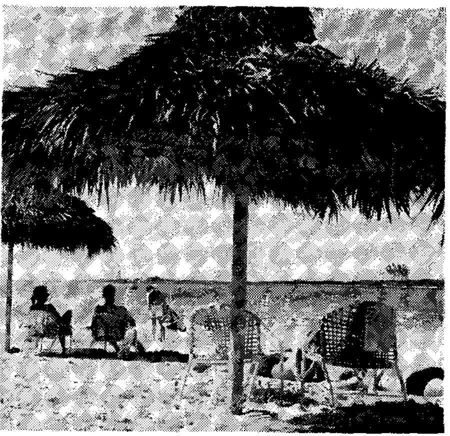

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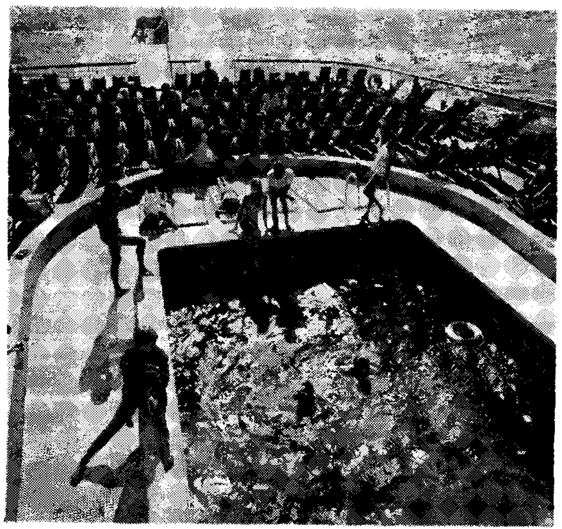

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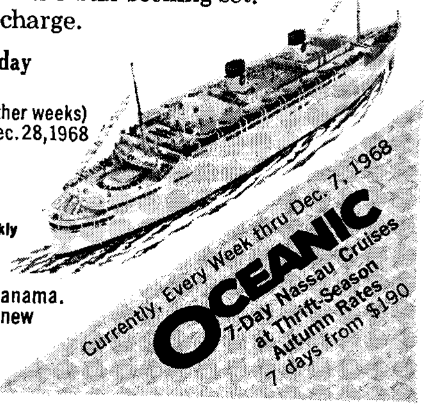

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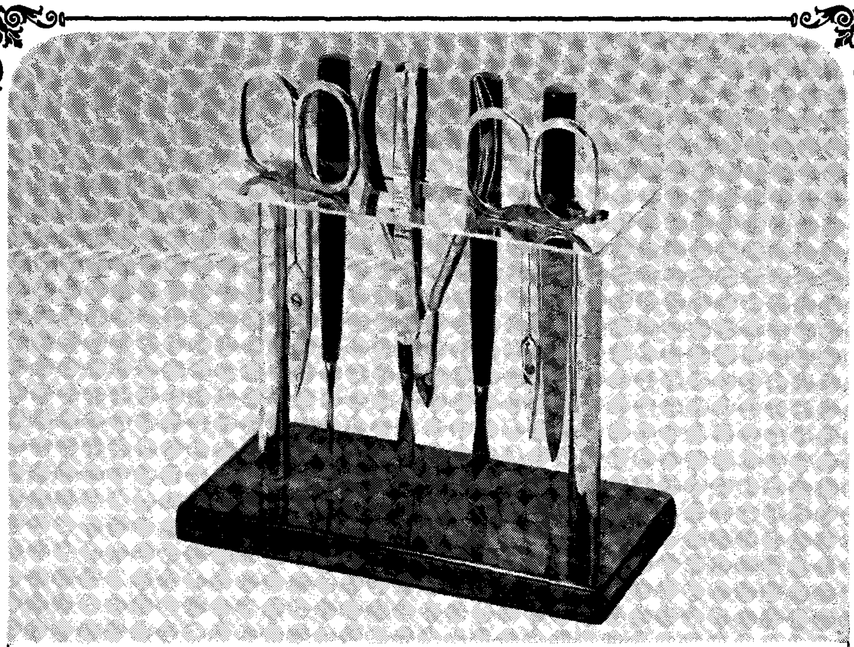

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self historically, it becomes tradition. Walter Benjamin knew that the break in tradition and the loss of authority that had occurred in his lifetime were irreparable, and he concluded that he had to discover new ways of dealing with the past. At this he became a master with the discovery that the transmissibility of the past had been replaced by the citability of the past, and that in place of its authority it had acquired a strange power to settle down, piecemeal, in the present and deprive the present of "peace of mind"—the mindless peace of complacency. "Quotations in my works are like robbers by the roadside who make an armed attack and relieve an idler of his convictions," he wrote in "Einbahnstrasse" ("One-Way Street"), a collection of aphorisms and short essays. This discovery of the modern function of quotations, according to Benjamin, who exemplified it by the role of quotations in Karl Kraus, was born out of despair—not out of despair over a past that refuses "to throw its light on the future" and lets the human mind "wander in darkness," as Tocqueville has it, but out of despair over the present, and a desire to destroy it. Hence, the power possessed by quotations is "the strength not to preserve but to cleanse, to tear out of context, to destroy." Still, the discoverers and lovers of this destructive power were originally inspired by the opposite intention—the intention of preserving—and only because they did not let themselves be fooled by the professional "preservers" all around them did they finally discover that the destructive power of quotations was "the only one which still contains the hope that something from this period will survive—for no other reason than that it was torn out of it." In this form of "thought fragments," quotations have the double task of interrupting the flow of writing with "transcendent force" and concentrating within themselves that which is presented. As for the weight of the quotations in Benjamin's writings, it is comparable only to that of the very dissimilar Biblical citations that so often replace an immanent consistency of argumentation in medieval treatises.

I have mentioned that collecting was Benjamin's central passion. It started early, with what he called his "bibliomania," but it soon grew into something far more characteristic, not so much of the person as of his work: the collecting of quotations. (Not that he ever stopped collecting books. Shortly before the fall of France, he seriously considered exchanging his edition

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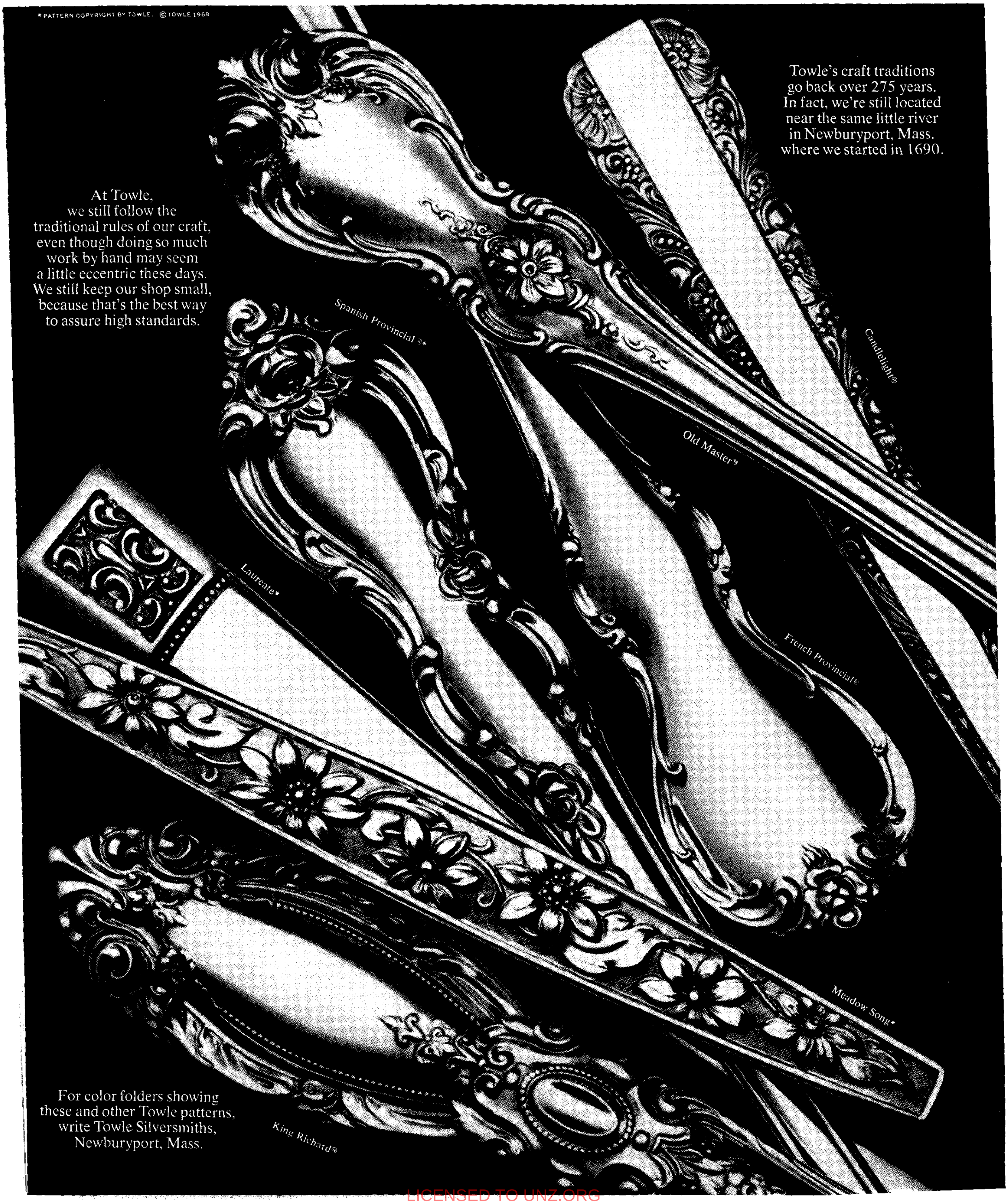
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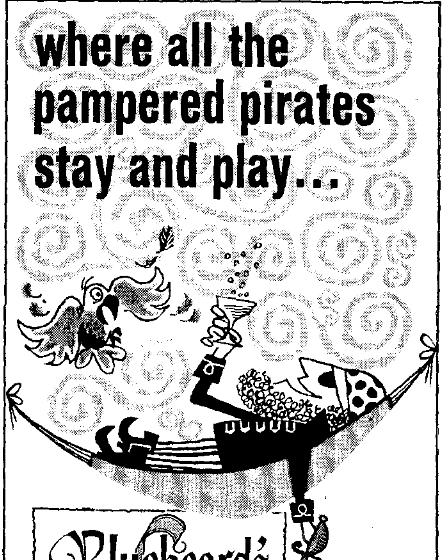
of the "Collected Works" of Kafka, which had recently appeared in five volumes, for a few first editions of Kafka's early writings—an undertaking that was then incomprehensible to any non-bibliophile.) The "inner need to own a library" asserted itself around 1916, when Benjamin turned to the study of Romanticism as "the last movement that once more saved tradition." That a certain destructive force was active even in this passion for the past—a passion so often found in heirs and late-comers—Benjamin did not discover until long afterward, when he had lost his faith in tradition and in the indestructibility of the world. In 1916, encouraged by Scholem, he still believed that his own estrangement from tradition was probably due to his Jewishness, and that there might be a way back for him, as there was for his friend, who was preparing to emigrate to Jerusalem. (In 1920, when he was not yet seriously beset by financial worries, he thought of learning Hebrew.) He never went as far along this road as Kafka, who after all his efforts stated bluntly that he had no use for anything Jewish except the Chasidic tales that Buber had just prepared for modern readers, and added, "Into everything else I just drift, and another current of air carries me away again." Was Benjamin, then, despite all doubts, to go back to the German or the European past and help carry on the tradition of its literature?

Presumably, this is the form in which the problem presented itself to Benjamin in the early twenties, before he turned to Marxism. That was when he chose the German baroque age as the subject of his *Habilitation* thesis—a choice that points toward this entire cluster of still unsolved problems, for in the German literary and poetic tradition the baroque, with the exception of the great church chorales, has never really been alive. (Goethe truly said that when he was eighteen years old German literature was no older.) And Benjamin's choice, baroque in a double sense, has an exact counterpart in Scholem's strange decision to approach Judaism through the cabala—that part of Hebrew literature which is untransmitted and untransmissible in terms of Jewish tradition, where it has always had the odor of something downright disreputable. Nothing could have shown more clearly—so one is inclined to say today—that there was no such thing as a "return" to either the German and European or the Jewish tradition than the choice of these fields of study. It was an implicit admission that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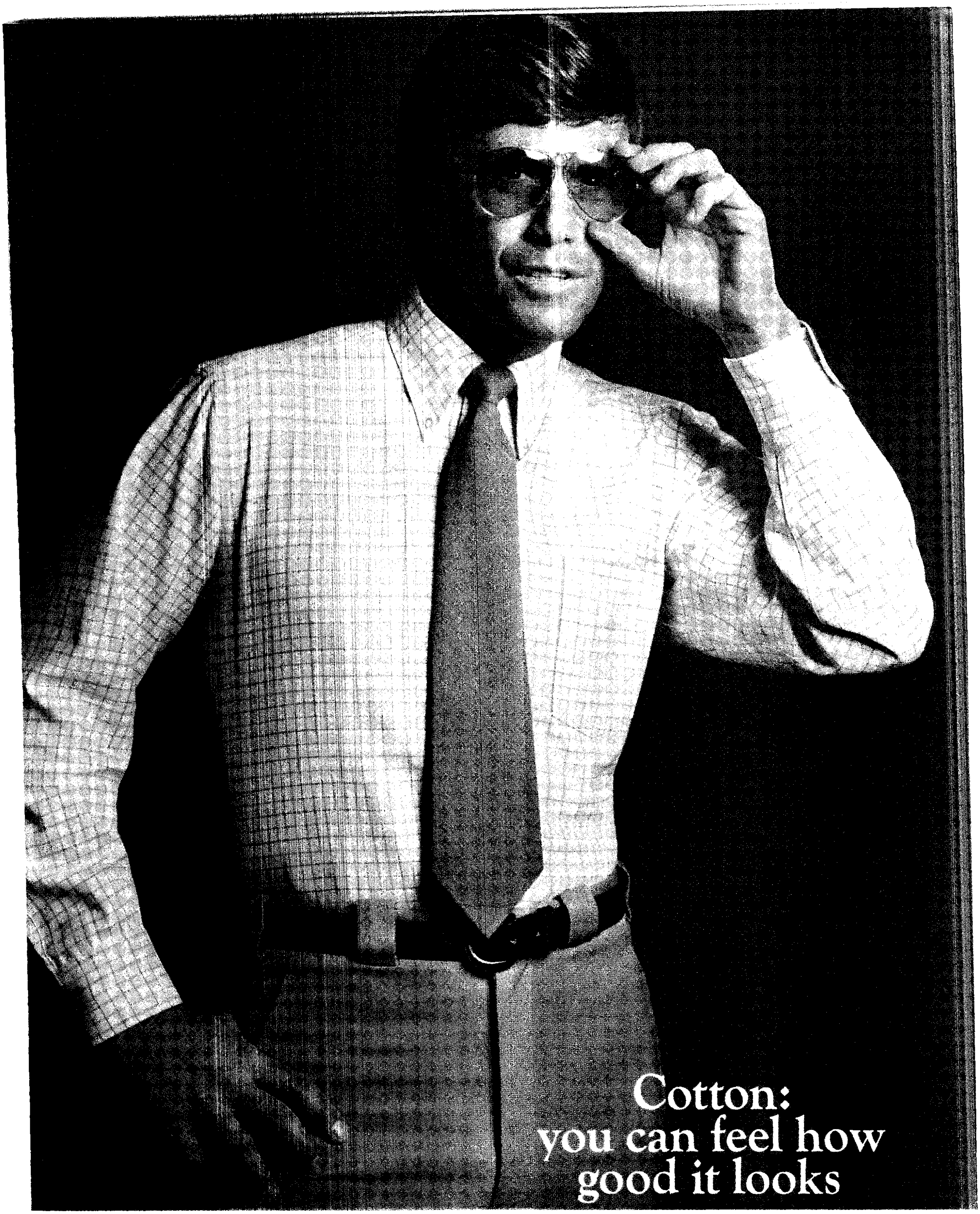

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the past spoke directly only through things that had not been handed down, and whose seeming closeness to the present was due precisely to their exotic character, which ruled out any claim to a binding authority. Obligatory truths were replaced by what was in some sense significant or interesting, and this, of course, meant—as no one knew better than Benjamin—that "the consistence of truth . . . has been lost." Outstanding among the properties of this "consistence of truth" were—at least for Benjamin, whose early philosophical interest was theologically inspired—that truth concerned a secret and that the revelation of this secret had authority. Truth, so Benjamin said shortly before he became fully aware of the irreparable break in tradition and the loss of authority, was not "an unveiling, which destroys the secret, but the revelation, which does it justice." Once this truth had come into the human world at the appropriate moment in history—whether as the Greek ἀ-λήθεια, to be seen with the eyes of the mind and comprehended by us as "unconcealment" ("*Unverborgenheit*," as Heidegger puts it), or as the aurally perceptible word of God as we know it from the Western religions of revelation—it was the "consistence" peculiar to it that made it tangible, as it were, so that it could be handed down by tradition. Tradition transformed truth into wisdom, and wisdom was the consistence of transmissible truth. In other words, even if truth should appear in our world, it could not lead to wisdom, because it would no longer have the characteristics that it could acquire only through universal recognition of its validity. Benjamin discussed these things in connection with Kafka, saying that, of course, "Kafka was far from being the first to face this situation." He continued, "Many had accommodated themselves to it, adhering to truth, or whatever they regarded as truth at any given time, and, with a more or less heavy heart, forgoing its transmissibility. Kafka's real genius was that he tried something entirely new: he sacrificed truth for the sake of clinging to the transmissibility." He did so by making decisive changes in traditional parables or by inventing new ones in traditional style which, however, "do not modestly lie at the feet of the doctrine," as the Haggadic tales in the Talmud do, but "unexpectedly raise a heavy claw" against it. Even Kafka's reaching down to the sea bottom of the past had this peculiar duality of wanting to preserve and wanting to destroy. He

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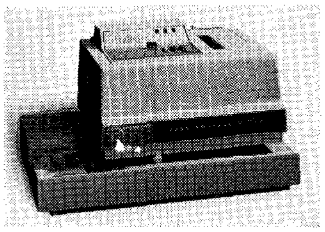

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wanted to preserve what he found there even though it was no truth, if only for the sake of this "new beauty in what is vanishing," and, on the other hand, he knew that there was no more effective way to break the spell of tradition than to cut out the "rich and strange," the coral and the pearls, from what had been handed down in one solid piece.

Benjamin exemplified this ambiguity of gesture in regard to the past by analyzing the collector's passion that was his own. Collecting springs from a variety of motives, which are not easily understood. As Benjamin was probably the first to emphasize, collecting is the passion of children, for whom things are not yet commodities and are not valued according to their usefulness, and it is also the hobby of the rich, who own enough not to need anything useful, and hence can afford to make "the transfiguration of objects" their business. In this they must of necessity discover the beautiful, which needs what Kant called "disinterested delight" in order to be recognized. At any rate, a collected object possesses only an amateur value, and no use value whatsoever. (Benjamin was never to become aware of the fact that collecting can also be an eminently sound and often highly profitable form of investment.) And inasmuch as collecting can fasten on any category of objects (not just art objects, which in any case are removed from the everyday world of use objects, because they are "good" for nothing), and thus, as it were, redeem the object as a thing, since it is no longer a means to an end but has intrinsic worth, Benjamin could see the collector's passion as akin to the passion of the revolutionary. Like the revolutionary, the collector "dreams his way not only into a remote or bygone world but, at the same time, into a better one, in which, to be sure, people are not provided with what they need, any more than they are in the everyday world, but in which things are liberated from the drudgery of usefulness." Collecting is the redemption of things which is to complement the redemption of man. To a bibliophile, even the reading of his books is a questionable act. "And you have read all these?" Anatole France is said to have been asked by an admirer of his library. "Not one-tenth of them. Or do you use your Sèvres china every day?" was the reply. (In Benjamin's library, there were collections of rare books for children, and of books by mentally deranged authors; since he was interested neither in child

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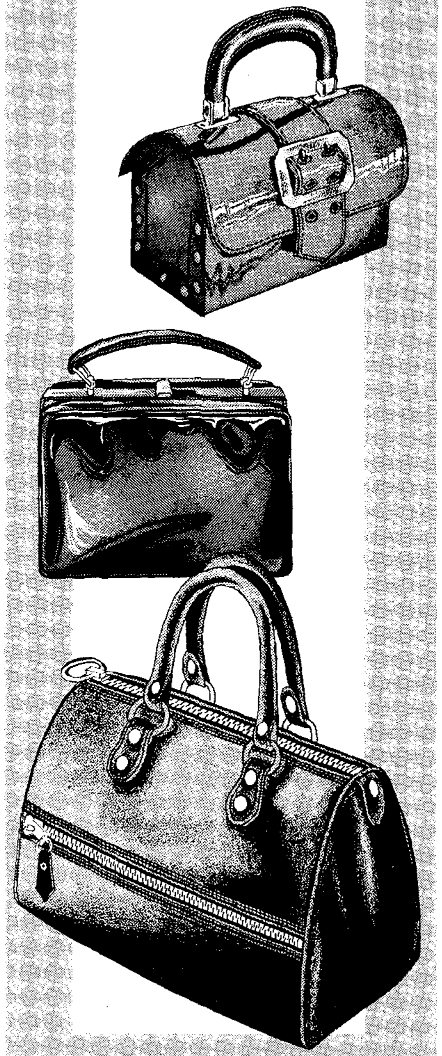

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psychology nor in psychiatry, these books, like many of the others among his treasures, were literally not good for anything, serving neither to divert nor to instruct.) Closely connected with this attitude is the fetish character that Benjamin explicitly claimed for collected objects. The value of genuineness, which is decisive for the collector as well as for the market determined by him, has replaced the "cult" value and is its secularization.

These reflections, like a number of others in Benjamin, have about them something of the ingeniously brilliant that is not characteristic of his essential insights, which are, for the most part, quite down to earth. They are striking examples of the *flânerie* in his thinking—of the way his mind worked when, like the *flâneur* in the city, he entrusted himself to chance as a guide on intellectual journeys of exploration. Just as strolling amid the treasures of the past is the inheritor's luxurious privilege, so is "the collector's attitude, in the highest sense, the attitude of the heir," who by taking possession of things—and "ownership is the most profound relationship that one can have to objects"—establishes himself in the past, so as to achieve, undisturbed by the present, "a renewal of the old world." And since this "deepest urge" in the collector has no public significance whatever but results in a strictly private hobby, everything that is "said from the angle of the true collector" is bound to appear as "whimsical" as the typically Jean Paulian vision of a writer "who writes books not because he is poor but because he is dissatisfied with the books he could buy but doesn't like." Upon closer examination, however, the collector's whimsicality has some noteworthy and not so harmless peculiarities. There is, for one thing, the gesture, so significant of an era of public darkness, of the collector's not only withdrawing from the public into the privacy of his four walls but taking along with him, to decorate them, all kinds of treasures that were once public property. (This, of course, is not today's collector, who gets hold of whatever has or, in his estimation, will have a market value or can enhance his social status, but the collector who, like Benjamin, chases offbeat things that are considered valueless.) Also, the collector's passion for the past for its own sake, born of his contempt for the present as such, and therefore heedless of objective quality, disturbingly suggests that tradition may be the last thing to guide him and that traditional values are by no means as safe in

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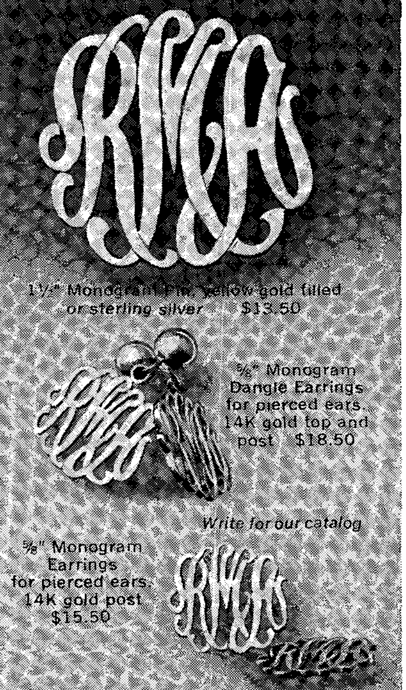

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For tradition puts the past in order, not just chronologically but, first of all, systematically by separating the positive from the negative, the orthodox from the heretical, that which is obligatory and relevant from the mass of irrelevant or merely interesting opinions and data. The collector's passion, on the other hand, is more than unsystematic, it borders on the chaotic, less because it is a passion than because it is kindled primarily not by the quality of the object (something that is classifiable) but by its "genuineness," its uniqueness (something that defies any systematic classification). Therefore, where tradition discriminates, the collector levels all differences, and this levelling—in which "the positive and the negative . . . predilection and rejection are . . . closely contiguous"—takes place even if the collector has made tradition itself his special field and has carefully eliminated everything that tradition does not recognize. Against tradition the collector pits the criterion of genuineness; to the authoritative he opposes the sign of origin. To put it in theoretical terms, he replaces content with pure originality or authenticity—something that only French Existentialism has established as a quality per se, detached from all specific characteristics. If one carries this thought to its logical conclusion, the result is a strange inversion of the original collector's drive. Benjamin wrote, "The genuine picture may be old, but the genuine thought is new. It is of the present. This present may be meagre, granted. But, no matter what it is like, one must take it firmly by the horns to be able to consult the past. It is the bull whose blood must fill the pit if the shades of the departed are to appear at its edge." Out of this present, when it has been sacrificed for the invocation of the past, arises, then, "the deadly impact of thought," which is directed against tradition and the authority of the past.

Thus, the heir and preserver unexpectedly turns into a destroyer. "The true, greatly misunderstood passion of the collector is always anarchistic, destructive. For this is its dialectic: to combine with loyalty to an object, to individual items, to things sheltered in his care, a stubborn, subversive protest against the typical, the classifiable." The collector destroys the context in which his object once was only part of a greater, living entity, and since nothing but the uniquely genuine will do for him, he must cleanse the chosen object of everything about it that is typical. The

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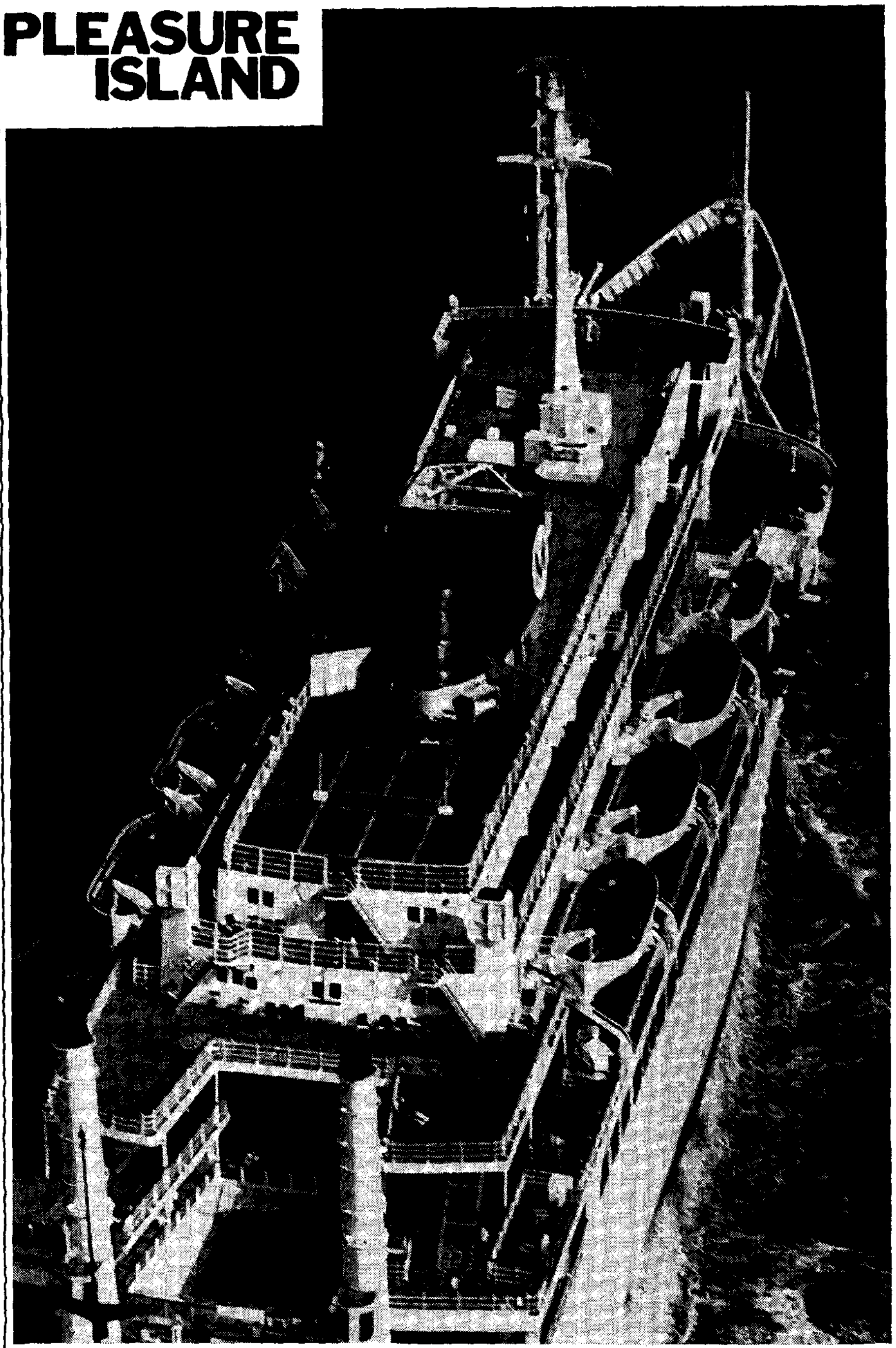
figure of the collector, as old-fashioned as that of the *flâneur*, could assume such eminently modern features in Benjamin because history itself—that is, the break in tradition that took place at the beginning of this century—had relieved him of this task of destruction, and he needed only to bend down, as it were, to select his precious fragments from the debris. In other words, the things themselves offered to a man who firmly faced the present an aspect that had previously been visible only from the collector's whimsical perspective.

I do not know when Benjamin discovered the remarkable coincidence of his old-fashioned inclinations with the realities of the times; it must have been in the middle twenties, when he began his serious study of Kafka, only to discover shortly thereafter in Brecht the poet who was most at home in this century. Nor do I mean to assert that Benjamin shifted his emphasis from the collecting of books to the collecting of quotations (exclusive with him) overnight, or even within a year, although there is some evidence in the letters of a conscious shifting of emphasis. At any rate, nothing was more characteristic of Benjamin in the thirties than the little notebooks with black covers which he always carried with him and in which he tirelessly entered in the form of quotations what daily living and reading netted him in the way of pearls and coral. On occasion, he read aloud from them—showed them around like items from a choice and precious collection. And in this collection, which by then was anything but whimsical, one would find next to a little-known love poem of the eighteenth century the latest newspaper story—next to Leopold Friedrich Goecking's poem "Als der Erste Schnee" a report from Vienna, dated summer, 1939, to the effect that the local gas company had stopped supplying gas to Jews, because the gas consumption of the Jewish population involved a loss for the gas company; the biggest consumers were the ones who did not pay their bills, having used the gas for committing suicide. Here, indeed, the shades of the departed were invoked from the sacrificial pit of the present.

The close affinity between the break in tradition and the seemingly whimsical figure of the collector who gathers his fragments and scraps from the debris of the past is perhaps best illustrated by the fact, astonishing only at first glance, that there has probably been no period before ours in which old things,



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many of them long forgotten by tradition, became general educational materials, handed to schoolboys everywhere in hundreds of thousands of copies. This amazing revival, particularly of classical culture, which since the forties has been noticeable in relatively traditionless America, began in Europe in the twenties. It was initiated there by those who were most aware of the irreparability of the break in tradition—most notably in Germany (though not only there), by Martin Heidegger, whose extraordinary, and extraordinarily early, success was essentially due to "a listening to the tradition that does not give itself up to the past but thinks of the present." Without realizing it, Benjamin actually had more in common with Heidegger's unusual feeling for living eyes and living bones that had sea-changed into pearls and coral, and, as such, could be saved and lifted into the present only if one did violence to their context by interpreting them with "the deadly impact" of new thoughts, than he had with the dialectical subtleties of his Marxist friends. For, just as the closing sentence of the Goethe essay ("Only for the sake of the hopeless ones have we been given hope") sounds as though Kafka had written it, the following words from a letter that Benjamin wrote to Hofmannsthal in 1924 make one think of some of the essays that Heidegger wrote in the forties and fifties: "The conviction that guides me in my literary attempts [is] that each truth has its home, its ancestral palace, in language, that this palace was built with the oldest *logoi*, and that to a truth thus founded the insights of the sciences will remain inferior for as long as they make do here and there in the area of language—like nomads, as it were—holding the conviction of the sign character of language, which produces the irresponsible arbitrariness of their terminology." In the spirit of Benjamin's early work on the philosophy of language, words are "the opposite of all communication directed toward the outside," just as truth is "the death of intention." Anyone who seeks truth fares like the man in the Egyptian fable about the veiled picture at Sais who, having lifted the veil behind which Truth was concealed, was lost to life: "This is caused not by some mysterious monstrousness of the content to be unveiled but by the nature of truth, before which even the purest fire of searching is extinguished as though under water."

From the Goethe essay on, quotations were at the center of everything

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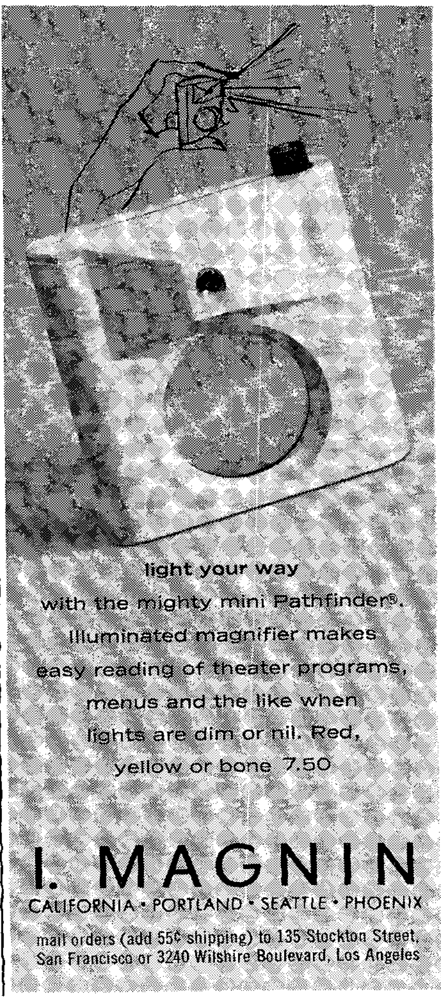

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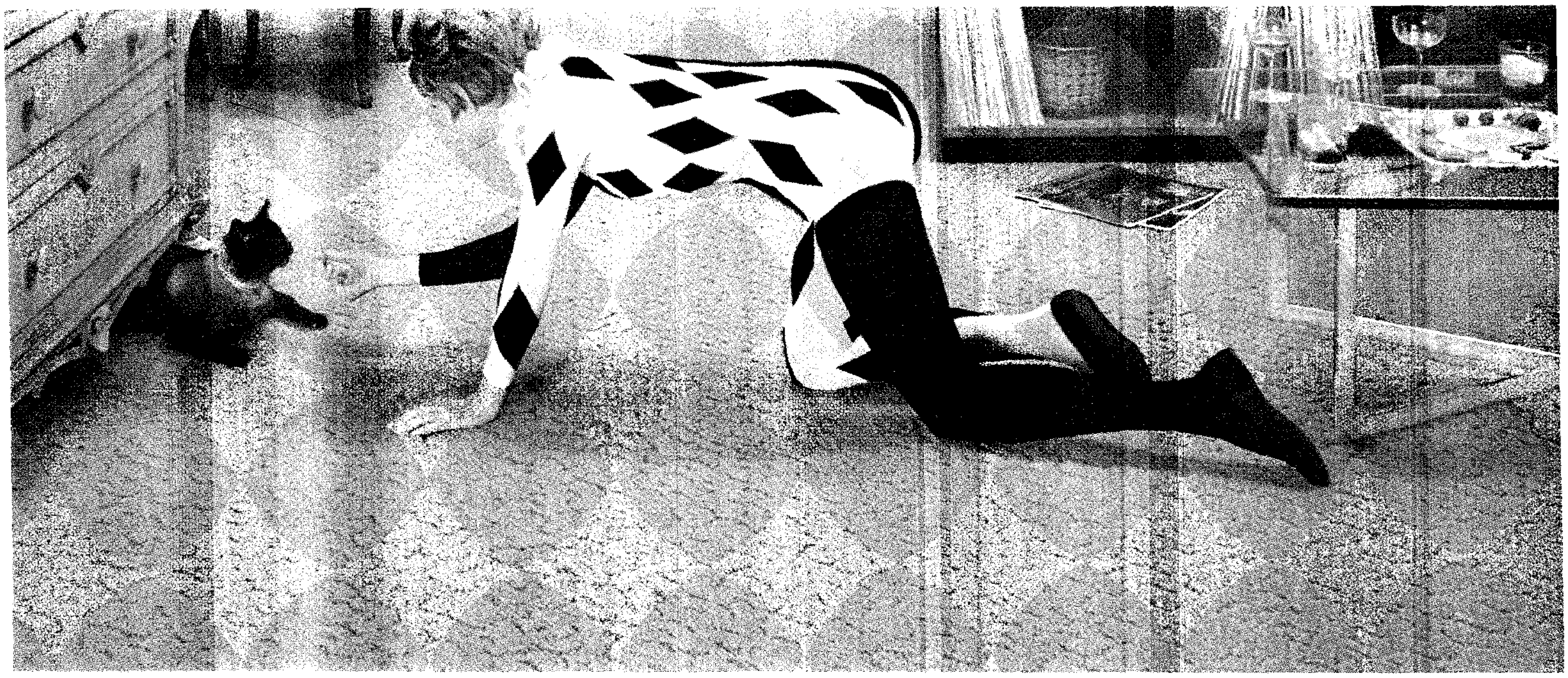

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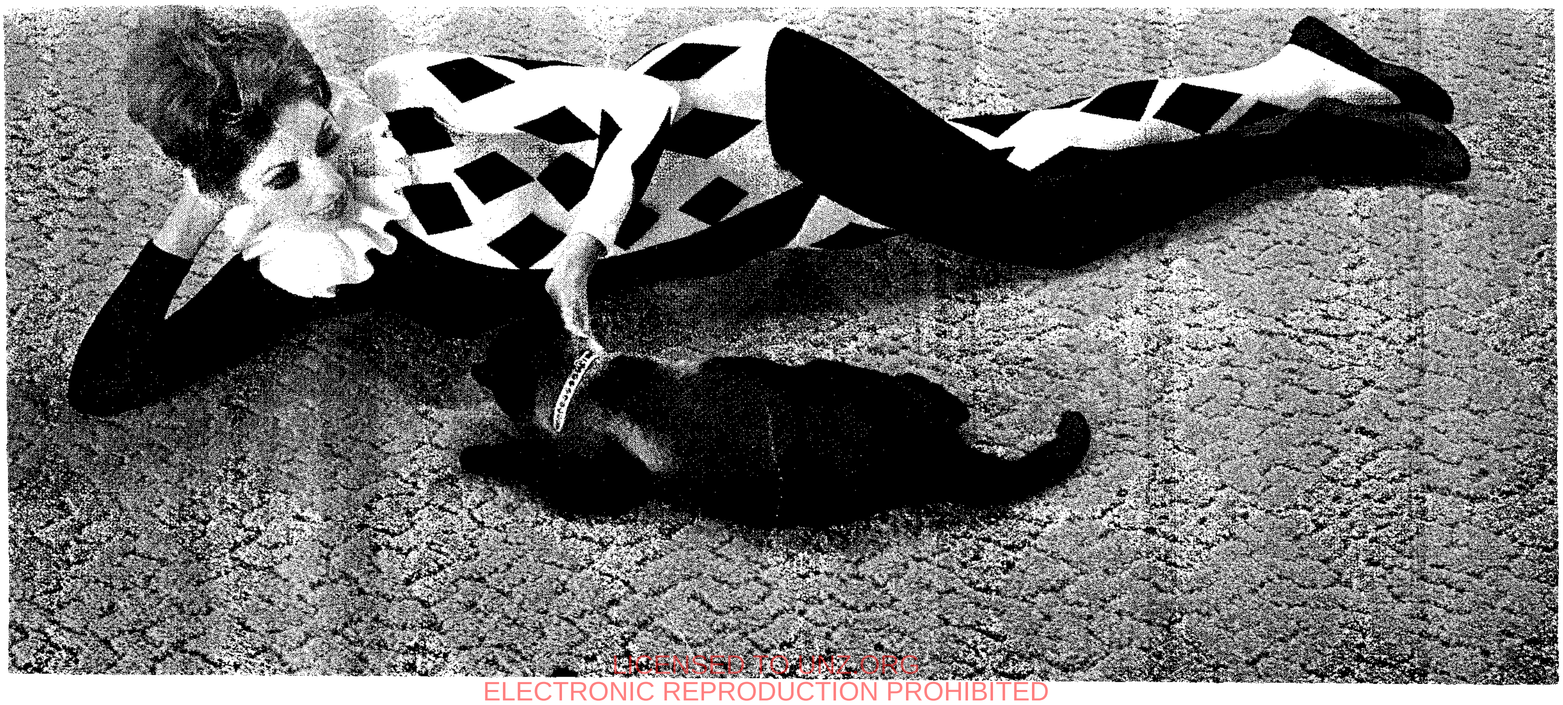

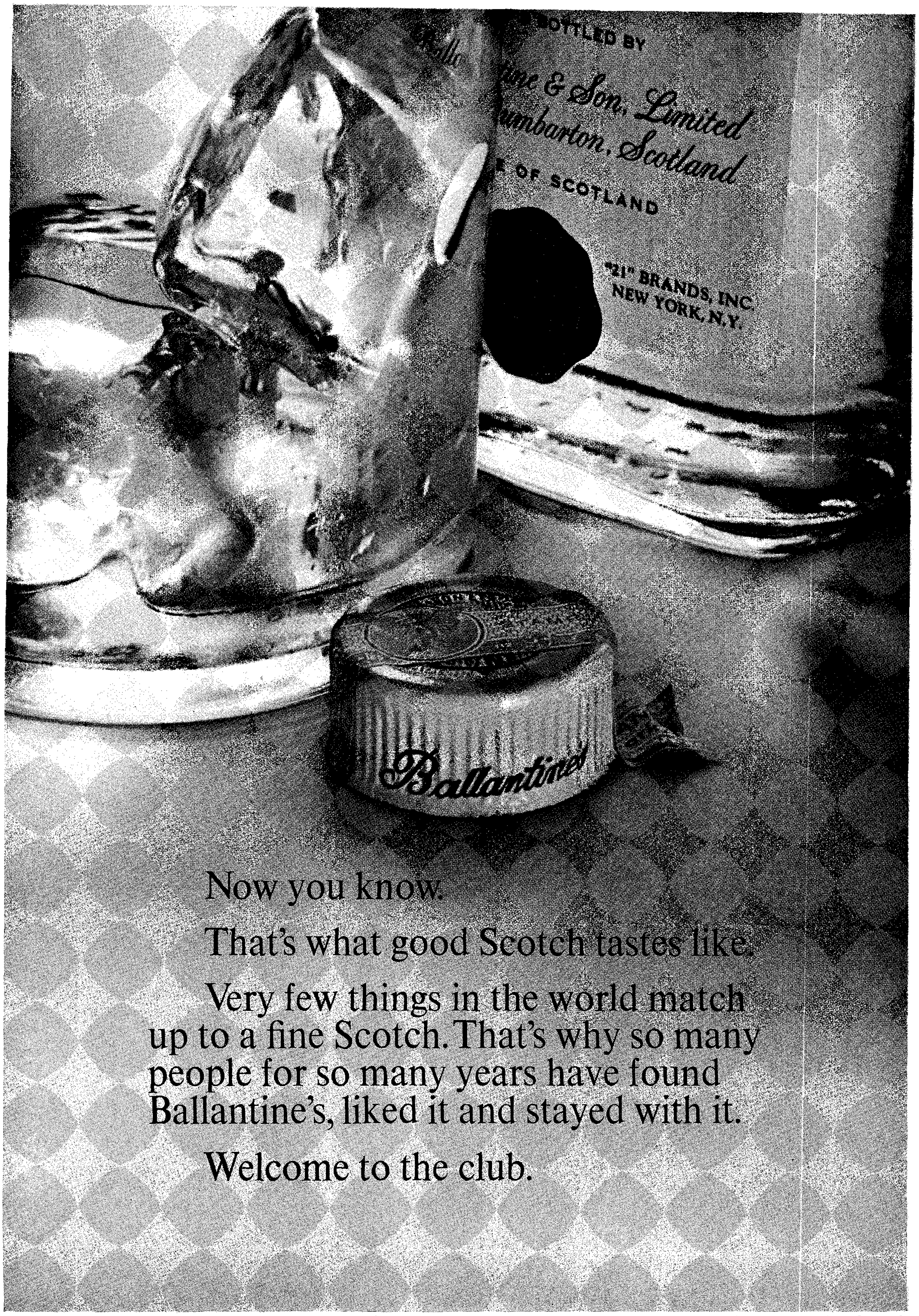
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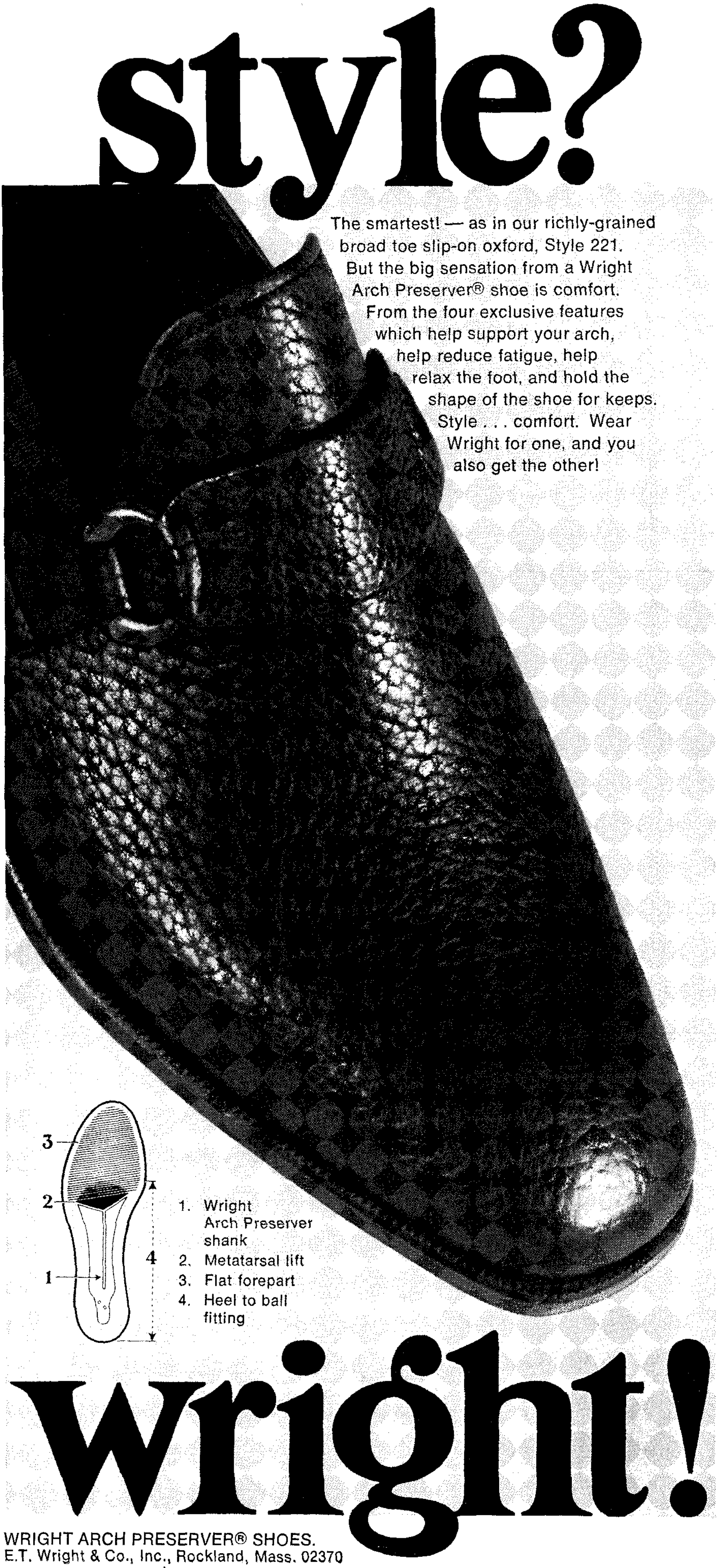
that Benjamin wrote. This fact distinguishes his writings from scholarly works of all kinds in which it is the function of quotations to verify and document opinions, wherefore the quotations can safely be relegated to the notes. This is out of the question in Benjamin. When he was working on his study of German tragedy, he boasted of a collection of "over six hundred quotations very systematically and clearly arranged;" like the later notebooks, this collection was not an accumulation of excerpts intended to facilitate the writing of the study but constituted the main work, the writing being something secondary. Benjamin produced the main work by tearing fragments out of their context and arranging them afresh in such a way that they illuminated one another and were able to prove their raison d'être in a free-floating state, as it were. It was a sort of Surrealistic montage. Benjamin's aim of producing a work that would consist entirely of quotations, mounted in such a masterly way that no accompanying text would be needed, may strike one as whimsical in the extreme, and self-destructive to boot, but it was not—any more than were the contemporaneous Surrealistic experiments, which arose from similar impulses. Insofar as an accompanying text by the author proved unavoidable, Benjamin felt, it should be fashioned in such a way as to preserve "the intention of such investigations;" namely, "to plumb the depths of language and thought . . . by drilling rather than excavating," so as not to ruin everything with explanations that sought to provide a causal or systematic connection between the quotations. Benjamin was quite well aware that this new method of "drilling" resulted in a certain "forcing of insights," but he claimed that the "inelegant pedantry" of this was "preferable to today's almost universal habit of falsifying them;" he was equally well aware that this method was bound to be "the cause of certain obscurities."

What mattered to him above all was to avoid anything that might suggest empathy, as though a given subject of investigation had a message in readiness that communicated itself easily, or at all, to the reader or spectator. "*No poem is meant for the reader, no picture for the beholder, no symphony for the listener.*" (The italics are mine.) This sentence, written quite early—in an essay called "The Task of the Translator," which served as the introduction to his translation of Baudelaire's "Tableaux Parisiens," published in 1923—could serve as a motto for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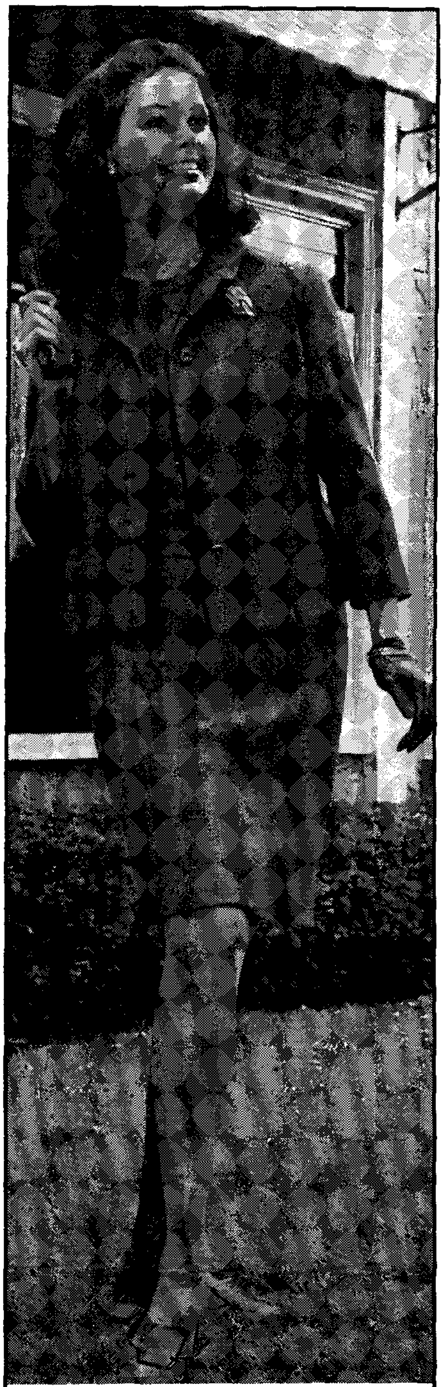
all of Benjamin's literary criticism. It should not be misunderstood as another Dadaist affront to an audience that had even then become quite used to all sorts of merely capricious shock effects and “put-ons.” Benjamin deals here with thought things, particularly those of a linguistic nature, which, according to him, “retain their meaning, possibly their best significance, if they are not *a priori* applied exclusively to man.” He explains: “For example, one could speak of an unforgettable life or moment even if all men had forgotten it. If the nature of such a life or moment required that it not be forgotten, that predicate would contain not a falsehood but merely a claim that was not being fulfilled by men, and perhaps also a reference to a realm in which it *was* fulfilled: God's remembrance.” Benjamin later gave up this theological background but not the theory and not his method of drilling to obtain the essential in the form of quotations—as one obtains water by drilling for it from a source concealed in the depths of the earth. This method is the modern equivalent of ritual invocation, and the spirits that now arise are invariably those spiritual essences from the past which have suffered the Shakespearean sea-change from living eyes to pearls, from living bones to coral. For Benjamin, to quote is to name, and naming, rather than speaking—the word, rather than the sentence—brings truth to light. As one may read in the preface to “The Origin of German Tragedy,” Benjamin regarded truth as an exclusively acoustical phenomenon. “Not Plato but Adam,” who gave things their names, was for him “the father of philosophy.” Tradition was the form in which these name-giving words were transmitted, and hence it, too, was essentially an acoustical phenomenon. Benjamin felt himself so closely akin to Kafka precisely because the latter, current misunderstandings notwithstanding, had “no far-sightedness or ‘prophetic vision’ ” but listened to tradition, and “he who listens hard does not see.”

There are good reasons that Benjamin's philosophical interest concentrated from the outset on the philosophy of language and that naming through quoting finally became for him the only appropriate, or even possible, way of dealing with the past without the aid of tradition. Any epoch whose own past has become as questionable to it as our past has to us must eventually come up against the phenomenon of language, for in it the past is contained ineradicably, thwarting every attempt



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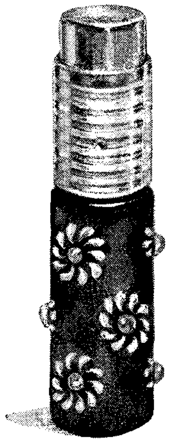

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to get rid of it once and for all. The Greek *polis* will continue to exist at the bottom of our political existence—that is, at the bottom of the sea—for as long as we use the word "politics." This is what the semanticists, who with good reason attack language as the one bulwark behind which the past hides—the confusion of language, as they say—fail to understand. They are absolutely right in maintaining that in the final analysis all problems are linguistic problems. They simply do not recognize the implications of what they are saying.

But Benjamin, who may or may not have read Wittgenstein, knew a great deal about these very things, because from the beginning the problem of truth had presented itself to him as "a revelation . . . which must be heard; i.e., which lies in the metaphysical acoustical sphere." To him, therefore, language was by no means primarily the gift of speech that distinguishes man from other living beings but, on the contrary, "the world essence . . . from which speech arises"—which, incidentally, comes quite close to Heidegger's position that "man can speak only insofar as he is the sayer." Thus, there is "a language of truth, the tensionless and even silent repository of the ultimate secrets which all thought is concerned with," and this is "the true language," whose existence we assume unthinkingly whenever we translate from one language into another. That is why Benjamin places at the center of his essay on "The Task of the Translator" the astonishing quotation from Mallarmé in which the spoken languages, in their multiplicity and diversity, are said to be suffocating by their Babel-like tumult the "*immortelle parole*," which cannot even be thought, since "thinking is writing without implement or whispers, silently," and thus to be preventing the voice of truth from being heard on earth with the force of material evidence. Whatever theoretical revisions Benjamin may subsequently have made in these theological-metaphysical convictions, his basic approach, decisive for all his literary studies, remained unchanged: not to investigate the utilitarian or communicative functions of linguistic creations but to understand them in their crystallized, and thus ultimately fragmentary, form as intentionless and noncommunicative utterances of a "world essence." What does this mean but that he understood language as an essentially poetic phenomenon? And this is precisely what the last sentence of the Mallarmé aphorism, which he does not

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quote, says with unequivocal clarity: "Seulement, *sachons* n'existerait pas le vers: *lui, philosophiquement remunère le défaut des langues, complément supérieur.*" (All this would be true, the "*immortelle parole*" would be lost, suffocated forever in the tumult of languages, "*if poetry did not exist;* the poem that philosophically makes good the defect of languages is their superior complement.") All of which says only, though in a slightly more complex way, what I suggested earlier, which is that we are dealing here with something that may not be unique but is certainly extremely rare—the gift of *thinking poetically*.

And this thinking, fed by the present, works with the "thought fragments" it can wrest from the past and gather about itself. Like a pearl diver who descends to the bottom of the sea, not to excavate the entire bottom and bring it to light but to pry loose the rich and strange, the pearls and the coral in the depths, and carry them to the surface, this thinking plunges into the depths of the past, but not in order to restore it to what it was and to contribute to the renewal of extinct ages. What guides this thinking is the conviction that although the living is subject to the ruin of time, the process of decay is at the same time a process of crystallization—that in the depths of the sea, into which sinks and is dissolved what once was alive, some things suffer a sea-change and survive in new, crystallized forms and shapes, which remain immune to the elements, as though they waited only for the pearl diver who would one day come down to them and carry them up into the world of the living as "thought fragments," as something "rich and strange," and perhaps even as everlasting *Urphänomene.* —HANNAH ARENDT

(*Translated from the German, by Harry Zohn.*)

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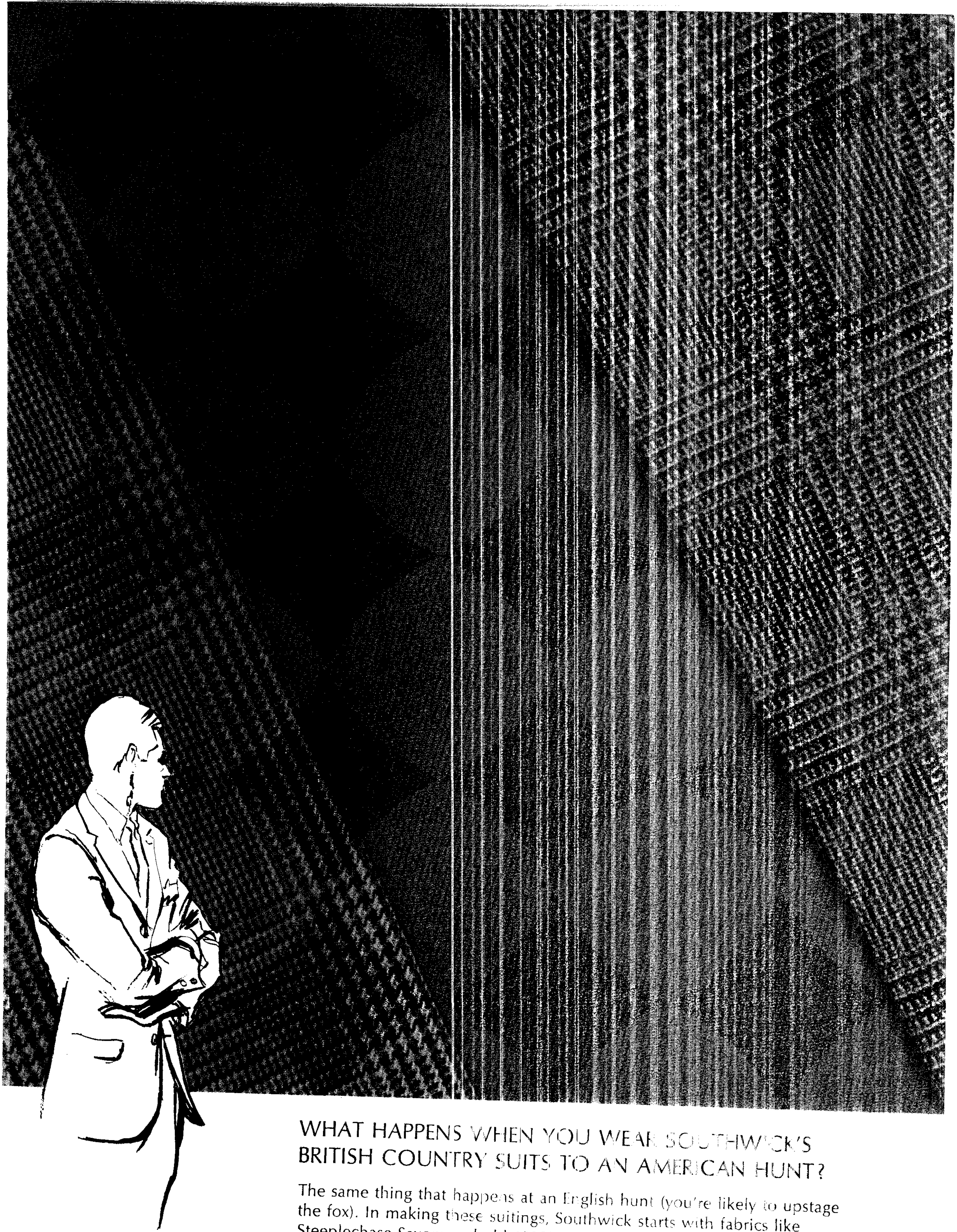

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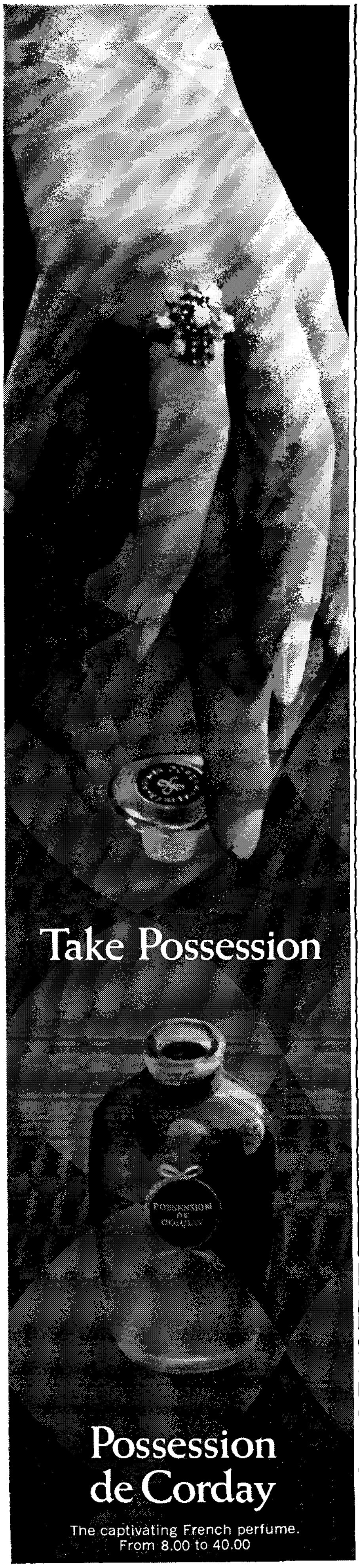
POETS AND OTHERS

THE APA-Phoenix Repertory Company last week brought into proximity in the crusted, fusty grandeur of the Lyceum a couple of plays provocatively far apart in age and point of view—a revival of T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party," a drawing-room comedy about God, which had its première in Edinburgh in 1949, and a revival of Molière's "The Misanthrope," a drawing-room comedy about Man, which had its première in Paris in 1666. I share the usual craven preference for giving good news before bad, so I will ignore the order of the plays' arrival at the Lyceum and plunge straight into my praise of "The Misanthrope." It is, of course, an enchanting play, which mocks with a racy, forthright masculinity the hypocritical fawnings and backbitings of seventeenth-century French aristocrats; at the same time, it mocks the presumptuous folly of any individual attempt to perfect the essentially imperfectible human animal. The play is so adroitly balanced scene against scene and even line against line that, lightly tapped by accident at any point, it might never stop rocking. Played in French, it must come close to being foolproof; certainly the first requirement for its success in English is that it be well translated. The present production makes use of a rendering in rhymed couplets (with the conventional six iambics of the French wisely reduced to the conventional five iambics of English) composed some years ago by Richard Wilbur, who is a witty man as well as an excellent poet and who has performed a miracle that, not to speak sacrilege, is surely more difficult than turning ordinary water into ordinary wine: he has turned one rare wine into another without causing the first to lose its identity. The ancient Italian taunt "*Traduttore traditore*" ("The translator is a betrayer") holds no terrors for Mr. Wilbur, who contrives to remain true to Molière in the very act of seeming to turn his back on him. (To my ear, the only false note in the entire translation is the word "gigolos," which fatally echoes the nineteen-twenties.) Mr. Wilbur's employment of rhyme is masterly; it refreshes our recollection of the sheer utility of rhyme in raising the internal tension of a play, especially of a comedy, and in adding to the complex pleasure we derive from the sense of words the simple pleasure of the sweet collision of their sounds.

After Molière, Mr. Wilbur is the hero of the occasion, followed by the director, Stephen Porter, who has taken care to see that all the members of his company of quite dissimilar actors attain the same high pitch of artifice. This is to say that they really *are* a company, and it is instructive to observe that surrendering themselves to a common style has served to enhance rather than diminish their distinction as individuals. Richard Easton is superb as Alceste, the "*atrabilaire amoureux*," who, failing to remodel the world according to his lofty, humorless convictions, chooses to abandon it. (Molière himself played Alceste, and some of his contemporaries asserted that the role was in part autobiographical.) Sydney Walker plays Alceste's friend, Philinte, with just the right mixture of charm and gravity, and Brian Bedford brings down the house with his impersonation of a waspish little fop of a marquess. Also to be praised are Christine Pickles as Célimène, the catty baggage whom Alceste struggles in vain to stop loving; Keene Curtis as Oronte, a contentious poetaster; and Patricia Conolly as Eliante, who is as faithful as Célimène is fickle. The delightfully exiguous scenery is by James Tilton.

AFTER three hundred years, "The Misanthrope" is charged with youthful vigor; after nineteen years, "The Cocktail Party" creaks and wheezes and dithers in such a way that it seems sure (if I may risk an Irish bull) to die young of old age. The first of the three scenes in the first act is a model of well-made Wildean comedy, but throughout the rest of the evening it is obvious that the playwright has lost control of his materials; he becomes increasingly didactic and implausible as the necessities of his not very complicated plot ensnare him—a Laocoön with the bottoms of his trousers rolled, at the mercy not of serpents but of his own convoluted verbiage. With the dry, somewhat foxed prankishness for which he was celebrated, Eliot begins and ends his play with identical cocktail parties. At the first party, what has gone wrong is that the hostess has just left her husband; at the second party, what *I* think has gone wrong is that she has come back to him. The reconciliation of these two dreary, middle-aged, upper-middle-class Londoners has been arranged by a secret society of eccentric do-gooders—among them a grotesque psychoanalyst, a gabbling dowager, an itinerant public servant—who, it unsurprisingly appears, believe in and serve the sort of nasty, exacting schoolmaster of a God that Eliot himself believed in. They are dedicated savers of souls, and the more troubled the soul the more relish they take in saving it by the imposition of certain tasks, some merely tiresome (marriage), others terrible (death by crucifixion on an anthill). Eliot made exquisite poems out of his wan willingness to be birched by God; the costive, penitent schoolboy, gray with years and demerits, haunts "The Cocktail Party" but cannot give it life.

The harsh truth about the present production is that it makes the play seem even worse than it is. Unlike Mr. Porter in his direction of "The Misanthrope," the director of "The Cocktail Party," Philip Minor, has succeeded in imposing no unity of style on his actors. Brian Bedford, who has the advantage of being English, gives an excellent performance as the stuffy, miserable husband, but Nancy Walker, as the talkative Julia, is flagrantly, coarsely American in her voice, her appearance, and even her scrappy, prizefighter-like carriage. Sydney Walker is scarcely more convincing as the psychoanalyst. In the original production here, in 1950, Alec Guinness played the part with an antic mysteriousness that, however factitious, added a welcome note of Agatha Christie to the proceedings; Mr. Walker plays the part as if he were the night man at Frank Campbell's, all sympathy and solemn busyness. Keene Curtis and Frances Sternhagen pour much energy into their roles as the public servant and the wife who chooses to return to her husband, and Patricia Conolly as Celia, the girl who loses her life on the cross, is appropriately woebegone—all in vain. The scenery, by Mr. Tilton, seems as unsure of itself as the cast is. One set is a conventionally decorated London drawing room and the other is a doctor's office furnished with plastic bubble chairs that look as if they had been



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borrowed from some failed play about the twenty-first century.

"THE MEGILLA OF ITZIK MANGER," at the John Golden, is a musical in Yiddish, interrupted from time to time by English footnotes. It is a small affair, with half a dozen eager and attractive performers, and is said to have enjoyed an immense success in Israel. If I felt irresistibly impelled to steal away after the first act, it was only because my store of Yiddish (laboriously acquired over the years by reading literary quarterlies and listening to Myron Cohen on TV) proved unequal to the occasion. . . . "The Flip Side" was an English drawing-room comedy about wife-swapping. It was written by Hugh and Margaret Williams, who appear to have believed that they were providing a number of very daring as well as very witty jokes about sex. Well, there was not a single witty line in the play, and nothing that took place in it, on or offstage, was in the least daring. It was simply sleazy. I felt sorry for the four pleasant people—David McCallum, Monica Evans, Gwyda DonHowe, and Don Francks—who had had to get by heart so many fatuous lines. This dreadful accident past, I hope they will prove as good at forgetting as they have been obliged to be at remembering. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

See What the Boys in the Pressroom Will Have

ROBERT RYAN and Henry Fonda and the rest of that splendid stock company at the Plumstead, in Mineola, are now doing a revival of "The Front Page," one of the funniest plays on earth, and, along with it, a revival of the whole hardboiled, cynical, and romantic world (or perhaps never-never land) of the twenties, when the press was cock o' the walk (or perhaps just felt it was) and, on the side, when everybody had confidence in humor as a means of getting at human wickedness as well as human foibles. There are plenty of both in "The Front Page" as it goes its rollicking, irreverent way, hooting and thumbing its nose, in scene after scene, at freewheeling reporters, the gullible public, and venal, corrupt politicians with their hangers-on and henchmen—among them, of all people, the mayor and the police of Chicago. For the benefit of those, like me, who had never seen the play, all the action takes place in the pressroom of the Criminal Courts Building in Chicago, during the single night before a murderer is to be hanged. ("The Front Page" is a classical comedy as well as a funny one.) The action is considerable, much of it of the how-are-they-going-to-get-out-of-this-one variety, and of course they-always-do, always taking the audience by surprise in the doing, and of course virtue triumphs in the end, or at least vice gets it in the neck. Mr. Fonda appears in a subordinate role this time, as McCue of the City Press, and one can tell immediately by the look of his clothes that he is meant to be several cuts above the other reporters, phoning and lounging and playing poker and needling every official who drops by. In a deadpan voice, he makes one outrageous phone call after another, but he is as often a wary, amused spectator of the monkeyshines as a participant in them. Nevertheless, Mr. Fonda is always the most interesting man on the stage, even when he is just quietly eating a hamburger. Without ever setting foot outside the boundaries of his part, he controls the show. He is even better than he was in "Our Town" a couple of weeks ago. Mr. Ryan makes a fine, Mephistophelian Walter Burns, managing editor of the *Examiner*, a peerless conniver, and, from the moment he enters, near the end of the second act, Ringleader of the Revels. Even he, however, cannot make his curtain line—the all-time double-cross—the uproarious shock it was meant to be; it is just too famous, and the audience anticipates it and starts to chuckle whole minutes before he delivers it. Charles White is very funny as the dim-brained sheriff, that pillar of jello who is on the receiving end of most of the baiting by the reporters and most of the bawling out by the mayor, and so is Harold J. Kennedy as a finicky hypochondriac. I also enjoyed John McGiver as the mayor, William Duell as the timorous, addled murderer on the run, Thomas Coley as a pesky, dumb cop with criminological aspirations, and Delos V. Smith, Jr., as a messenger from the governor's office. The women's parts are negligible, but Estelle Parsons as the bewildered, importunate ingénue and Nancy R. Pollock as her mother are certainly acceptable. The play, forty years old, hardly seemed dated to me. In fact, its setting and milieu and its lines about a coming election and a "Red menace" are, if anything, a touch over-pertinent. It was a kind of relief to hear Mr. Ryan in handcuffs shouting, "Get Clarence Darrow!" Under

Leo Brady's direction, the show whips right along, never missing or blurring a point on the way. There are some weaknesses in casting and a few rough spots in performance, as you'll find out for yourselves without any guidance from me, but the production is the best you're likely to see of "The Front Page." It is all there, and of course the highest praise must go to the late Messrs. Hecht and MacArthur, its onlie begetters. Don't waste any more time reading. Go to Mineola. Trains run often from Penn Station, and the Mineola station is only a short walk from the Plumstead.

LAST Thursday evening, if you're still with me, The Living Theatre presented its version of Sophocles' "Antigone" ("adapted for the stage by Bertolt Brecht, based on the German translation by Friedrich Hölderlin, translated into the English by Judith Malina, production created by The Living Theatre Company, under the direction of Judith Malina and Julian Beck"). During the ride to the Brooklyn Academy of Music, I tried to snuff out my prejudice against anyone who monkeys around with "Antigone," which I prefer to take straight (though, naturally, translated into the English), and to bear in mind that The Living Theatre has done the best productions of Brecht I've ever seen. This one is not. Alternately tedious and repulsive—the second, and perhaps the first, by design—it is tricked up and message-laden and shot through with the company's own closed-circuit mysticism. Mr. Beck's Kreon is an effeminate and tantrumy political boss, with a bogus Southern accent and a silly toe-heel walk; Miss Malina's Antigone is a martyrish waif. On the other hand: (1) the choral speaking and chanting are not only clear but always seem in keeping—a rare feat for any American company; (2) at one point the company divides in two and slowly walks around the edges of the auditorium, singing a lovely song and enclosing us in a circle of enchantment; (3) Kreon and Antigone double as characters and narrators, sometimes in a single speech (Kreon: " 'Old fool, you don't seem to like feasting,' said the ruler")—a funny, original idea, splitting believability right down the middle. That's all, though. The calisthenics are as disciplined and interminable as ever, if you like calisthenics, and, again, the members of the cast spend a great deal of time rushing up and down the aisles howling and writhing and bothering the customers.

—EDITH OLIVER

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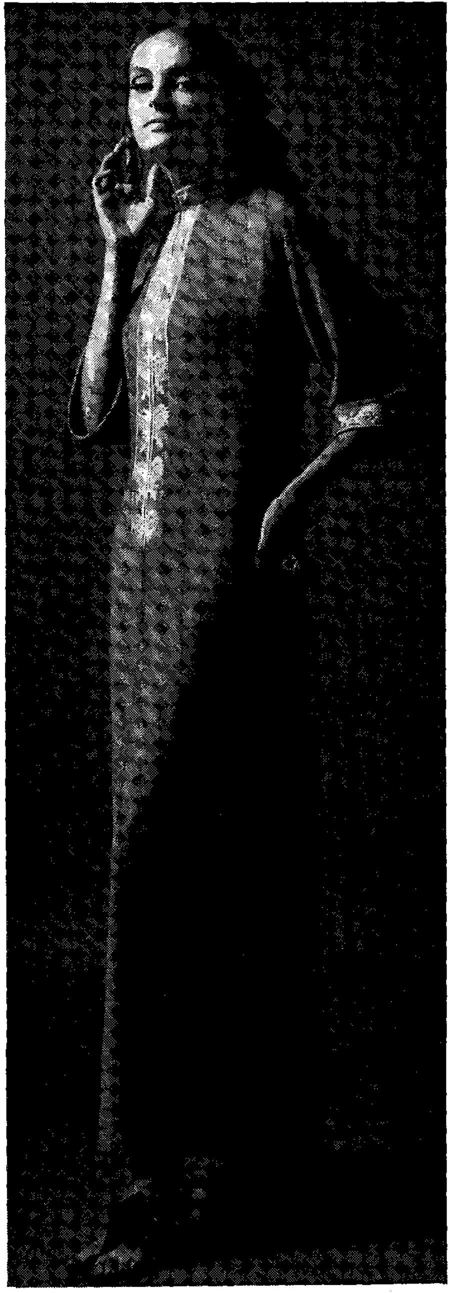

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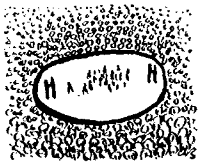
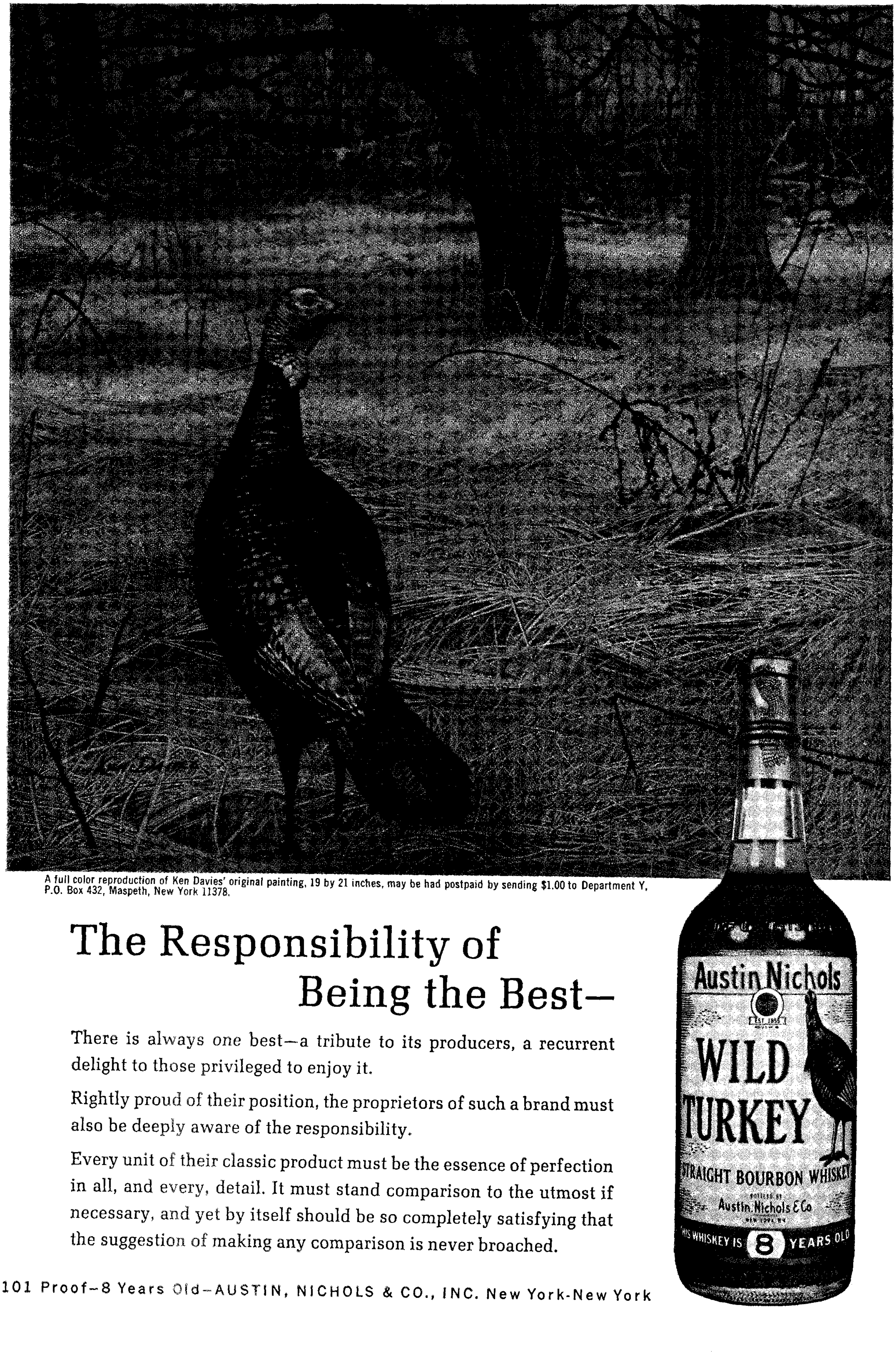


AGREED: There is enough violence in real life without our having to watch it on television, too. Not that you can always see it on television—the eye of the camera so often (and this cannot be perpetually an accident) wanders from the scene when a performer has been so damaged that he cannot walk off by himself. Real life has been very real as well as earnest in the professional leagues; count the teams that have been leaning on second-string quarterbacks because the first choices have been roughed up. The Colts can be cited as an example, though Earl Morrall, pitching five straight games for twelve touchdowns and five wins, can only with difficulty be considered second-string as he fills in for Johnny Unitas. The Giants, who have been going through a quite successful revivalist meeting this fall, cannot be cited, for Fran Tarkenton is seemingly a quarterback who does not even have so much as an Achilles heel; he may be the only first-stringer to last the season in the professional leagues. Brian Dowling, Yale's prize leader, hasn't the durability of a Tarkenton—a banged knee in his sophomore year, a broken hand in his junior year—and what durability he has was tested once more last Saturday when, as he fell to the turf outside the field of play, a Brown defender slammed into him. Dowling's foot-and-arm work had already run up enough points so that his instant withdrawal from the match didn't matter (Yale loafed along to a 35–13 ending), but the news that another Dowling knee had been banged did. Bryant Mitchell, who bruised his rib cage in the encounter with Cornell a week before, sat out the Rutgers meeting with Lehigh. Rutgers won, all right, but barely (29–26), and the temptation to send Mitchell in must have been mighty. And up at Baker Field, Richie Szaro, whose last season in the Harvard freshman backfield had caused observers to consider him another Bobby Leo, another Victor Gatto—to name two illustrious predecessors on the Harvard varsity—was invisible (not an Achilles heel but an Achilles ankle). Szaro, a Brooklyn young man, was quite the whiz kid when he performed for St. Francis Prep, but this fall, because of his ankle, he has done very little. Well, yes, he did show up in the varsity meeting with Bucknell; standing on that bad foot, with which he normally kicks, he booted three points after touchdown with his left foot. But Gatto—small, chunky, fleet, and prescient Gatto—was finding the holes in Columbia and using them well enough for Harvard to win, 21–14. And Columbia, which is essentially the arms, legs, heart, and soul of Domres, its quarterback, provided a couple of comedy turns that gave Harvard a couple of opportunities, and Harvard used them. Still, Harvard can look forward, well put together though it is, to a few hard times; Columbia can look forward to even more.

"UPSETS"? Only for the professional odds-makers. Because a team that is still loose-leaf after just three weeks of practice can become a fireball after four or five. Or, contrariwise, extra practice time can only aggravate already acquired bumps and bruises, of both mind and matter. (If you must have a true upset, settle for Colgate 14, Holy Cross 6.) Thus Princeton, with another week of work on pass defense and downfield blocking, was able to turn loose MacBean and McCullough against Dartmouth (34–7), and Dartmouth, with another week of practice that seemed only to aggravate injuries, couldn't cope. Pennsylvania, with one more week of work in hand, was able to "upset" Cornell, though traditionally Cornell, however efficient, suffers a sinking spell around the third game of every season. Thus Army, its much smaller but much faster linemen outpacing California's mastodons and its cornerbacks gobbling up California passes, "upset," by the count of 10–7, an overconfident but overweight enemy that hadn't been beaten this fall. (It was liberally basted with performers in the early and middle two hundreds.) One of the middle two hundreds—White, guard, two-forty, six-three—blocked Jensen's first try at a field goal, but he couldn't stop the second, and that was the ball game. And Gary Steele, high-jump champion, made the leap of his career to outreach the California defender, snaffle a pass, wrestle away from the defender, and go for the one Army touchdown. Tom Cross, the head linesman in that game, contributed the other notable touch. In lieu of the customary red kerchief with which to mark the point where an infraction of the rules occurs, he uses a red beanbag. —J. W. L.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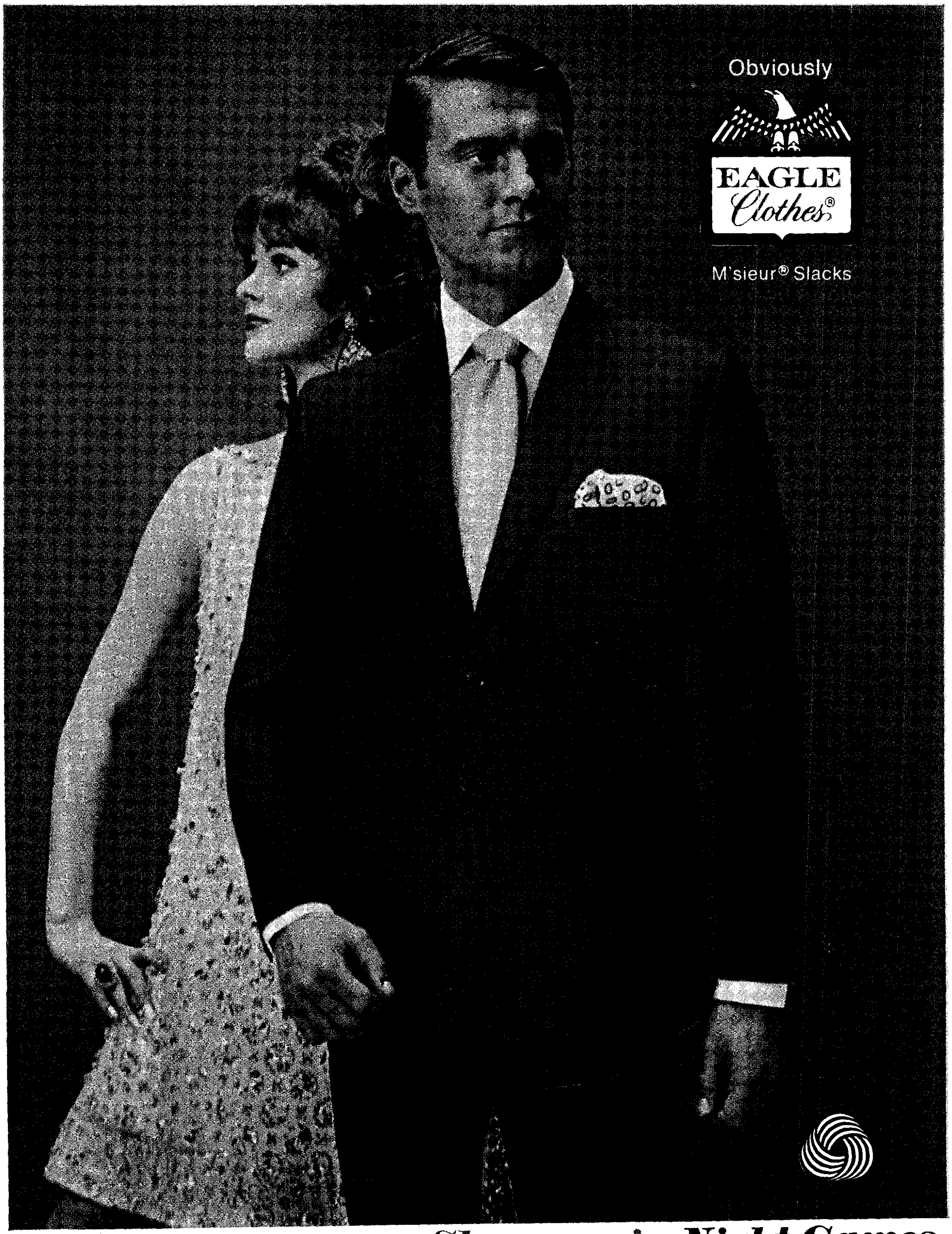
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"DON'T forget those little ash-trays in the back, my friend!" called Harry Joe Shreve, holding open the front door of his white Chrysler Imperial. The windows of the car were shut, so he couldn't call through the window ("TURN OFF ENGINE. LEAVE CAR IN NEUTRAL. CLOSE WINDOWS," said the sign above the door of the Speed Cleen Car Wash), but the car-wash attendant who was crouched down vacuuming the floor behind the front seat gave no sign of hearing. "Ashtrays, boy!" called Shreve, louder, and when the man turned his dark, blank face toward him Shreve pointed at the ashtrays. Then he closed the door and stepped back. A second attendant—a tall, skinny man wearing Army-surplus clothes, a cap, and black rubber boots—was shooting steam from a hose at the wheels of the Chrysler, and Shreve, walking around the front of his car, tried to call his attention to the left headlight, which had a small mark on it—a black, V-shaped smear that looked like oil—but the man, when he looked over, merely nodded. "Well, come on take a *look!*" called Shreve. "I'm showing you what I'm talking about." The man continued to shoot steam at the wheels, so Shreve, his face reddening, strode over and grabbed him by the arm. "Come here," he said, and led him around the front of the car. "See what I'm talking about?" he said, pointing to the mark on the rim of the light. "You see?" The man gazed evenly at it, the steam hose spitting at the ground beside him. Shreve made a rubbing motion with his free hand. "You clean that good, hear?" Then he let go of the man's arm and stepped back, shaking his head. "What's the use?" he said to himself. Another attendant, this one in a faded sweatshirt, was attaching a small chain to the front bumper of the Chrysler; the chain was attached in turn to a thicker, heavier chain that crawled forward—gleaming with grease—along the floor of the car wash. Presently, the white Chrysler began to inch slowly into the building, following a bright-red Buick Riviera. The Buick disappeared into the steam clouds, and Shreve's car moved after it. Shreve had a last glimpse of his Alabama plate, and then a black Cadillac Eldorado was hauled by, blocking his view. Shreve watched for a moment, staring at the churning clouds, the shower of hot water, and—when the steam parted for an instant—the giant spinning brushes.

Shreve turned away and walked

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along the side of the building toward the front of the car wash. Beyond a chain fence was the deserted parking lot of a frozen-custard stand. "SEE YOU IN THE SPRING," said a sign on one of the big windows, but the place had a desolate, bankrupt look. Across the highway was a discount furniture store. At the end of the fence, by the front of the car wash, there were several black oil drums with wringers, and men with rolled-up sleeves, breathing steam, were plunging rags into the drums, wringing them out, and then scrubbing and polishing the chrome on the newly washed cars that emerged from the building. The car owners stood around, watching, waiting.

Shreve glanced into the car wash. The red Buick was just visible, covered with soapsuds, behind several other cars, but the Chrysler was still out of sight. The nearest car—a green Ford—was moving under the hot-air dryer, flecks of water leaping from its roof and hood. Shreve walked along the sidewalk, lighting a cigarette. Next to the car wash was an auto-parts store, its windows smeared with dirt; there were stacks of tires and bumpers and accessories piled in the dimness. Two hundred yards down the highway were the big blue turnpike signs. Shreve glanced at his watch. A few minutes more—five, maybe—and he'd be back on the turnpike, homeward bound. He turned back to the car wash just in time to see the red Buick emerging, gleaming in the sunlight. He strode over and peered into the building to see how his Chrysler looked. There, a few feet behind the rear of the red Buick, coming slowly along on the chain, was the black Cadillac. Behind it was a blue Volkswagen, and behind that a gray Rover. "Where's my car?" said Shreve, almost to himself. Then he yelled, "Where's my car!" He ran into the building. The floor was slippery with oil and water, and it was hot inside. "My car!" he yelled. "Where is it?" The faces of the attendants were blank, puzzled. He ran all the way through the building, past the unfamiliar cars, past the hot-air dryer and the hot-water rinse and the soapy brushes and the steam, and then he was outdoors again, where he had started a few minutes before. "Where the hell is my car?" he demanded of the tall, thin man in the Army-surplus clothes. "What's the big idea?"

"What car?" said the man.

"My Imperial!" yelled Shreve. "My Chrysler Imperial!"

The man looked puzzled, and shook

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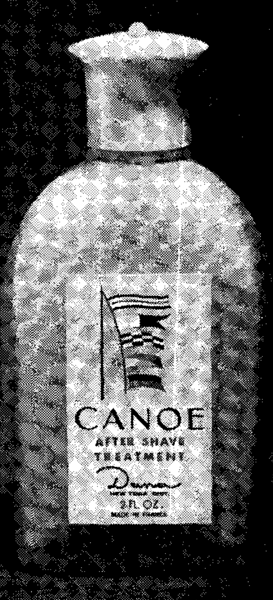

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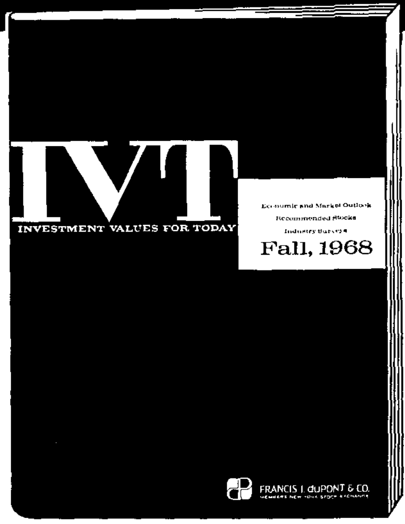
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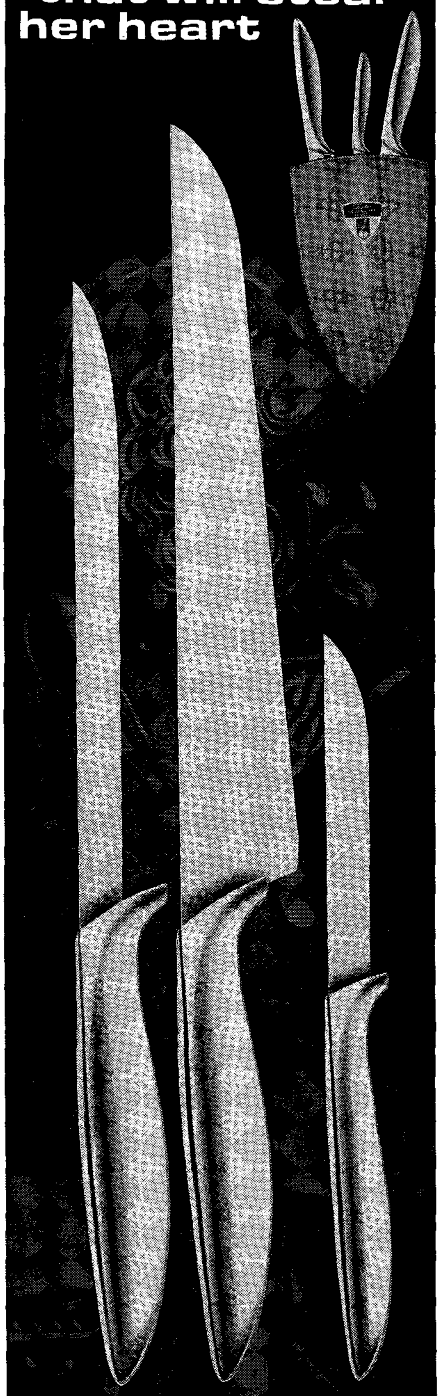

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his head slowly. "I didn't see no Chrysler Imperial," he said.

"You cleaned it!" yelled Shreve. "I saw you clean it! I saw you clean my car!"

The man shook his head. "I don't recall no Imperial," he said.

Shreve spun around and pointed at the man with the vacuum. "You cleaned it, too," he said. "I told you 'Clean the ashtrays'! Remember—the ashtrays!"

The attendant frowned. "Don't remember no Imperial today," he said.

"But it *went on the chain!*" Shreve shouted. "I saw it hooked on right in front of that black Caddy. One of you must have taken it off while it was inside there."

"You can't take no car off that chain, Mister," the attendant said. "That chain's movin' all the time. It's hot in there. All that steam and stuff—you can see." He shook his head and turned slowly away, opening the door of the next car in line.

"Where's the manager?" demanded Shreve, running back inside the building. No one paid any attention. When he emerged on the front sidewalk, his clothes damp from the sprays, the men were putting the final touches on the black Cadillac. Shreve grabbed a short, stout man who was polishing the rear bumper. "Where's the manager?"

"He went away for a while."

"My car's gone," said Shreve.

"You got your ticket?" asked the short man.

"What ticket?" yelled Shreve. "I didn't get any ticket!"

"Got to have the ticket," said the man. "Didn't nobody give you the ticket when you come in?"

"No!" Shreve was beginning to feel dizzy.

The short man glanced around and caught the eye of the Cadillac owner—a man in a dark suit and hat, wearing glasses. "You got *your* ticket, Mister?" he asked.

The man pulled his hand from his coat pocket and held up a small, pink ticket.

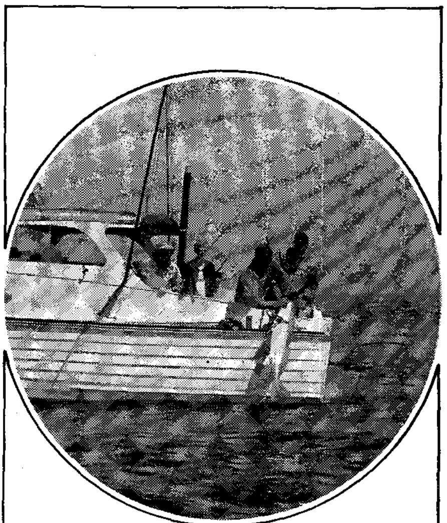
Shreve stepped over to him. "They didn't *give* me a ticket," he said.

The man turned away, shrugging slightly.

"They took my car," said Shreve.

"I don't know anything about that," said the man.

"All set, sir," said the short attendant, and the man handed him the ticket and two dollars, and got into the Cad-



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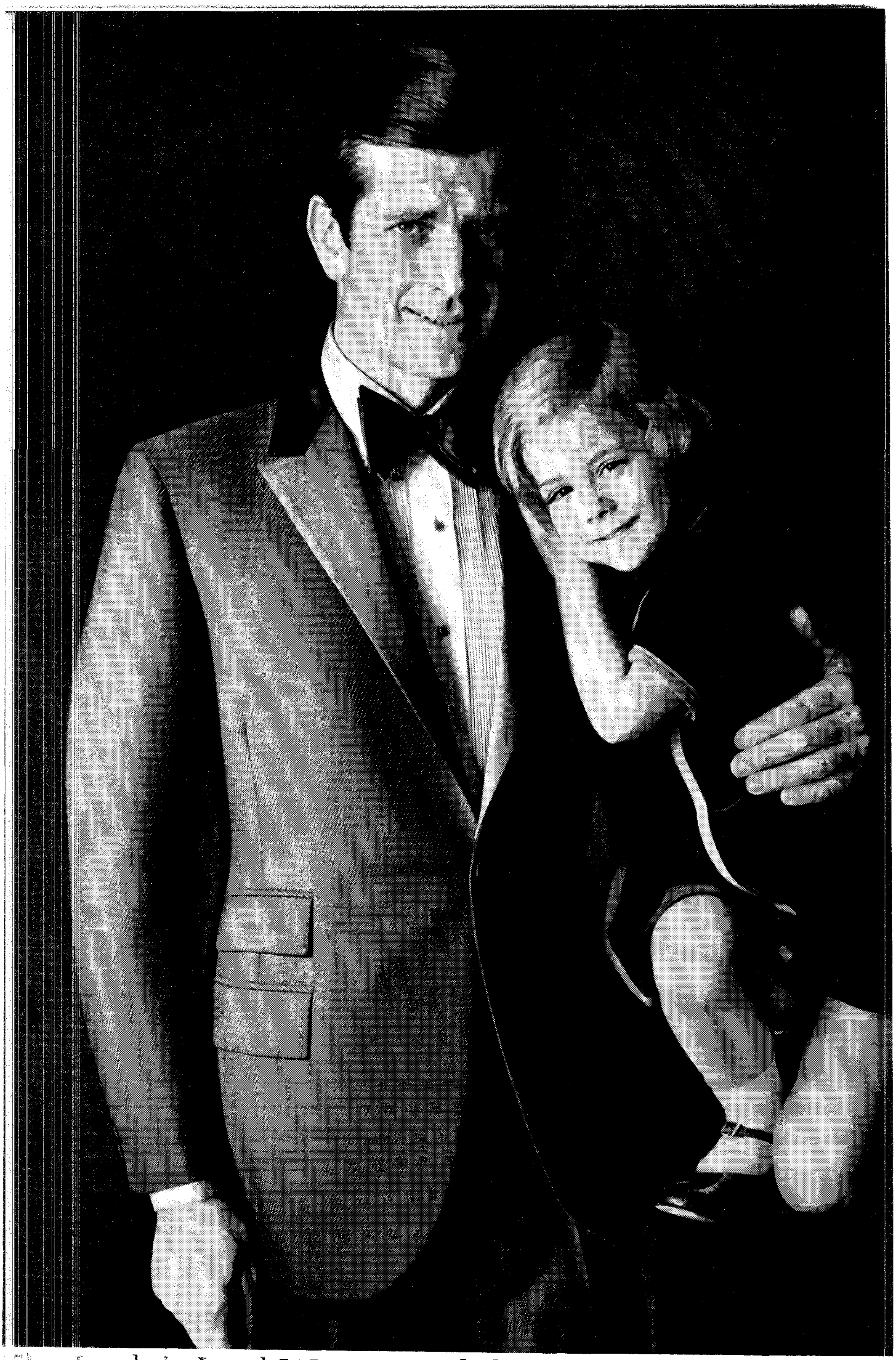

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illac, slamming the door. Shreve ran over to the car.

"Listen, friend," he said, "I'm from out of state. They—"

The window of the Cadillac rolled quietly and quickly closed, and then the car was moving away, out onto the highway. Shreve watched it drive away down the road, and then he turned back. The attendants were all busy now on the Volkswagen. No one looked at him. Shreve yelled, "I'm going to get the police, you hear? The police!"

He turned and started to stride down the sidewalk, not caring which way he was going, just getting out of there, going to find a phone. He was in front of the auto-parts store now—they might have a phone he could use—and he grabbed the door handle. It was locked. "CLOSED FOR VACATION," said a hand-lettered sign on the door. Shreve peered through the dirty window of the dark store, swearing, and he was about to turn away when he saw, on top of a heap of bumpers and tires, a single headlight—one with a small, V-shaped black smear on the rim that looked like oil.

—JAMES STEVENSON

•

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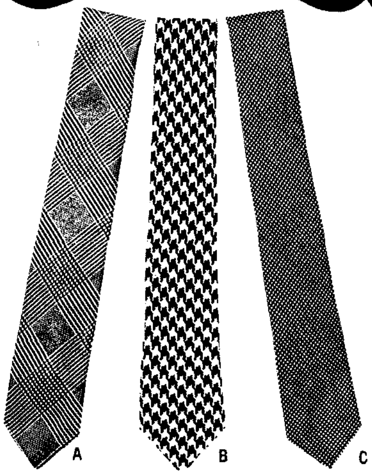

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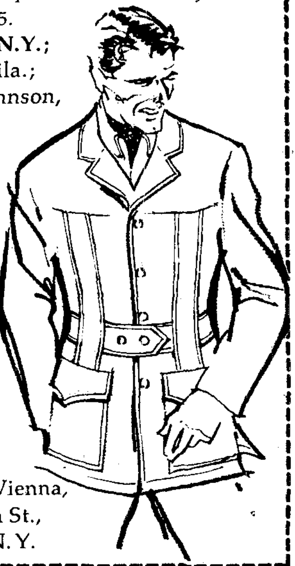

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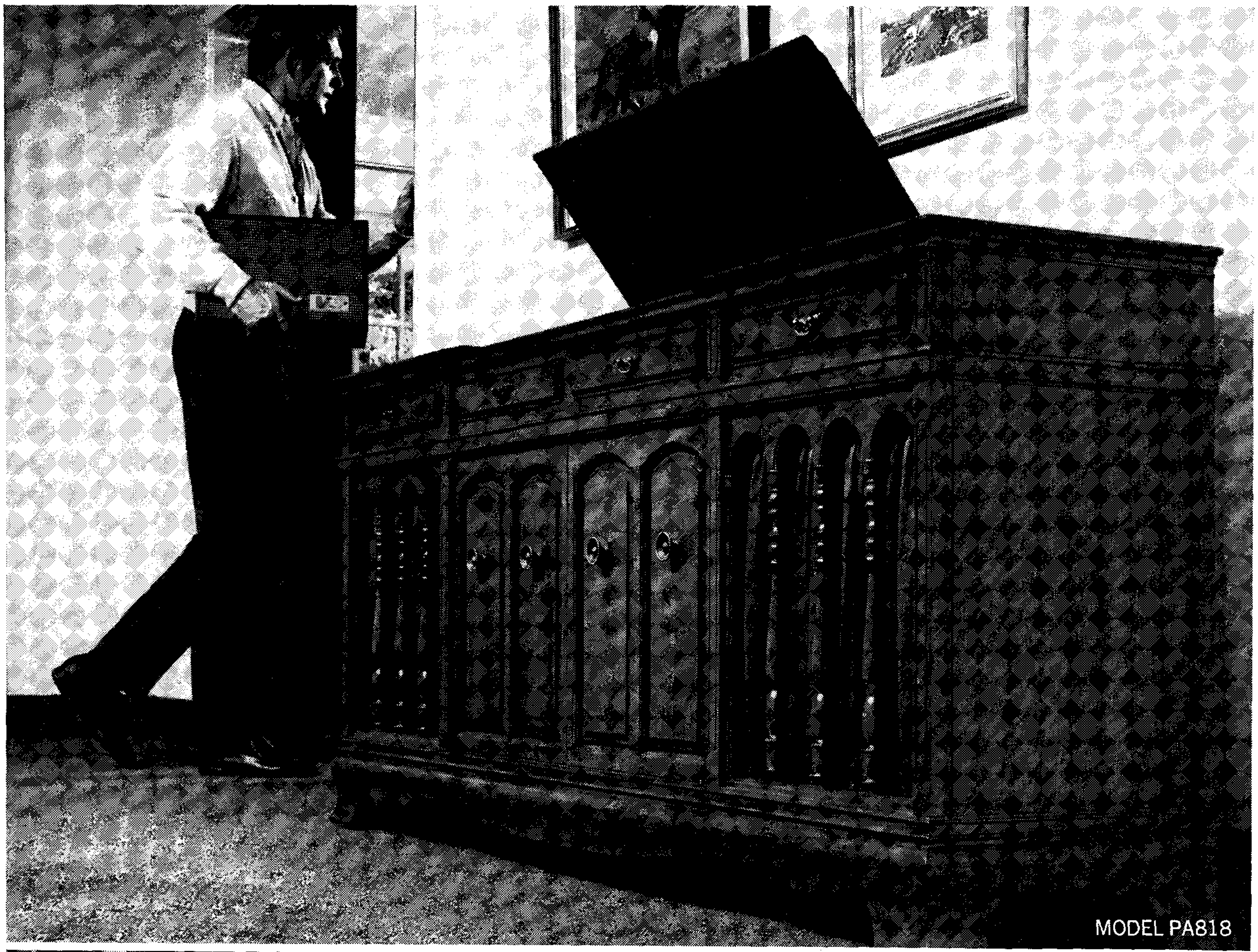

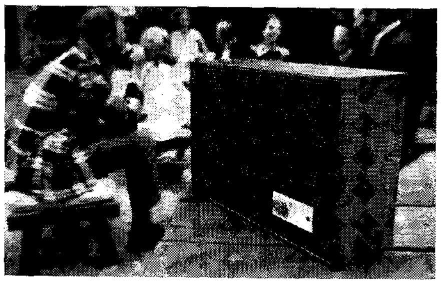

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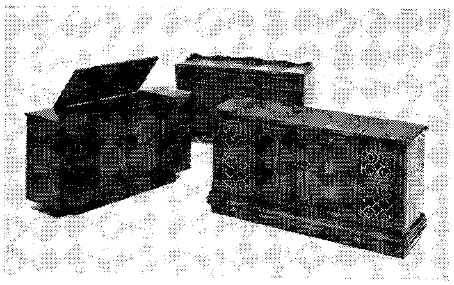

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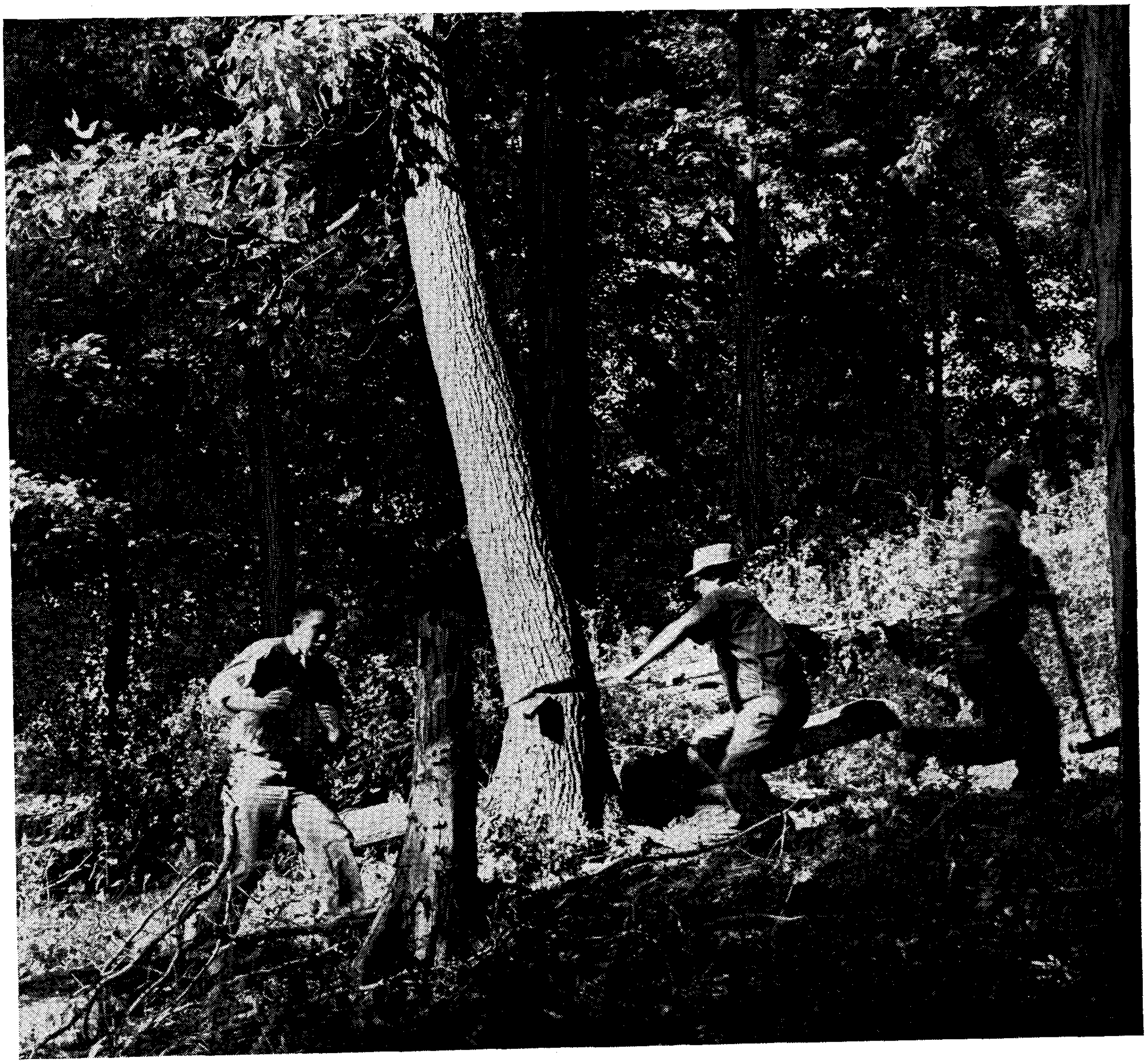

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ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

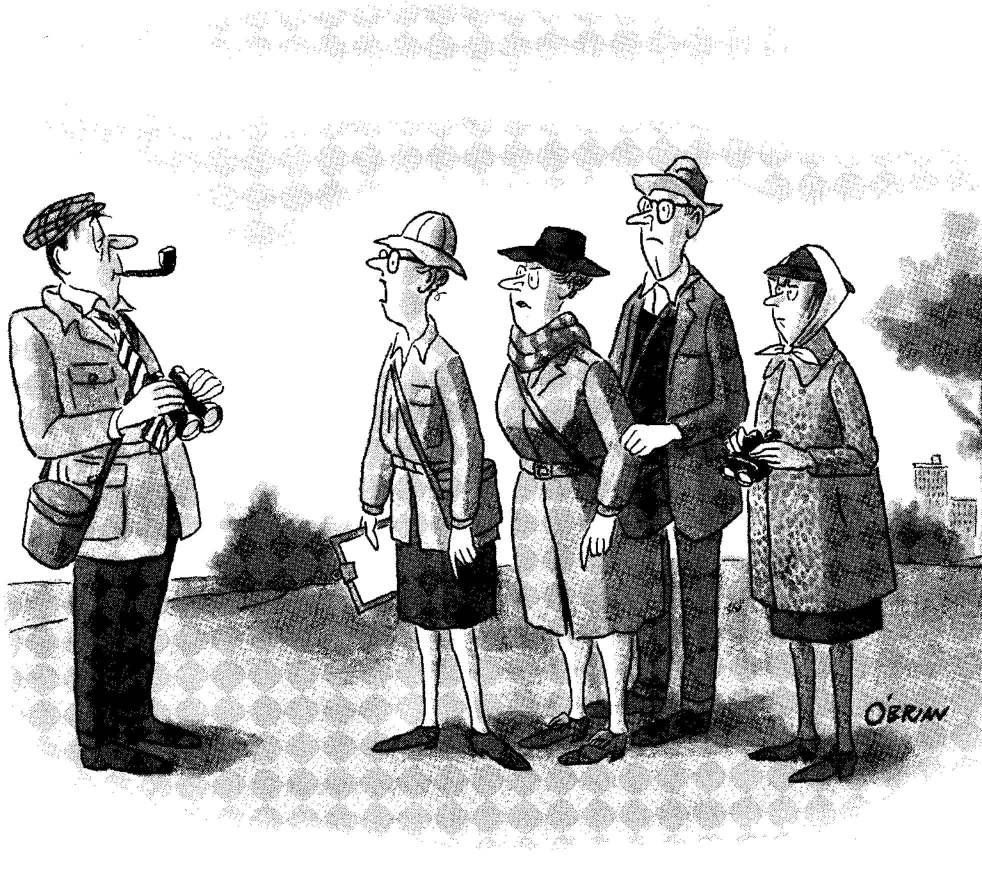
EVOLUTION OF A TERM

THE term "the Establishment," as it is now popularly used, was introduced into the common language and speech of England on September 23, 1955. Since then, it has made an antic journey into the language and speech of many other countries, and it is now reaching the dictionaries and reference books. It seems time to examine both its origins and its uses.

When Guy Burgess and Donald Maclean, two officials of the British Foreign Office, disappeared, in 1951, I was a leader writer on the *Times* of London, which still occupied its old building, at Printing House Square, E.C. 4. It was a modest building, standing comfortably round a small quadrangle, where there were hitching posts to which members of the editorial staff had once tied their horses, and it contained within it—the walls actually existing within the walls of the later additions—the old Printer's House. This original part of the building was known as Private House; to have called it *the* Private House would have been as much a solecism as to refer to *the* Marylebone Cricket Club. Leader writers worked in large and carpeted rooms, with coal fires. We were not expected to touch these, but to call a messenger boy if they needed tending. In the afternoon, as we composed ourselves to write, we might have tea in our rooms, brought to us by waitresses, in always clean and always starched uniforms, who were hired from what was then (and presumably still is) known as the Buckingham Palace division of J. Lyons & Co., Ltd., a firm that runs a chain of inexpensive cafés and cafeterias but also handled (and presumably still handles) the catering for large Palace functions. If a leader writer was not writing that day, he might take his tea in Private House, and in the evenings it was available for dining. Having been kept late at the office, I was dining in Private House on the evening after the announcement that Burgess and Maclean had vanished. At the table were two or three colleagues of mine who knew one or both of them well—the same schools, the same clubs—and the idea, which was being openly canvassed in the rest of Fleet Street, that the two diplomats might have defected to the Soviet Union was lightly dismissed. Guy? Donald? They had been on binges before. They would turn up again. "After all," said Mr. Alan Pryce-Jones, "Donald stood me up for dinner the night he disappeared. He owes me that."

For the next few months, the "popular" press (certain, but unable to prove, where Burgess and Maclean were) kept a close watch on Maclean's wife. The "quality" press—the *Times* and the *Observer*, especially—refused to take part, and the friends of Maclean and his family protested vehemently against the way in which the "popular" newspapers were badgering Maclean's wife and children. Sir Donald Maclean, the missing diplomat's father, had been a gifted and charming Asquithian Liberal, and it was no surprise when Asquith's daughter, Lady Violet Bonham Carter, as fiercely and tenaciously loyal as ever, wrote a letter to the *Times* expressing savage contempt for the newspapers that were molesting the innocent—what else was to be assumed?—Melinda Maclean. During the next two years, while I remained on its staff, the *Times* would not meddle with the story. Mrs. Maclean used these two years to make the necessary arrangements for her and her children to join her husband in Moscow.

By the autumn of 1955, I was the political columnist of the *Spectator*. In the week of September 23rd, there was only one possible subject for a political columnist to discuss: the acknowledgment by the Foreign Office of Burgess's and Maclean's defection. I had to write before both the publication of the White Paper on the subject and the debate on it in the House of Commons. As I sat in my room at 99 Gower Street, staring moodily at the blank piece of paper in my typewriter, the whole atmosphere of the *Times* during the days and months after the disappearance, the memory of hints and



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pressures to which I had paid only casual attention at the time, returned to me. I went and played a game of bar billiards at the Marlborough, the pub the *Spectator* used, and returned and wrote. I left in the evening, having turned in a column that appeared to me to be rather mediocre, but understandably so in the circumstances.

The relevant excerpts from the "Political Commentary" that appeared in the *Spectator* of September 23, 1955, are as follows:

> I have several times suggested that what I call the "Establishment" in this country is today more powerful than ever before. By the "Establishment," I do not mean only the centres of official power—though they are certainly part of it—but rather the whole matrix of official and social relations within which power is exercised. The exercise of power in Britain (more specifically, in England) cannot be understood unless it is recognised that it is exercised socially. Anyone who has at any point been close to the exercise of power will know what I mean when I say that the "Establishment" can be seen at work in the activities of not only the Prime Minister, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl Marshal but of such lesser mortals as the chairman of the Arts Council, the Director-General of the B.B.C., and even the editor of *The Times Literary Supplement*, not to mention divinities like Lady Violet Bonham Carter.
>
> Somewhere near the heart of the pattern of social relationships which so powerfully controls the exercise of power in this country is the Foreign Office. By its traditions and its methods of recruitment the Foreign Office makes it inevitable that the members of the Foreign Service will be men (and the Foreign Service is one of the bastions of masculine English society) who, to use a phrase which has been used a lot in the past few days, "know all the right people." At the time of the disappearance of Maclean and Burgess, "the right people" moved into action. Lady Violet Bonham Carter was *the most active . . . and how effectively* they worked may be traced in the columns of the more respectable newspapers at the time, especially of *The Times* and of the *Observer*.

I am certain that "the Establishment" would not then have entered the language if it had not been for the correspondence that followed my original column. In its next issue, the *Spectator* published two vigorous letters. The first was from Lady Violet Bonham Carter, claiming that "such action as I took was solely relevant to the persecution of their families by certain members of the press." The second was from Mr. John Sparrow, the Warden of All Souls at Oxford, who defended the Foreign Office's methods of recruitment, and added "a word of general appreciation of Mr. Fairlie's Commentary," which he found "full of

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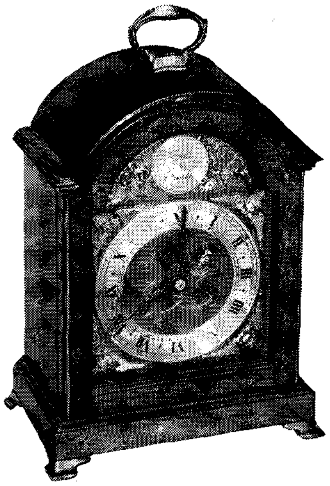
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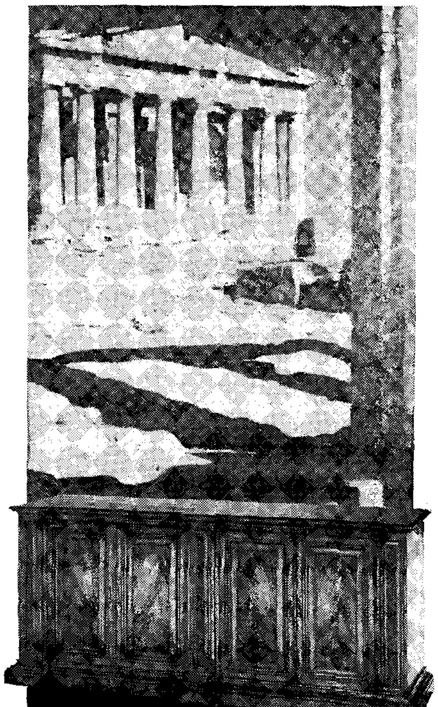
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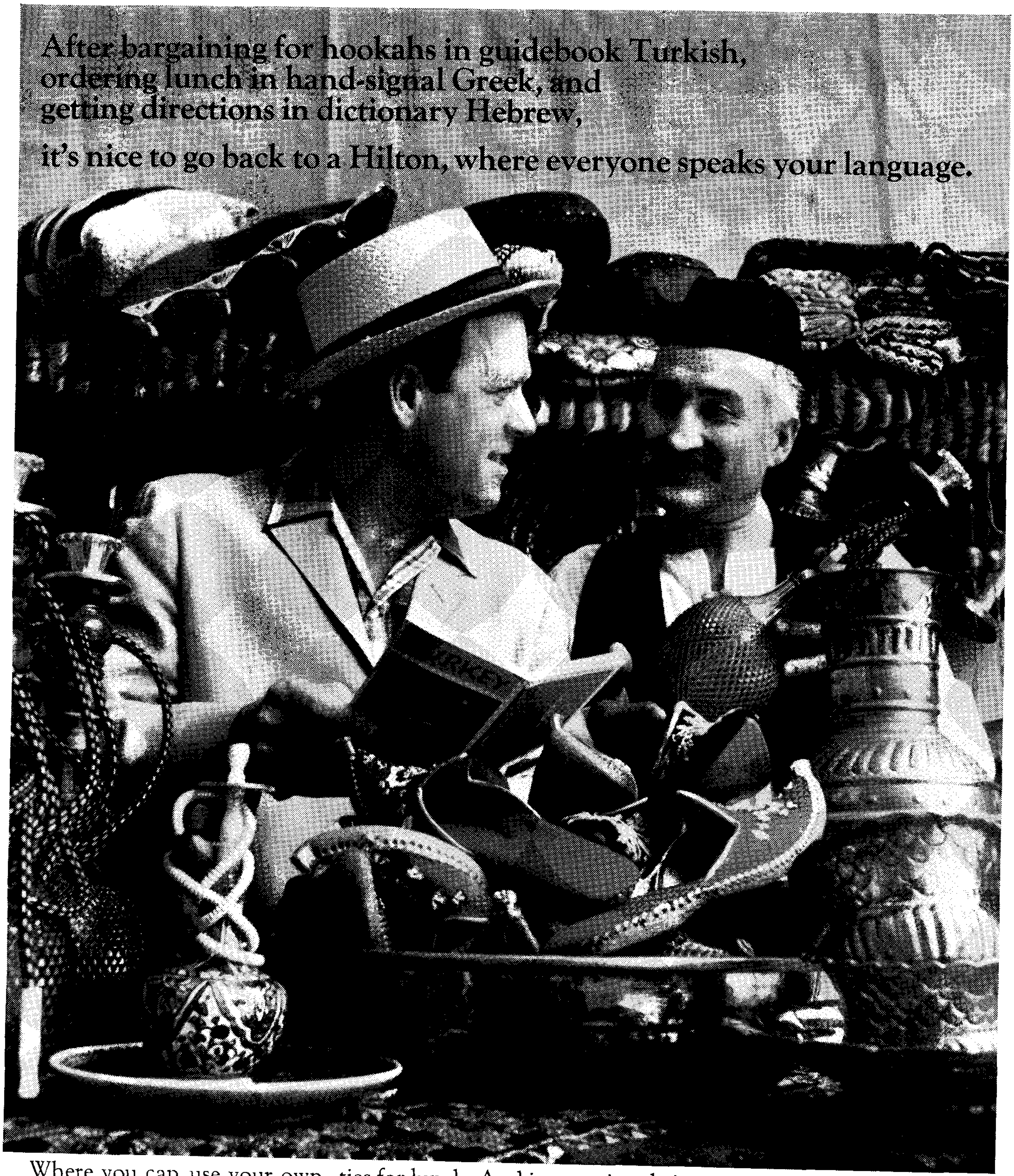

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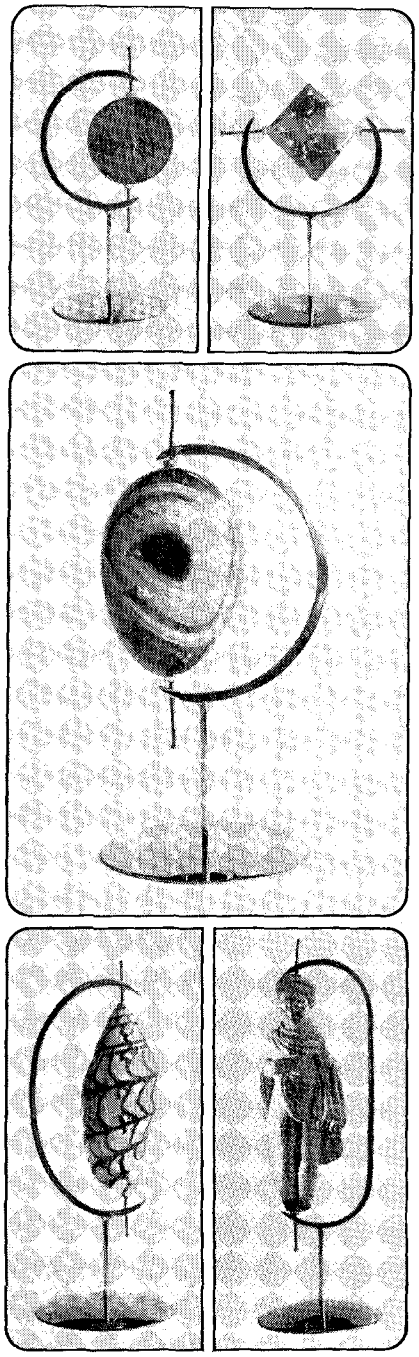

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low innuendo and false in almost all its assumptions and suggestions." Neither of them used, or commented on, the term "the Establishment." In the issue of October 7th, however, the fat was put in the fire by Sir Robert Boothby, M.P. (now Lord Boothby). In a correspondence that was to be marked by strenuous abuse and invective, his was almost the briefest, and certainly the sharpest, letter of all. Unelaborate and unadorned, it ran:

> I am not surprised that Warden Sparrow has weighed in with an offensive letter about Mr. Fairlie's article.... All Souls was the headquarters of the Establishment during the decade immediately preceding the Second World War; and it would be difficult to overestimate the damage then done to this country at that disastrous dinner table.

That did it.

If it had not been enough in itself, the other letters the *Spectator* published that week poured more fat onto the flame. Mr. David Astor, the editor of the *Observer,* made the same defense of his activities that Lady Violet Bonham Carter had done, accused me of a libellous smear, and went on:

> ...his picture of an "Establishment" of influential people wielding power in this country and secretly defending or helping one another ... amounts to saying that the higher echelons of our public life are a racket. Here again, is he doing anything more than some rather wild and libellous "smearing"?

There followed a characteristic letter from Mr. Randolph Churchill, which, while awarding me a prize or two, added that he had always thought that my bonnet "concealed a whole beehive of nonsense about what he terms 'the Establishment.' " This was followed by a pseudonymous letter, signed "Stephen Dumpling," that said there was no doubt about the existence of "the Establishment":

> *It is a power in the land, possibly the power in the land. Mr. Fairlie sums it up with almost Orwell clarity. It can be seen at work, now and then, by standing on tiptoe from just beyond the pale. As it is sometimes necessary for me to rely on its good will, I sign myself*
>
> *Stephen Dumpling*

Finally, that week Lady Violet Bonham Carter herself referred to "the Establishment"—of course dismissing it as "a fictitious body."

I was now being asked to the more irreverent luncheon tables within "the Establishment," and for a time I found it interesting enough to sit, rather silent and rather distrustful, at them. But I was disconcerted by what already seemed to me a wrong interpretation

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that was being put on the phrase. I found "nothing sinister" in the existence of an "Establishment," I said in the *Spectator* of October 7th. Indeed, "I believe that it is desirable that something like the 'Establishment' should exist, because it prevents even worse influences from operating." My main point, I continued, was simply that the tentacles of "the Establishment" now spread wide:

> The spread of the "Establishment's" influence is due partly to the increase in the number of official and semi-official bodies [I mentioned the Arts Council, the B.B.C., and the British Council], and partly to the *apparent* diminution in the *formal* powers of the "Establishment" which has made people less suspicious of the *actual* power and influence which its members exercise.

But the word already had its own existence.

In the *Spectator* of October 14th, Mr. Malcolm Muggeridge joined the battle, ending, with his familiar rasp, "... even the children [of the Macleans] should be able to acquire prestige by recounting, during the Marx-Leninism lessons, how their clever mother made complete mugs of Lady Violet, Mr. Astor, and others who constitute, in Mr. Fairlie's felicitous phrase, the 'Establishment.'" In the same issue, Mr. Colm Brogan, a far more eager controversialist than his brother Sir Denis, addressed himself to Lady Violet Bonham Carter, finally leaving the issue of Burgess and Maclean behind:

> She believes that the "Establishment" is a malicious invention, like the "Cliveden Set." She believes it does not exist. The reason is simple. She does not believe in its existence because she is in the heart of it. The "Establishment" is the air she breathes.... A small group which quite readily admits valuable outsiders and maintains a fringe of hangers-on is all that really matters. They are England versus the Rest.

In the same issue, Mr. Churchill returned to the debate, and I replied to him in much the same terms as Mr. Brogan's: the phrase would make sense to him only if he would "stand outside the Establishment for a moment and look in."

The term would not now lie down, and the *Spectator*, of course, was running one of the most enthralling correspondences to be carried by any newspaper or journal in Britain since the war. In the issue of October 21st, Sir Robert Boothby, describing himself as "one who has bumped into it, on and off, for thirty years—and seldom emerged unscathed," wrote that "the

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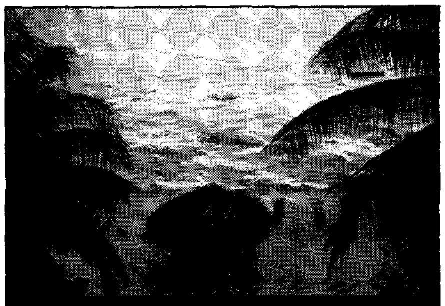

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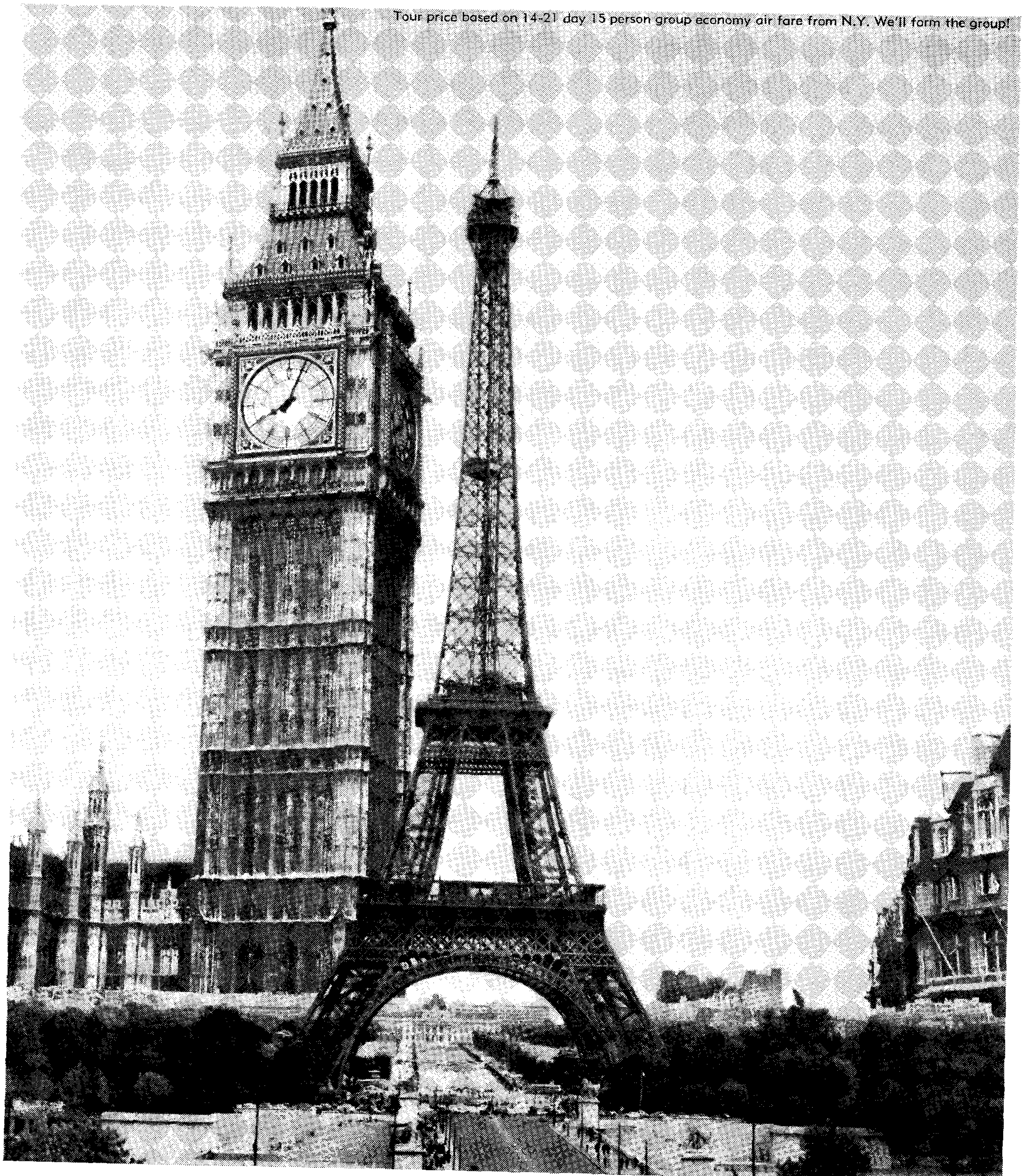

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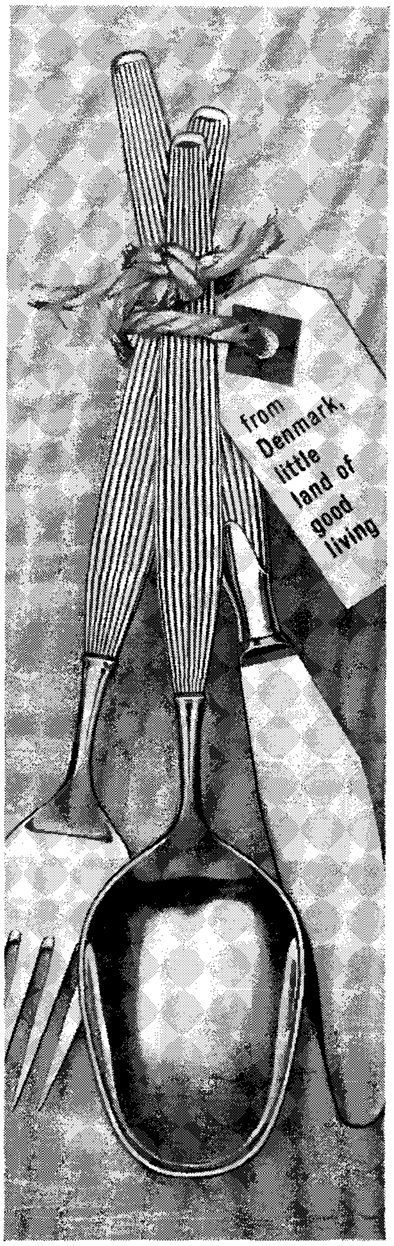

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Establishment" as it had existed before 1939 "always included the reigning Archbishop of Canterbury, Editor of the *Times*, Governor of the Bank of England, and Secretary to the Cabinet." These members of "the Establishment," he said, "had no need to dine together in order to achieve their ends," for "they were in telepathic as well as telephonic communication with one another." In that issue, too, the dismissive voice of Mr. Hugh Trevor-Roper (not yet the Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford; he had to wait for that until his own contact in "the Establishment," Mr. Harold Macmillan, had attained power) inquired what all the fuss was about: "No doubt you are right in supposing that there is an 'Establishment,' though it is hardly a novel discovery to observe that there is here and now, as everywhere and at all times, a governing class." The effect of this disdainful observation was a little undone by a letter from Mr. P. H. Sutton, describing the attitude of "the Establishment" toward those who had mentioned its existence: "These chaps aren't exactly breaking the rules, but it just isn't cricket."

With that, the *Spectator* closed the correspondence.

As I have said, I do not think that without this correspondence the term would have entered the English language. On the other hand, that the term did not die with the correspondence and the particular occasion suggests that it was needed—that it supplied a want. Before I turn to that question, however, it is necessary to see if the term can be traced back further than my use of it in the *Spectator*.

In my original article, it will have been observed, I wrote, "I have several times suggested that what I call the 'Establishment'..." Moreover, Mr. Randolph Churchill, in his reference to the "whole beehive of nonsense" about "the Establishment" which my bonnet concealed, seemed to suggest that he had known me use the expression before. Had I done so in writing? If I had, I am not aware of it, and no one has pointed it out to me. Professor Ronald Hindmarsh, of Smith College, has said, with a solemnity that does not appear to be mocking, "It is common knowledge that Mr. Henry Fairlie used and defined the term in his column in the *Spectator* of September 23, 1955. But, if I read him aright, he was using it in private before that date." He is quite correct. I and a number of friends

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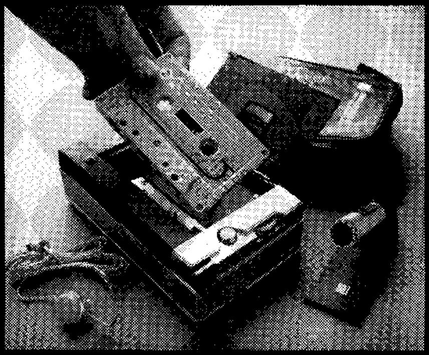

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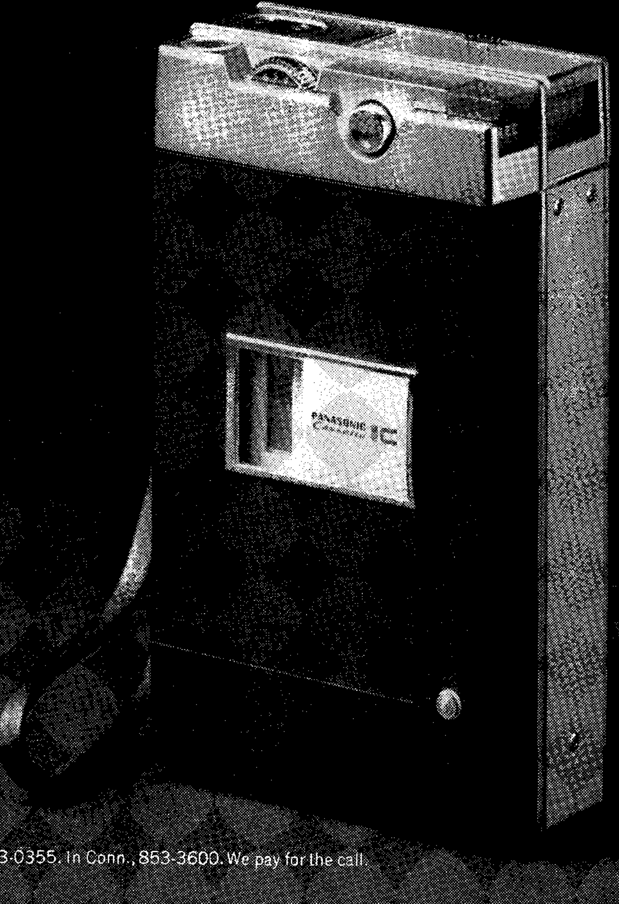

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were using the word familiarly, if not frequently, before I finally committed it to paper.

We were young then—grandly poor and irreverent. A group of hungry young journalists, intent largely on enjoying ourselves at the expense of our elders and betters—and of our readers. They were the years before Suez. I think we knew that something like *that* was going to happen. Our recurring topic of conversation was "the state of England," long before anyone else (except Mr. Muggeridge, who was then editing *Punch*) had got hold of the subject. Our dislike of the secularization of English life since the Reformation underlay all our attitudes, and Mr. John Raymond was intellectually the most daring among us in his insistence, night after night, that the common law had replaced religion in England and that in the secular idols erected or sustained under the common law could be found the cause of most of our evils. His vehemence against Edward Coke, for so long held up by Whig historians as the greatest common lawyer of all time and one of the founders of English liberties, was almost personal, as if Coke were still alive. To us, he was. It is true that several of us were Catholics—but very English Catholics, much in the spirit of Ronald Knox's reply when he was asked why, although he was a monsignor, he had never visited the Vatican: "I see no reason why a first-class passenger should go down to the engine room." Most of us were not Catholics, however. The point was not religion but the substitute that had been found for it: the total secularization of English life and thought—and feeling, also—which had left England with nothing it could fall back on now that physical power and material wealth were departing. We felt the loss of power before Suez confirmed it. Once the Suez adventure had begun, the more right-wing of us romantically, if a little desperately, supported it. But our common reaction was one of anger at England's futility, which was vividly summarized by Mr. Raymond when he upbraided the Third Programme for meeting England's hour of crisis "with a tinkle of Scarlatti."

When, some time later, Mr. Richard Crossman, now Lord President of the Council, said, "If anyone deserves to be called 'the first of the Angry Young Men,' it is Mr. Henry Fairlie"—a remark that he did not intend, and I did not take, as a compliment—he was pinpointing us as the precursors of a mood. But our own mood, in which

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In which Dink, traveling toward what had promised to be a jolly outing (although it would, of course, combine business with pleasure) detects shadows of skulduggery on the Shore Line Route to Boston.

It is 6:17 in the evening. Our hero is seated at a table in the tastefully appointed dining car of the New Haven Railroad's crack flyer, The Merchants Limited. As our scene opens, a somewhat ferret-faced man is about to perch himself on the chair across the table:

"Don't mind if I sit here, do you?" asked the somewhat ferret-faced man with feigned courtesy (as later proved to be the case).

"Not at all," replied Dink with the full measure of gracious hospitality that both the business world and the social world have come to expect from him. "In fact, sir, if riding backwards troubles you, I shall be more than happy to exchange places with you."

. . . a somewhat ferret-faced man . . .

The truth was, however, that Dink momentarily found it difficult to be hospitable. The stranger had interrupted a wonderful reverie which enveloped our young (and only recently appointed) Media Director.

Dink still couldn't quite believe that he was actually on the agency "team" that would attend Amalgamated, Inc.'s annual meeting at Frolicdale-by-the-Sea. Not only would he share in the frivolity and business sessions alike, but to him was entrusted the highlight of the second day: the media presentation (looked forward to with feverish anticipation, as is the case when good fellows assemble in the "ad game").

And here he was on his favorite train, little over an hour out of Grand Central, hearing the clink of heavy silver coffee pots and the clatter of wheels along the road bed. In his hands was The Boston Globe. In his thoughts was the expectation of hearing the conductor call out those magical words, "New Haven!" How they conjured up afternoons of triumph as the dusk of autumn settled over the fabled Bowl and the cheers went up for Stover and for Yale. Pressing his face to the window he strained to find the western rim of the city . . .

"That tonight's paper?" interjected the somewhat ferret-faced man, with more than a little abruptness.

"No, sir, this is the Morning Globe."

"Little late for that, ain't it?" The stranger thus revealed his basic vulgarity along with his rudeness.

"Better late than never," quipped Dink without a moment's hesitation, giving his vis-à-vis a glint of the rapier-like mind that had been victor in many a duel of wits.

"You see," explained Dink, feeling a bit apologetic for his devastating riposte, "I purchase The Boston Globe each morning and read it at the office over my danish and coffee with one lump and just a touch of cream. I couldn't do justice to any of our clients who advertise in the rich Greater Boston market without a thorough knowledge of Boston's Number One newspaper. This morning, however, what with the last-minute preparations for the meeting . . ."

"Meeting?" The eyebrows lifted with interest over eyes that were set somewhat too close together in the somewhat ferret-faced face. Dink felt he had said too much, but courtesy dictated that he continue:

"My agency is dispatching what is known in the game as a 'team' to attend our client Amalgamated, Inc.'s annual sales meeting at Frolicdale-by-the-Sea. Since I am featured on the program (Dink averted his eyes modestly) and since the fellows look forward to a rousing media presentation, I owe it to all concerned to have facts about the burgeoning Boston market at my fingertips. And that means The Boston Globe, sir!"

Carried away with his subject (as was so often the case when talk turned to The Globe), Dink brandished the paper over the pristine white tablecloth as The Merchants Limited hurtled across the countryside.

"I'll have you know that this newspaper and its companion, the Evening Globe, deliver 65% of Boston SMSA households with incomes of $10,000 and over. And last year The Globe was second in the whole country in Hotel and Resort advertising."

Was "the ferret" really listening? Dink was startled to hear the man's next question, which issued from somewhat sinisterly curved lips in something of a sneer: "So Amalgamated's your client, eh? And I suppose old 'Big Wheel' Barrow himself will be at the meeting to sound off, eh? Well, have a happy time! We're coming into New Haven and I got to make a phone call. Maybe I'll see you in Boston, old pal . . ."

And the man was gone. Had he really said, "See you in Boston," Dink asked himself. How strange — for protruding from the pocket of the ferret-faced one's trenchcoat had been a train ticket that was clearly marked "Providence".

"I wonder if I've seen the last of him," mused Dink, feeling a bit like a Hitchcock character on the legendary Orient Express. "I wonder."

The Boston Globe

" . . . I owe it to all concerned to have facts about the burgeoning Boston market at my fingertips. And that means The Boston Globe, sir!"

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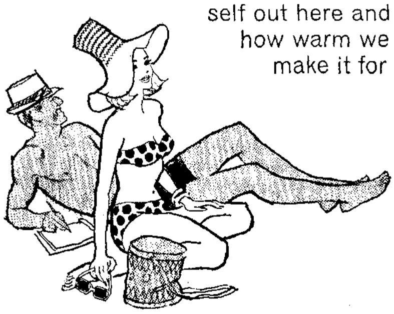
we gaily found the word "Establishment," will be misunderstood if it is represented only as one of anger, and, in particular, of Look *Back* in Anger. We loved—and we hated—England. But we loved it—as we hated it—with a particular flourish that is now hard to find. Socialists and Conservatives—we were one or the other; there was not a Liberal among us—we were, in a sense, restorers. Conservative or Socialist, we wished to restore England's truth—or, rather, wished that those who ruled England would stir themselves to restore it. And, Conservative or Socialist, we saw the barrier as the Whig lie that had governed England since 1688. Mr. Harold Macmillan once said that no governing class in all history had ruled for so long and with such ease as the Whigs in England between 1688 and 1886. The whole "Establishment" that the Whigs had erected and maintained for two hundred years, and that was still perpetuated in the prevailing ideas and institutions of the country, was our enemy. The rights of property, the common law, the Established Church, the vulgar little monarchy brought from Hanover, a landed class that was irrelevant but still influential, a money-eyed class that feared enterprise because that would disturb its hold on the City, a governing class that wished merely to play Box and Cox in office, and the characteristic Whig invention of semi-official bodies, such as the B.B.C., where valuable hangers-on could serve the Whig lie—all these seemed to us to be the cause of the irreligion of England, which had been tolerable while wealth and power were guarantees of spaciousness but was not now that we felt our country on the Gadarene slope. With this hodgepodge of attitudes and instincts, not unlike those of "Young England" in the nineteenth century, it was quite natural that we should use the term "the Establishment," which for so long in England had in effect represented both the Established Church and the vast network of interests of which it had been both the spiritual and the temporal front.

No sooner had the term caught on than Mr. A. J. P. Taylor, who often joined our company, could be heard murmuring that he had used it some years earlier. Although the actual reference has never been publicly identified, I believe it can be found in a book review that he contributed to the *New Statesman* in the early fifties. By October, 1957, in a special number of the *Twentieth Century*, Mr. Taylor regarded the phrase with as much enthu-



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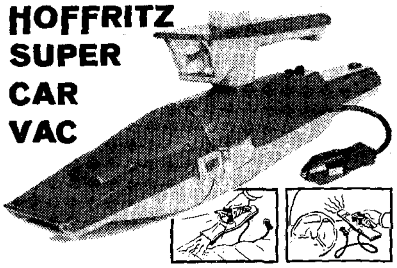

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siasm as if it were a bunch of sour grapes. Mr. Fairlie was believed to have started it, he said, but he had seen its origin ascribed to himself. Anyhow, he regretted the idea, whoever had had it, and he felt that we would have done better to revive William Cobbett's much older term, "THE THING":

> That suggests much better the complacency, the incompetence, and the selfishness which lie behind the façade. THE THING exists for the sake of its members, not for ours.

There, by and large, the matter was left until Mr. Hesketh Pearson put in a bid. In the final essay in his book "Extraordinary People," published in January, 1965, one found an opening sentence of just the aplomb that one associates with the circle of which he and Frank Harris and Bernard Shaw were the most talkative members:

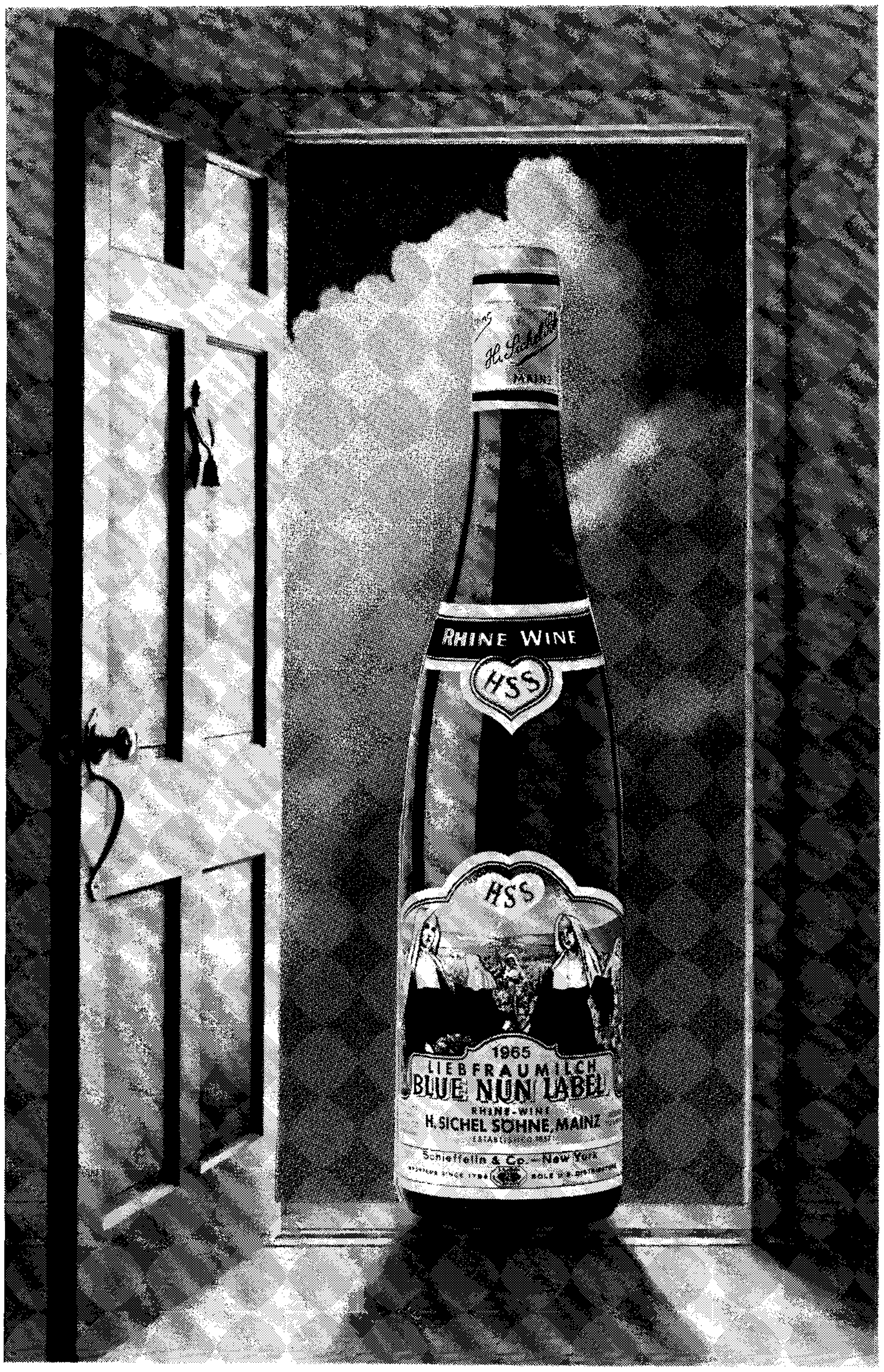
> As I appear to have given general currency to the word "Establishment" used in a secular sense, I will here explain how it eventually appeared in my biography of Henry Labouchère, published in 1936.

In 1913, he explained, he had been struck by the virulent antagonism of "the dons" to Frank Harris's biography of Shakespeare, and had concluded that it was due to "the fear of originality always displayed by people with conventional minds, who in self-defence form a mutual-protection society which in effect becomes an establishment." At that date, Mr. Pearson concedes, he did not actually use the word, but, jumping twenty-two years, he went on:

> When I was writing his [Labouchère's] life in 1935, I happened one day to be discussing the whole question of institutionalism with Hugh Kingsmill and Malcolm Muggeridge. I remember we laughed heartily over the fact that Charles Darwin, whose evolutionary theories had horrified the Church of England in 1859, was yet buried in Westminster Abbey twenty-three years later. . . . In the course of our talk, we certainly bandied the word "establishment," and I developed the theme under that name in my biography *Labby*.

Turning to "Labby," one finds that Mr. Pearson had indeed used the phrase in one of the senses it has currently acquired. Samuel Butler, he said, had discovered that

> the Church was not the only organisation that had an Establishment. Science had one too, with its priests and high-priests, its excommunications and anathemas. The world of painting also has its Royal Academy, medicine its Association, while economics, politics, letters, law, the army and the navy have their sacred inner rings which it is the ambition of everyone in the outer circles to placate or penetrate, though the genius knows in-



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stinctively that he must stand alone, unbuttressed by his professional Establishment.

Labby . . . saw through the Establishment of politics. . . . Although the Establishment draws the line at genius, which is uncontrollable, it does not object to talent, because the occasional indiscretions of talent do no harm and in a way reflect glory on the Establishment, which must surely be a very sound and wonderful institution to find room for such gifted and outspoken members.

Mr. Pearson was using the phrase as many use it now, to suggest merely those who control any institution or profession; this is a very different matter, of course, from the single "Establishment"—the whole pattern of official and social relationships in Britain—that those of us who were using the word in the nineteen-fifties were attempting to describe and knock. Mr. Pearson's, anyhow, was not the earliest bid that could be made. Some eager investigator discovered that Ford Madox Ford had used the phrase in private, as Douglas Goldring recorded in "The Nineteen Twenties" (1945):

It was a head-on collision between two acknowledged leaders of the literary avant-garde and the powerful forces of what Ford Madox Ford used to call the Establishment.

The collision to which Mr. Goldring was referring was between Wyndham Lewis and Roy Campbell, on the one hand, and R. Ellis Roberts, who was then responsible for the literary side of the *New Statesman*, on the other. (Ellis Roberts had refused to publish Roy Campbell's review of one of Wyndham Lewis's books.) Mr. Goldring does not explain precisely what Ford Madox Ford meant by the phrase. The silence from the grave is tantalizing.

Attempts to trace the word even further back have been made from time to time, but they have always rested on an elementary confusion over the traditional English use of "Establishment" to signify the Established Church. Many of the political struggles in the nineteenth century, and even in the early years of the twentieth, were precisely struggles of Nonconformists or Dissenters, who felt themselves both social and political outsiders, against "the Establishment" and all whom it supported and all who supported it. In England, at any rate, the ecclesiastical meaning of "the Establishment" cannot help informing the current use of the term in its secular sense. It is especially interesting, therefore, that the earliest use I have come across of the term as we now popularly employ it was in a country whose constitution expressly

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forbids "an establishment of religion." One weekend, I was casually reading a lecture on "The Conservative" that Emerson gave on December 9, 1841, at the Masonic Temple in Boston. The lecture takes the form of an imaginary dialogue between a reformer and a conservative, and Emerson identified the conservative as "an upholder of the establishment, a man of many virtues." Emerson then has the conservative describe how Friar Bernard set out from his cell on Mount Cenis to "reform the corruption of mankind" but was overwhelmed by the generosity and kindness of the rich families he met in Rome, and returned home crying, ". . . these Romans, whom I prayed God to destroy, are lovers, they are lovers; what can I do?" It is a classic description of the influence that the bland and insinuating manners of an "Establishment" are supposed to have. "The reformer concedes that these mitigations exist," Emerson continued dryly, and that "if he proposed comfort, he should take sides with the establishment." The palm, I think, has to be given to Emerson, since his use could only be secular. And there the search for origins may be brought to an end.

ALTHOUGH the term has begun to reach the reference books, it has not yet reached any dictionary that is built on historical principles, giving as precise references as possible to a word's earliest use. To expect to see the new edition of the Oxford English Dictionary is to ask for a life running much longer than the allotted Biblical span, and even the latest edition of the Shorter Oxford English Dictionary (one of the masterpieces of dictionary-making) has no addenda recent enough to include the word's current usage.

For this we have to turn to "modern and mechanical man," as Hazlitt described the American. In the addenda to Webster's Third New International Dictionary, there appears the following entry:

> **establishment,** *n. often cap.* 1 : a group of social, economic, and political leaders who form a ruling class (as of a nation) <the prince of Wales . . . frightened the *Establishment* because he sympathized with the starving miners of Wales—W. J. Igoe> 2: a controlling group <the Welsh literary *Establishment* . . . kept him out of everything—Keidrych Rhys> <the movie [*Establishment*] . . . has existed for perhaps a dozen years—Hollis Alpert>

The most arresting feature of this entry is that the first two illustrations both refer to Wales; it makes one

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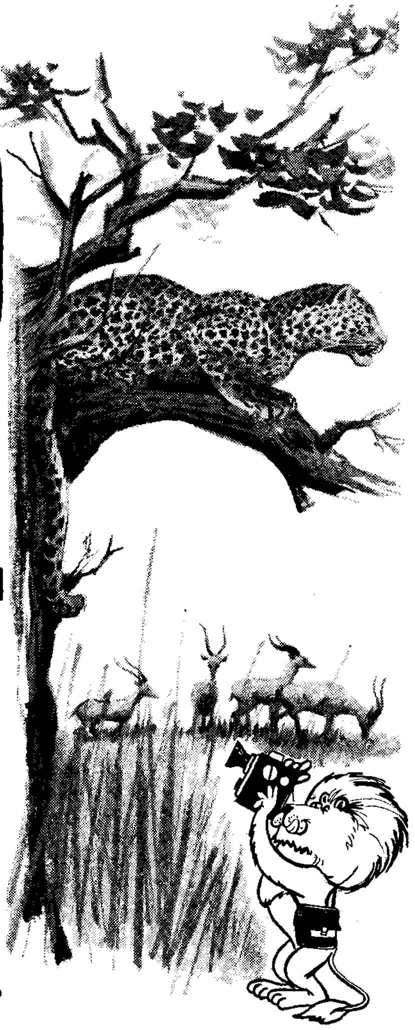

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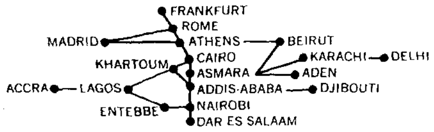

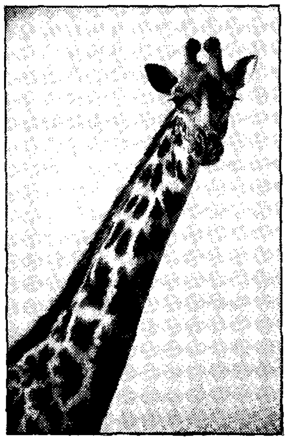

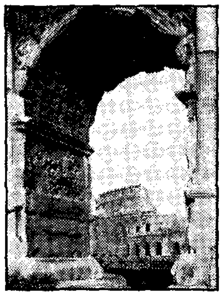

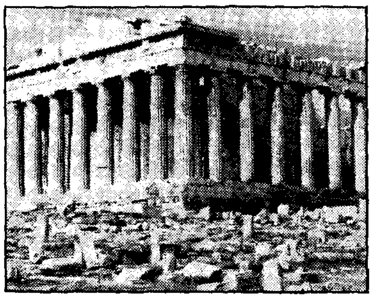

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wonder about the reading of lexicographers.

In Webster's New World Dictionary of the American Language, College Edition (1966) is this:

> **the Establishment,** 1. the Church of England. 2. the Presbyterian Church of Scotland. 3. In England, a complex consisting of the church, the royal family, and the plutocracy, regarded as holding the chief measure of power and influence. 4. the ruling inner circle of any nation, institution, etc.

Although these definitions contain one howler—a proper Establishment is the enemy of a plutocracy—their general direction is sound, and more satisfactory than those of the parent dictionary.

In the Random House Dictionary one finds:

> **4. the Establishment,** the existing power structure in society, a field of endeavor, etc.; institutional authority: *The Establishment believes exploring outer space is worth any tax money spent. Young writers feel that the literary Establishment is unjust.*

One of the difficulties with this definition is that it is lumped together with ten other meanings, or alleged meanings, of the term, ranging from "the act or an instance of establishing" to "a fixed or settled income." The Random House Dictionary distinguishes finely between the state's recognition of an established church and a church so recognized, but those definitions are the ninth and the tenth entries, whereas the popular and secular use is the fourth. There is not the slightest hint, therefore, of historical origins and connections. A second difficulty is that the definition does what no dictionary has a right to do: it borrows another equally recent, equally vague and shapeless term to do the work of definition. The phrase "power structure" has grown into the language almost simultaneously with "the Establishment." To define one by reference to the other abdicates the responsibility of lexicography. One turns, of course, to see if the Random House Dictionary enters the phrase "power structure." It does:

> **pow'er struc'ture, 1.** the system of authority or influence in government, politics, education, etc.: *The state elections threatened to upset the existing power structure.* **2.** The people who participate in such a system: *He hoped to become a part of the power structure.*

At first, there seems to be another fine distinction made, between a system of authority and influence and those who—who what? There's the rub. The definition says "the people

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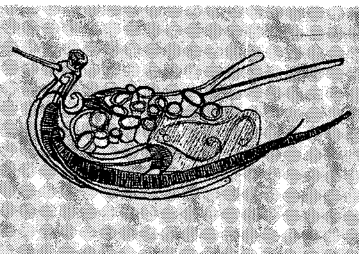

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who participate in" the system. But even the poorest and humblest worker who, wanting to keep body and soul together, acquiesces in and serves a "system of authority or influence" participates in it, whether he is the saddler who made harness for the Earl of Westmorland or the factory worker who today makes a small piece of upholstery for Henry Ford II. But although they participate in a system, they do not compose it in any significant sense. The Random House Dictionary, in fact, defines "the Establishment" in terms of "the existing power structure," which it then defines poorly, and this confusion, although partly the fault of the editors of the dictionary, serves as a warning of how imprecise are many of the terms we now use in discussing politics.

In the most recent, "completely revised and modernized" edition of Roget's Thesaurus (1965), "the Establishment" appears in the index thus:

> **Establishment, the**
> *influence*, 178n.
> *master*, 741n.
> *upper class*, 868n.

If the term is an alternative to all of these, it has not only travelled far and wide but become meaningless in doing so.

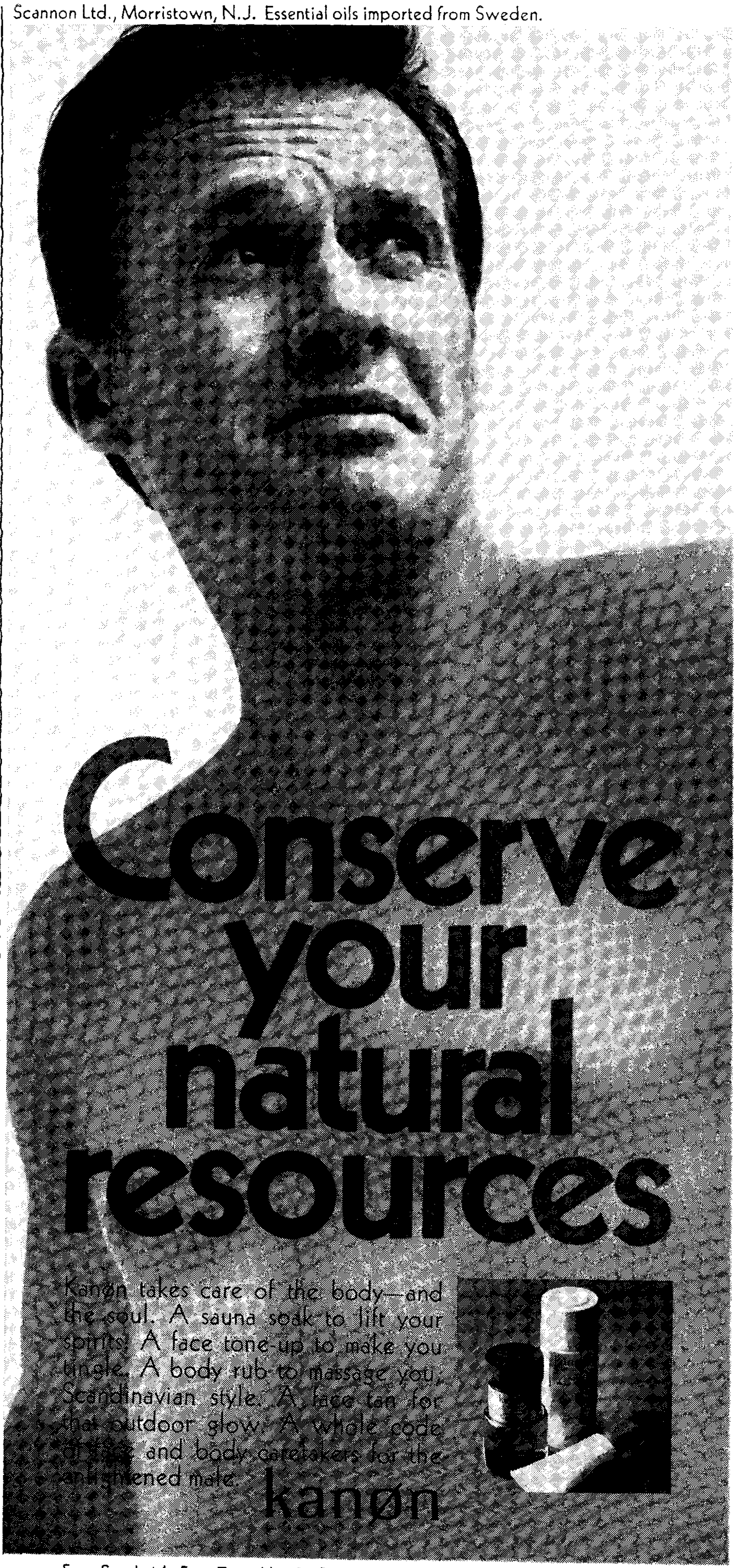
Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase & Fable is an admirably handy reference book. At the turn of a page, it tells one what city was known as the Carthage of the North, where Castle Terabil was supposed to stand in Arthurian legend, and the meaning of "Touch not a cat but a glove," which is the motto of the Mackintosh clan. I have to confess to some disappointment that the 1963 revised edition consented—so early—to give its recognition to "the Establishment":

> A term which has recently acquired a special meaning denoting the hierarchy in any particular sphere of the community, or the hierarchy taken collectively. It has the slightly derogatory implication that the hierarchy is stolid, unimaginative, and reactionary.

That is, all the same, the austere manner of the old Brewer's.

But the reference book that has handled the phrase with most disdain is Fowler's Dictionary of Modern English Usage as revised by Sir Ernest Gowers (1965):

> **establishment.** *Their enthusiasm is tempered by the coolness of the E. 'Space travel', said the Astronomer Royal recently, 'is utter bilge'./ Some of the blame must go to the Theatrical E. Their influence on the theatre is disastrous in every way./ Sir Oliver musters the wom-*



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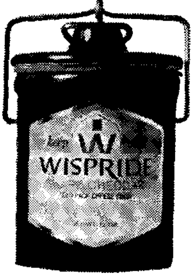

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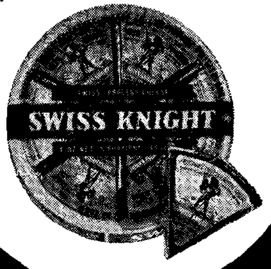

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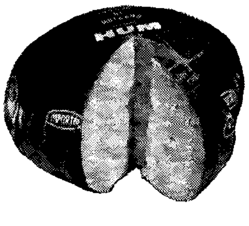

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en's colleges, 23 heads of houses, 4 heads of halls, and 9 professors. If anything, a vote for Mr. Macmillan is a vote against what many dons regard as the University E./ In his career he has shown enviable ability to drop bricks without disaster, to keep the respect of the E. but retain the liberty to hold advanced opinions./ The fusty E. with its Victorian views and standards of judgement must be destroyed./ Today the membership list of the Yacht Club is studded with E. names./ Mr. Crossman has suggested that it is the duty of the Labour Party to provide an 'ideology for non-conformist critics of the E.' The use of *establishment* illustrated by these quotations leapt into popularity in the nineteen-fifties. It was started by the use of *Establishment* by certain writers as a pejorative term for an influence that they held to be socially mischievous. In their choice of a word for the object of their attack they have been too successful. *Establishment* has become a VOGUE WORD, and whatever meaning they intended to give it, never easy to gather with precision from their various definitions, has been lost beneath the luxuriance of its overgrowth. As one of them has sadly recorded: 'Intended to assist inquiry and thought, this virtuous, almost demure, phrase has been debauched by the whole tribe of professional publicists and vulgarizers who today imagine that a little ill-will entitles them to comment on public affairs. Corrupted by them, the *Establishment* is now a harlot of a phrase. It is used indiscriminately by dons, novelists, playwrights, poets, composers, artists, actors, dramatic critics, literary critics, script writers, even band leaders and antique dealers, merely to denote those in positions of power whom they happen to dislike most' (Henry Fairlie in *The Establishment*, Anthony Blond, 1959).

It is perhaps not surprising that I regard this as the most valuable of the definitions of and comments on the phrase which have so far appeared in the reference works. Certainly the attempts that the dictionaries have made to give the phrase a clear meaning suggest that we are indeed using a corrupt term, which, besides not assisting inquiry and thought, may actually be obstructing them.

As has been seen, I tried to wriggle away from the success of the word almost as soon as I first used it in print. But when I made my contribution to Mr. Hugh Thomas's anthology of essays, from which Sir Ernest Gowers took his quotation, a reviewer commented that the spectacle of me trying to rid myself of the word was like that of "Mr. Rockefeller trying to throw away his millions." Even more aptly, when I was bewailing one evening what had happened to the word since I first used it, Mr. Joseph Kraft (who, among American political columnists, most deserves to be called a precise user of words) re-

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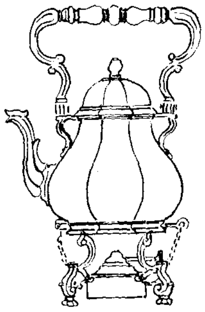

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marked, "To introduce an idea like that is like giving drink to the working classes." It has certainly been like giving drink to working writers.

Do the more serious writers who use the term believe that such a thing as *an* or *the Establishment* exists? If one looks at the indexes to their books, it appears that they do. There, among the proper names of people and places, it can be found, suggesting that it represents something actual.

In Mr. John Gunther's "Inside Europe Today" (1961):

Escoffier, Auguste, 60
Establishment, 234 ff.
Estado Nuovo, 124, 131

In Mr. Anthony Sampson's "Anatomy of Britain" (1962):

Establishment(s), The, 89, 117, 124, 191, 202, 246, 632-3
  Butler, R. A., and, 84
  elusive nature of, 620, 624
  Lord Chandos and, 20
  Macmillan and, 216, 239
  'They' and 'Them', 624-7, 633

In Mr. Theodore H. White's "The Making of the President 1964":

Establishment, The. *See* Eastern Establishment, The

Following his instructions, one sees:

Eames, William, 378 fn.
Eastern Establishment, The, 63-69, 72, 81-82 fn., 84 ff., 90, 137, 142, 157, 158
Eastland, James O., 163, 176, 278

In Mr. Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s, "A Thousand Days" (1965):

Essex (carrier), proposed Cuban air strike from, 278
Establishment, the, 127-128, 149; New York Establishment and JFK, 128
Estes, Billie Sol, 718

In Mr. John Kenneth Galbraith's "The New Industrial State" (1967):

"Establishment, The," 323-24, 386

In Mr. Stephen Hess's and Mr. David S. Broder's "The Republican Establishment" (1967):

Establishment, 57, 59
  see also Eastern Establishment

And one sees:

Eastern Establishment, 16, 40, 57, 238, 380
  see also Establishment

In Mr. Daniel Goldrich's "Sons of the Establishment" (1966), an inviting title, but with the less inviting subtitle "Élite Youth in Panama and Costa Rica":

Establishment, and political change, 2-4

Finally, in the book that takes the

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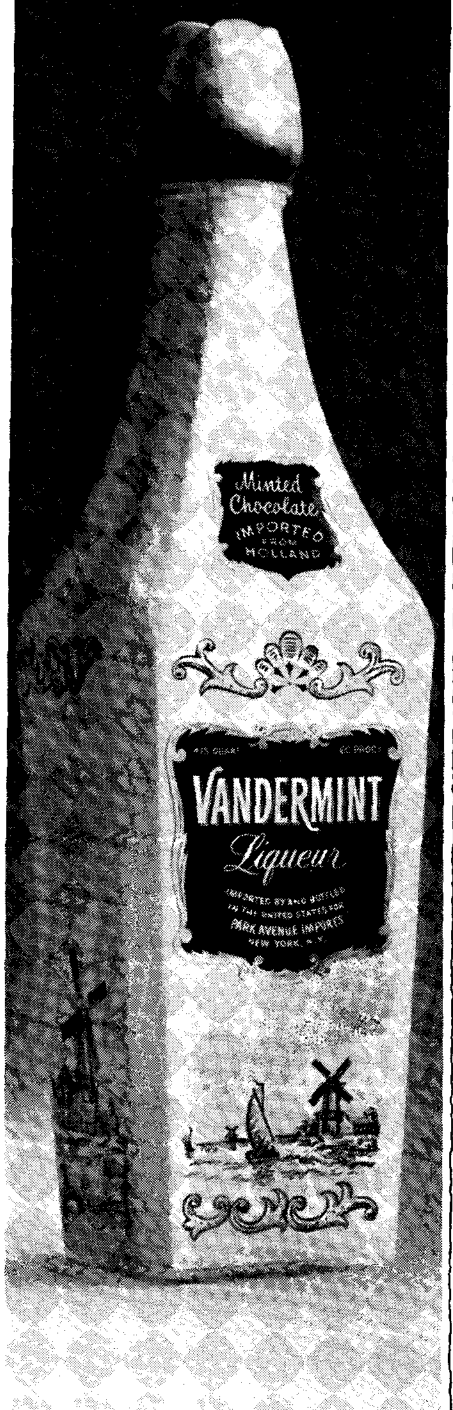
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whole idea most strenuously, Mr. E. Digby Baltzell's "The Protestant Establishment" (1964):

> Establishment, the, see WASP establishment

Yet again, one sees:

> WASP (White-Anglo-Saxon-Protestant) establishment, xi, xii, xiii, 9, 10-16, 21-22, 24-25, 45, 48, 66, 70-71, 74, 75, 83, 85, 213, 217, 248, 297; Brandeis and, 188-96; on the defensive, 277-93; intellectuals abandon, 260-76; quest for a new, 294-314; Roosevelt and, 226-59; schizophrenia in, 232-35; theory of, aristocracy and caste, 7-10; theory of, triple melting pot and, 70-76; traditional authority and, 8; in Victorian Age, 10-16; Wilson and, 179-86.

Apart from a suggestion of doubt in Mr. Galbraith's quotation marks, it is clear that these authors think that in mentioning "Establishment, The" or "Establishment, the" they are writing about a real thing, which is capable, in Mr. Baltzell's index, of being on the defensive, of suffering from schizophrenia, of being abandoned by intellectuals, and of being quested anew, and about which there may be a theory. Mr. Sampson's "elusive nature of" is the nicest entry.

But, of course, it is in journalism that the phrase is most generally used, and, as the random examples that are given here show, any rather tired journalist will apparently resort to it in his moment of need. The examples that follow are deliberately set down, from among a great many more I have encountered, in no other order than the chronological order of their appearance. The point is simply to illustrate the career of the term and the courses that it has followed in coming into the language, largely in America, losing any shape and meaning it might once have had.

In April, 1966, an "Eastern establishment group" was identified for us in the Republican Party:

> A hasty appeal to big donors, signed by Clay, drew some 200 checks of $1000 or more, primarily from the Eastern establishment group that sat out the 1964 election. (Walter Pincus, *Atlantic*)

But in the same issue of the same magazine we were offered an unidentified general "Establishment":

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and method rather than of principle. (Oscar Handlin, *Atlantic*)

In May, 1966, we were presented with an "academic Establishment":

> William Arrowsmith's blast should give the academic Establishment a proper shaking up—and maybe even a waking up. (C. Vann Woodward, *Harper's*)

In July, 1966, we read:

> ... Ferry has the credentials and perspective to operate from within the establishment.... He is a member in good standing of New York's august Century Club. And he is master of that ultra-establishmentarian trade, public relations. (Victor S. Navasky, *Atlantic*)

To an English user of the phrase, it is incomprehensible that anyone in as commercial, as new, as vulgar, as exhibitionist an occupation as public relations could belong to "the Establishment."

In August, 1966, we were told:

> But to the new states GATT is the establishment. (Anonymous, *Atlantic*)

There is a meaninglessness about this sentence that is pure.

In October, 1966, we were taken on an excursion into the Texas "Establishment":

> Faction-ridden, divided between liberal dissidents and Establishment conservatives, the Texas Democratic Party is running more or less true to form....
>
> With Senator Ralph Yarborough and his coalition of *Tejanos*, Negroes, labor, old-style populists, and modern-style liberals on the one hand, and Governor Connally and the Establishment on the other, intraparty hostilities have escalated in recent months....
>
> All but estranged from the liberals, whose only real hope he was, mistrusted by the Establishment, whose money backed him, he [Lyndon Johnson as Senator] nonetheless somehow preserved a knack for keeping his party from falling to pieces....
>
> The plain fact, however, is that Connally today is more popular with the Establishment than Johnson ever was. (Anonymous, *Atlantic*)

If all this means anything at all, it is that the then Senator Johnson was not properly or fully an "Establishment" man. Yet in the same issue of the same magazine, and only a few pages away, we were told:

> ... this President is fundamentally, like almost every other Texas politician, an Establishment man. (David S. Broder, *Atlantic*)

The phrase, in fact, gallivanted through the pages of that magazine in that month:

> We have run into the totalitarian center, the great and powerful liberal Establishment that is as doctrinaire as any

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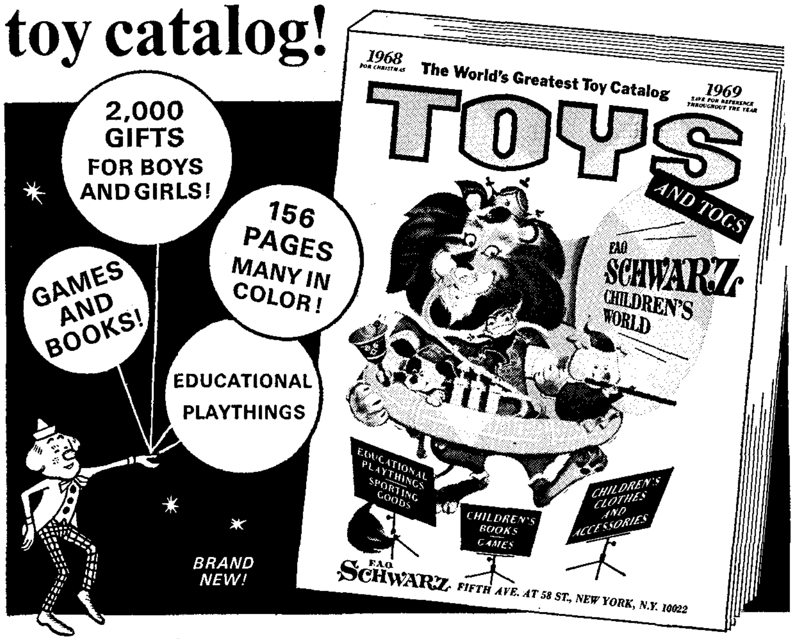
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left- or right-wing extremist ever was. (Michael B. Lerner, Berkeley graduate student, *Atlantic*)

But according to another writer:

> The Berkeley story . . . was never one of a reactionary administration seeking to protect the Establishment in the community. (Seymour Martin Lipset, *Atlantic*)

It was almost a relief to find, in another article in that issue:

> It is doubtful whether the term "the gambling establishment" means much any more in Nevada. (Edward F. Sherman, *Atlantic*)

In January, 1967, an unidentified general phenomenon was back:

> Paternalists and philanthropists of the Establishment, black and white, not only lost control, they often lost touch. (C. Vann Woodward, *Harper's*)

This was the second use of the phrase by Professor Woodward that we had noticed, and the mischief on both occasions was that he was leaving the reader to fill in the names of those who he thought (or thought Professor Woodward thought) belonged to "the academic Establishment" or "the Establishment, black and white." Professor Woodward, at this point, was neither passing on information nor explaining himself.

In March, 1967, another member of "the Establishment" was identified for us:

> "I think it's reassuring to Johnson to have an Eastern Establishment professor [W. W. Rostow] talk his language and assure him everything's going well," says one source who is familiar with the situation. (Douglas Kiker, *Atlantic*)

We were being bamboozled again. We were being told nothing, but the use of the word "Establishment" assisted the pretense that we were being let into a secret.

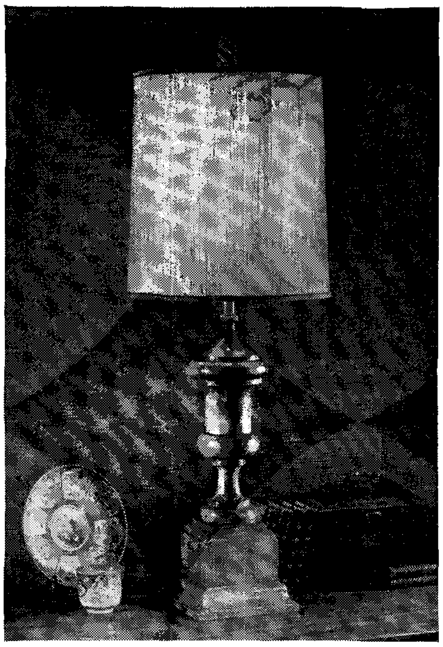
In May, 1967, we found:

> Prime symbol of the new Notre Dame is the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh, president of the university since 1952. If Knute Rockne put Notre Dame on the map in the 'twenties with football, Hesburgh is doing it in the 'sixties with civil rights, ecumenicism, and his own prominence in the Establishment. (Peter Schrag, *Harper's*)

But "the Establishment" in which the Reverend Theodore M. Hesburgh was placed then evaporated into a vague thing of cosmopolitan and urbane manners but of no identity.

In June, 1967, we had a theatrical "Establishment" defined for us:

> It is no secret to the readers of this newspaper that Walter Kerr is not popular with the new establishment of intel-



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lectuals, artists and salvationists who cluster about our provincial reps, university drama departments and theatrical coffee houses. (Ralph G. Allen, New York *Times Book Review*)

A little scruffy, surely, for an Establishment.

In July, 1967, the civil-rights movement was again being given a label:

> What emerges from the Yancey-Rainwater study is a picture of a civil rights movement that has taken on many of the characteristics of the government establishment with which it found itself allied in the anti-Moynihan crusade. (Joseph P. Lyford, *Book Week*)

August, 1967, began with a two-headed definition:

> And to anybody with strong Oedipal feelings it [symbolically plotting a revolution] provides the special delight of defying the Establishment—that stuffy collection of father-figures whom we all find it so easy to hate.... But the most unfortunate are those whose revolutions succeeded—men like Djilas and Trotsky. They lived, in bitter disillusionment, to see the Establishment they had overthrown replaced by a new one, just as hard-faced and stuffy. (John Fischer, *Harper's*)

It could be pleaded that Mr. Fischer's tongue was in his cheek—but, I think, only partly. He moved from a half-mocking definition of "the Establishment" as a "stuffy collection of father-figures" to an identification of it as the entire apparatus of the state which men like Djilas and Trotsky plotted to overthrow. It is a perfect example of the mischief the phrase can do, even in the hands of as precise a man as Mr. Fischer, for it is draining all meaning from history to suggest that these men were engaged in anything as sloppy as replacing one vague "Establishment" by another.

On August 3, 1967, one found:

> He [Paul Goodman] admires the style of the 5 per cent of college students involved in radical movements, their natural "aristocratic" disdain of the Establishment, of direction from the top, of middle-class squeamishness.... Thus Goodman stands neither with the dissident intellectuals of the New Left nor with those who have joined the Establishment. (John Thompson, *New York Review of Books*)

What *were* we talking about? Apparently, it was a middle-class body, marked by the well-known middle-class attribute of squeamishness; middle-class, and yet at the top; at the top, and yet looked down on with "aristocratic" disdain.

On August 5, 1967, there was a familiar use:

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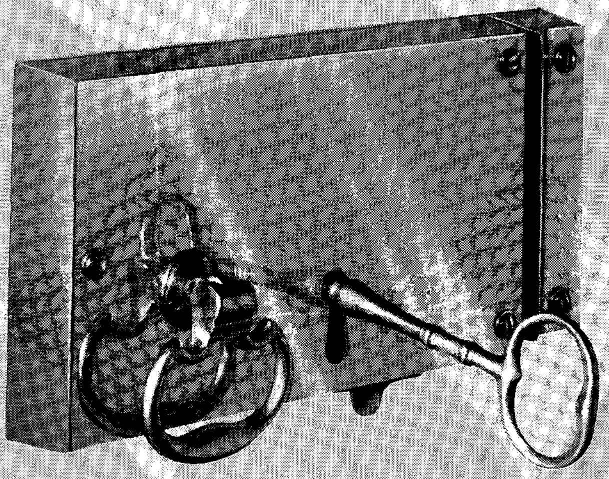

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until New York, Chicago or Los Angeles is brought to an indefinite standstill by a well-organized guerrilla action against the white establishment. (Editorial, *New Republic*)

On August 20th, we were taken back into the literary world:

> There are two kinds of prizes in literature . . . those that are necessary evils and those that are unnecessary goods. . . . The necessary evils are those that come to talented, struggling authors who need the money, but whom this sudden recognition, this unexpected accolade of the Establishment may well corrupt. (John Simon, "Arts and Leisure" section of the Sunday edition of the New York *Times*)

On August 26th, we were told in another publication that it was not only the bourgeois and corruptible West that possessed a "literary Establishment":

> Here [the Writers' Union building in Moscow], in the same smoky atmosphere of clashing silver and prolonged table talk that one finds in any New York club for the privileged, come and go the local members of the immense Soviet literary Establishment. (The Talk of the Town, *The New Yorker*)

On August 27th, one was pleased to find that Miss Susan Sontag could resist "the Establishment's" blandishments. An interviewer mentioned other interviews, which

> seem designed to show her playing the have it and eat it game . . . reaping the establishment's rewards with the right hand, damning the establishment with the left. (Carolyn G. Heilbrun, New York *Times Book Review*)

Good for Miss Sontag!

That same day, in the same newspaper, there were two statements about the Detroit riots:

> When Cavanagh, then an obscure lawyer, ran for Mayor in 1961, he was given little chance of upsetting incumbent Louis C. Mirani, who had the backing of the entire Establishment. . . . [Cavanagh found] a ready-made issue with which to rally the underdog against the Establishment. . . .
>
> The hooting-down of Conyers is only one of several signs that last month's outburst was directed at least partly against the black Establishment as well as the white Establishment. (J. Anthony Lukas, New York *Times Magazine*)

"The Establishment," "the black Establishment," "the white Establishment"—was anyone an "underdog" in Detroit? And, anyhow, did "the underdog" become an "Establishment" when he won with Mayor Cavanagh? Apparently so.

In September, the phrase was at last rejected by one writer:

> But let us return the word "powerlessness" to whatever underdeveloped science gave it to us. It is now about as

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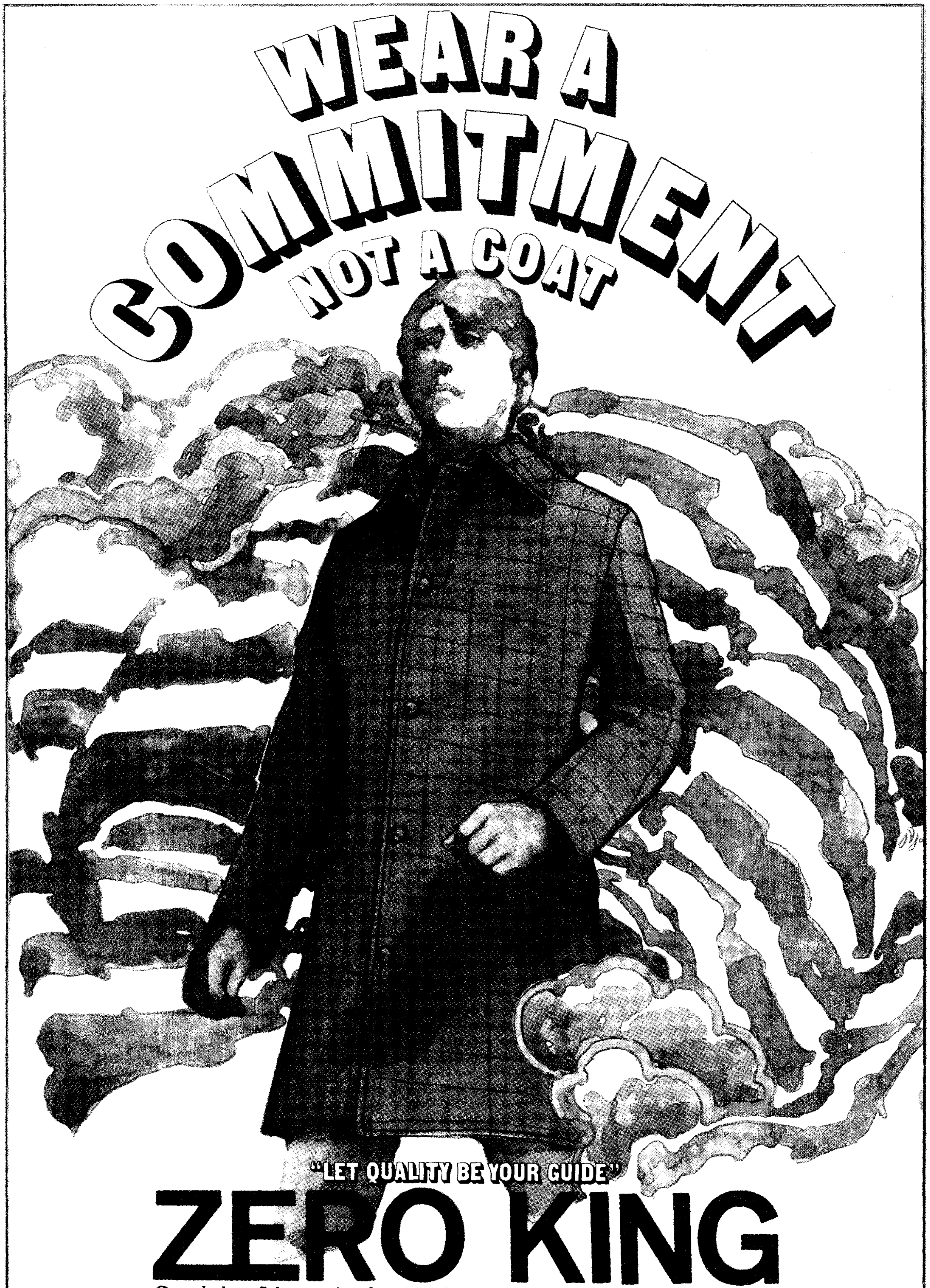
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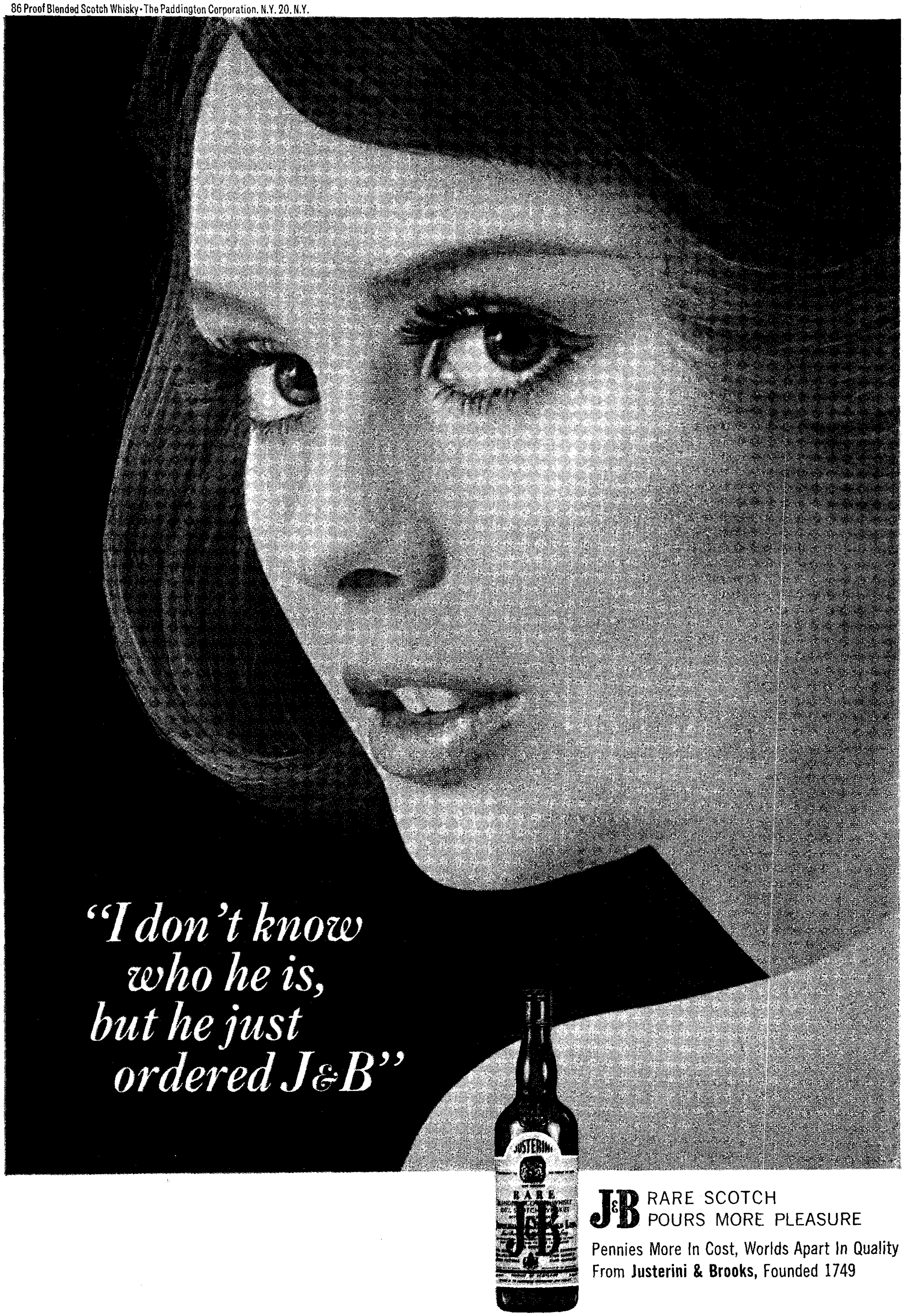
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useful as the over-worked "Establishment." It does not advance analysis; it mystifies. (Tom Kahn, *Dissent*)

But October, 1967, opened with another protest from another of the many victims of "the Establishment":

> The reports of Mort Sahl's professional demise have been greatly exaggerated. Somewhat muted in recent years (Sahl claims an establishment conspiracy has kept him from the public ear)... (Anonymous, *Playboy*)

One would like to think this was a joke. The truth, of course, is that "the Establishment," if it did anything, took Mr. Sahl (like an asp) to its bosom, much as in England it smothered "Beyond the Fringe" with kindness.

In the following month, a sticker attached to the cover of *Esquire* carried the headline and subheadings:

THE BLACK POWER
ESTABLISHMENT
Its Unknown Leaders,
Its Hidden Money,
Its Foreign Entanglements

Inside, there was a chart accompanied by an explanation "compiled by William Worthy" and still entitled "The Black Power Establishment," which said, "There are five degrees of activism shown on the chart covering the next two pages: black, at the top, is the most militant; white, at the bottom, the most moderate. The shadings in between represent intermediate points of view in Year Two of Black Power." As far as one could gather, the idea was to demonstrate that there was now a "budding pro-China, pro-Castro orientation of black revolutionaries," beneath which was a vast network of supporting or mediating organizations. In fact, "The Black Power Establishment" melted—through "dark brown" and "tan" and "off-white"—into a list of almost every individual and every group in the United States involved in some way in the problem of race.

On October 1, 1967, readers of the *Times Book Review* encountered an advertisement for the *New York Review of Books* that included the sentence:

> Or if you want to bring a Molotov cocktail to your next cocktail party, arm yourself with Tom Hayden's "The Occupation of Newark," in which the establishment version of what went on there is blown to bits by fact after carefully-aimed fact.

The cocktail party, as the advertisement suggested, was surely the place where the term should be allowed to lose itself. But that was clearly not about to happen. On Sunday, October

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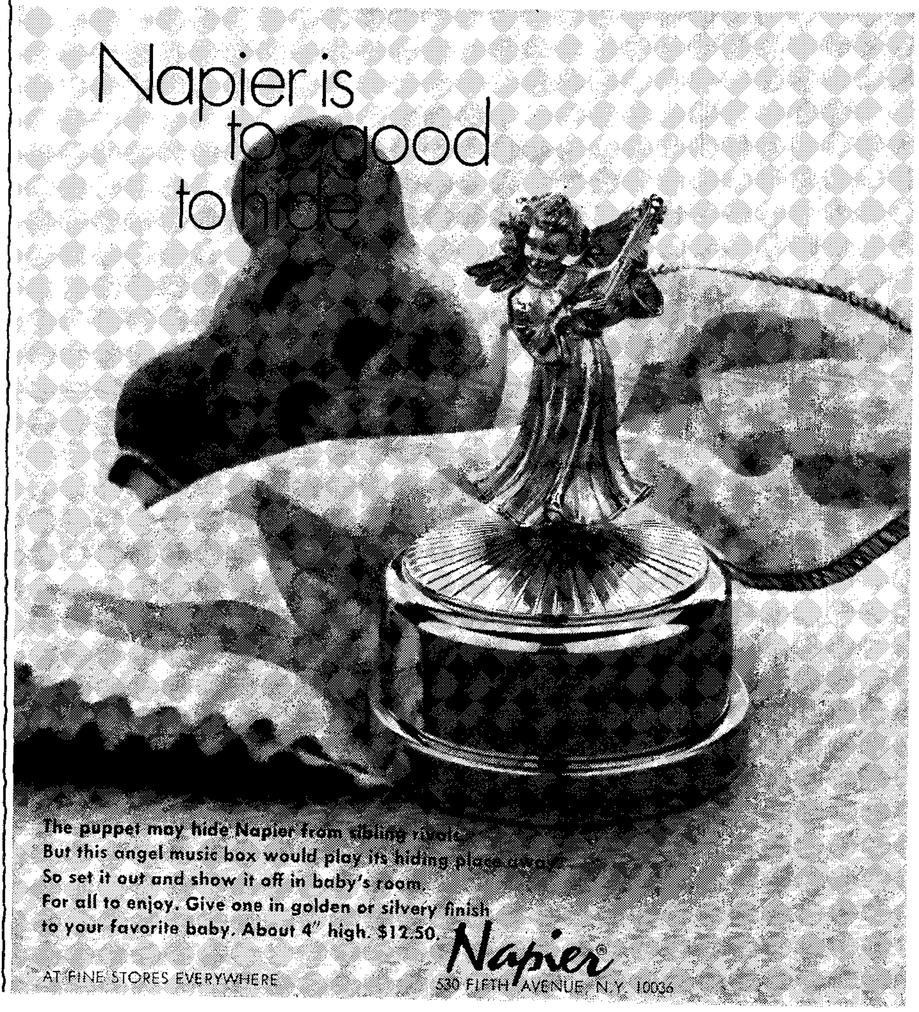

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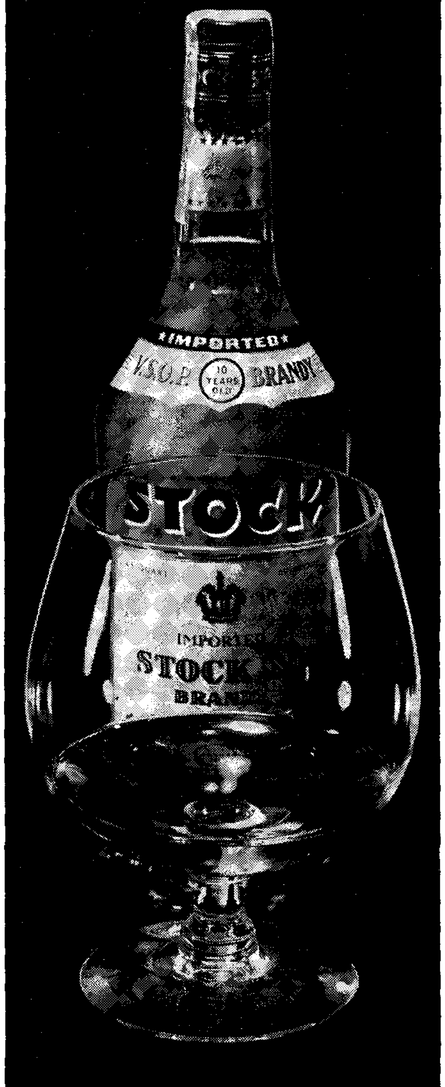

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8, 1967, there were five uses of the term in a single issue of a single newspaper. It is necessary only to set them down, one after another, to see what havoc has been done to meaning:

> For most of the thirty years of her embattled career, she [Joan Littlewood] has been an outsider in the theatrical establishment. (Charles Marowitz, "Arts and Leisure" section, New York *Times*)
>
> It was Miss Moorman who had conceived the Fifth Annual Avant-Garde Festival and won Commissioner Halberg's cooperation, thus precipitating a bureaucratic battle between Fun City's sophisticated officials and the provincial Staten Island Establishment. (Elenore Lester, "News" section, *Times*)
>
> Canberra (pop. 100,000) is a beautifully laid-out, rather staid city, which possesses a well-defined Establishment whose members come from the Australian National University, the diplomatic corps, the civil service and the Houses of Parliament. The pattern of living inside this Establishment is quite formal. (Harry Gordon, *Times Magazine*)
>
> He [James Reston] spent his formative years as a sportswriter, and has the same irreverence toward the Establishment as baseball scribes toward the Front Office. (Penn Kimball, *Times Book Review*)
>
> His [Governor Reagan's] visit to Eureka . . . brought him into constructive elbow-rubbing contact with the wheels in Illinois' Republican establishment. (Gladwin Hill, "News of the Week in Review" section, *Times*)

It is the richest bag for one day, from one newspaper, that I have come across.

BEFORE the great French historian Marc Bloch was tortured and finally executed by the Germans, he wrote a personal testament, which has been published under the title "Strange Defeat." It was written in an appalling moment, in terrible circumstances, yet Bloch never forgot the manners of his civilization ("the sacred soil of France from which, in the past, so many rich harvests have been taken") or the discipline of his craft. In his description of the French collapse, Bloch referred to "the utter incompetence of the High Command," but then, a few paragraphs further on, he wrote, in the middle of his passion:

> I referred a while back to the "High Command." But scarcely had my pen written the words when the historian in me was shocked by their use. For the ABC of my trade consists in avoiding the big-sounding abstract terms. Those who teach history should be continually concerned with the task of seeking the solid and the concrete behind the empty and the abstract. In other words, it is on men rather than functions that they should concentrate their attention. The errors of the High Command were, fun-

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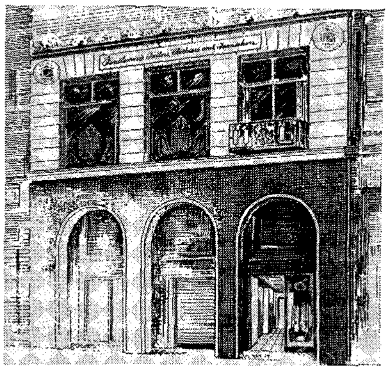

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damentally, the errors of a specific group of human beings.

Political reporting and comment today—written by men who face not a firing line but, at most, a mere deadline—are full of "the empty and the abstract" as a substitute for "the solid and the concrete." We are always reading, or always writing, about "the Pentagon" or "the Senate Club" or "the White House" or "Whitehall" or "the Quai d'Orsay," and "the Establishment" is simply the last and most general of these "empty and abstract" terms, which, precisely because of its vagueness and its shapelessness, can be used in almost any country about almost anything.

It is not, I think, a coincidence that the term will be found frequently in the Sunday edition of the New York *Times* but only rarely in its daily editions. During the week, when reporters are about their proper business of describing "the solid and the concrete," there is no place, as there is no need, for a concept such as "the Establishment." On Sunday, however, the journalists (and outside writers performing like journalists) feel impelled or compelled to abandon "the solid and the concrete" and take us into what I still like to spell as "aëry" regions. Similarly, I think it is no coincidence that the term appears with regularity in magazines whose writers feel driven to offer the idea behind the event and the forces behind the idea. This is teleological journalism, infirmly based on the doctrine that final causes exist, and that, whereas they cannot be discovered or discussed in ordinary daily journalism, they can be explored in more leisurely columns. Intrepidly, these writers invite us to come with them up a river so that they may show us its source, but again and again the only source they find is an uncharted lake called "the Establishment." They fall in, and we with them.

The idea of inner circles and hidden forces and final causes can very easily be translated into a theory of conspiracy, and this, I think, goes far to explain why the term has become so popular. A significant proportion of the random examples given above use "the Establishment" to hint at conspiracy—to hint at it so vaguely that the writer can never be pinned down to actual names, but also so suggestively that the reader is persuaded he need not ask for names. The success of the term is, in part, a response to a desire to explain our politics in terms of conspiracy, and we are left with the question of why

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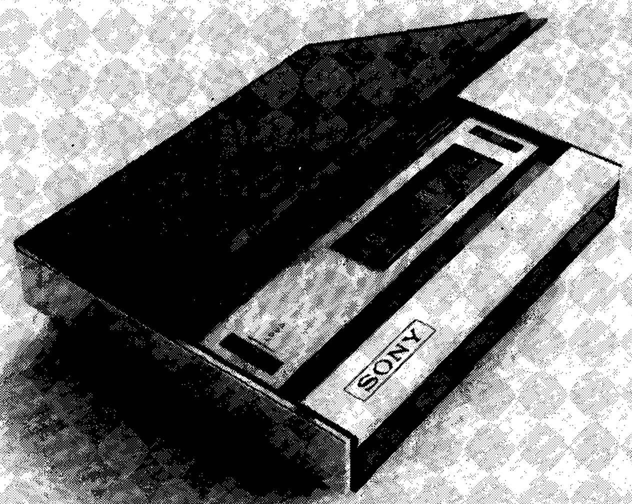

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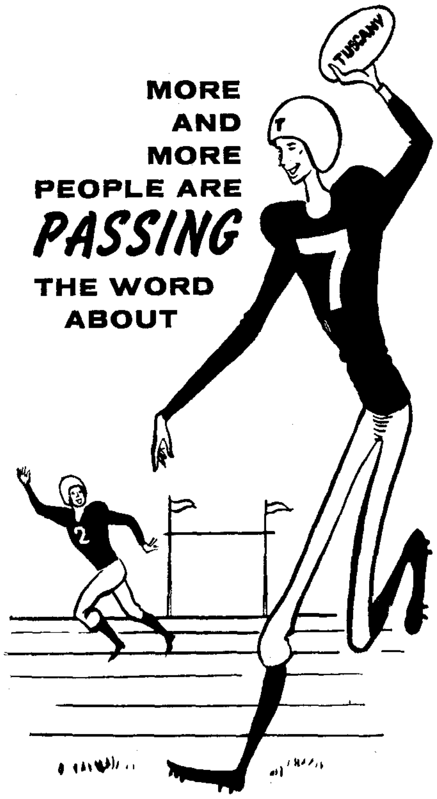

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this desire should be so strong today. The most apparent reason I can think of is that many of the Western democracies have experienced various forms of radical or left-wing government and have found, at the end of the day, that the ways in which a society is governed or managed remain much the same as before. The popularity of conspiracy theories, or near-conspiracy theories, today is an infantile replacement for the political utopianism that no one any longer has the heart to nourish.

One of the most noteworthy characteristics of today's youthful dissenters is their pessimism, contrasted with the traditional optimism of the young. The term "the Establishment" is tailor-made for them, since it carries the implication that they will always be defeated. Indeed, the implication in the term itself prepares the way for the inevitable consequence. As one watched the hapless demonstrators—not their leaders—on the streets of Chicago in August, one could not help contemplating that their energies had been misdirected: that, having been persuaded to oppose a nonexistent Establishment, they were now being beaten about the head by a very existent Mayor Richard Daley, the source of whose power they could not identify.

I am a Conservative—a term of some respectability in England—and I do not think it is unimportant that it was a Conservative, in a Conservative journal, who launched the term "the Establishment" in England. It was immediately adopted, of course, by the vociferous left wing. But not the least important incident in the history of the term was an early attack made on its use by Mr. Anthony Crosland, who is now a prominent member of the Labour Government. Although Mr. Crosland has often been accused (as his friend Hugh Gaitskell was) of being on the right wing of the Labour Party, he showed in his books while he was in opposition, and has shown in his actions since he has been in office, more genuine and accurate Socialist determination in attacking the causes of inequality than most of his colleagues and critics. The idea of "the Establishment," he said at the time, was a distraction, which diverted attention from what really needed to be changed to a nonexistent conspiracy. In a way, he was right, and, having launched the term as a Conservative, it is as what Miss Helen Waddell, in that great achievement "The Wandering Scholars," called "a conservative of letters" that I wish the language could be rid of it.

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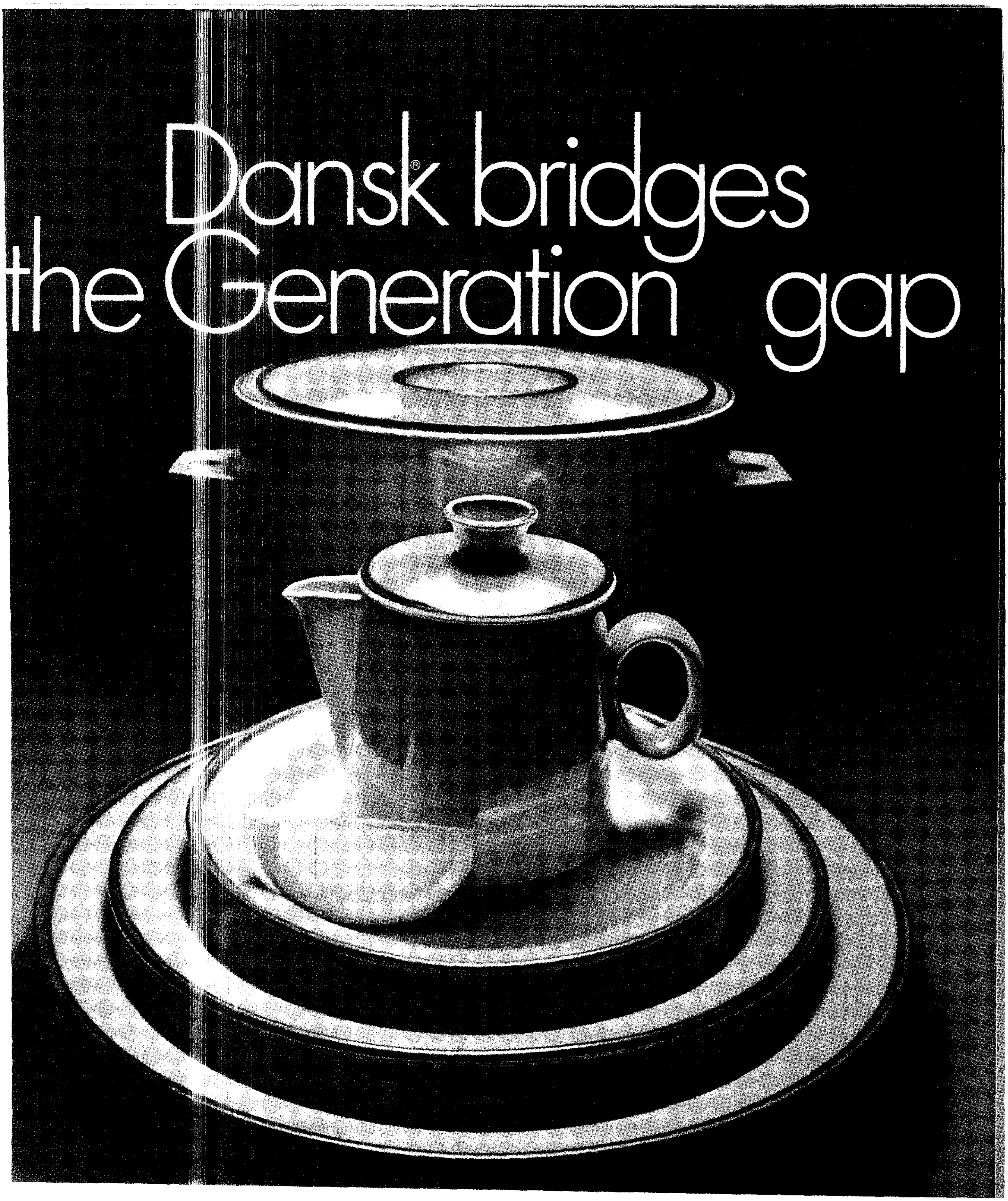

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

"She Came at Me in Sections"

"ROMEO AND JULIET," Franco Zeffirelli's new tale from Shakespeare, employs the latest in techniques of bowdlerization. Apparently to attract teen-agers, Zeffirelli loads on what academic bowdlerizers used to take out. His movie of "The Taming of the Shrew" seemed to be always on the edge of bursting into song; it made me wish I were seeing "Kiss Me Kate." His "Romeo and Juliet" does not make me long for "West Side Story" (what could?), but it certainly suggests it, not only in the use of unaristocratic, teen-age gangs and a freaked-out Mercutio (John McEnery) but in the basic strategy—which suggests "The Graduate" as well. Some odd readings (by Lady Capulet, and, particularly, by Friar Laurence when he says "I dare no longer stay") suggest that this teen-age tragedy is partly the result of teen-agers' betrayal by their elders. It's a bit ugly to see Shakespeare used for being with it; moviemakers drill into the "generation gap" as if it were an oil well. Zeffirelli's version is lusty and rambunctious, and busty, of course, and he provides a fashion show in codpieces—two-toned, with fringe and bows and laces. The one element he removes that the other bowdlerizers also removed is Shakespeare's language. Nobody got exercised over what he did to the language of "The Taming of the Shrew," because there's not much poetry there anyway. But "Romeo and Juliet" is another matter. It's not that there is perhaps only about half of Shakespeare's play left that is upsetting but that the quotations from Shakespeare that *are* left don't build up the rhythms of a poetic play. Heard in isolated fragments, the lines just seem a funny way of talking that is hard to understand. The movie is being sold, of course, on its "youth appeal"—on teen-agers playing teen-agers—but you can always make a movie with kids playing kids; the feat would be if the kids could read Shakespeare. The lines are unintelligible because the actors' faces and bodies aren't in tune with the words. As anyone who has ever been in a school production of Shakespeare has learned, to his shame, those great lines don't mean anything to an audience unless you have the training to make them sound as if you always talked that way. Pat Heywood playing the Nurse (as a countrywoman, and not too ancient, which is a pleasant change) is almost the only one of the principals who manages this, so in her scenes the meaning registers. Perhaps the main reason we go to Shakespeare performances in the theatre or at the movies is for the happy, square excitement of hearing those marvellous lines; here the voices and readings are so tonelessly mediocre that one hardly hears the words at all. There's not one memorable reading; the music of the great lines is missing. And without it the idiocies of the plot shine forth. Zeffirelli has not, however, left a total vacuum; he has replaced the poetry with his own "cinematic" version of poetry.

TAYLOR I STA
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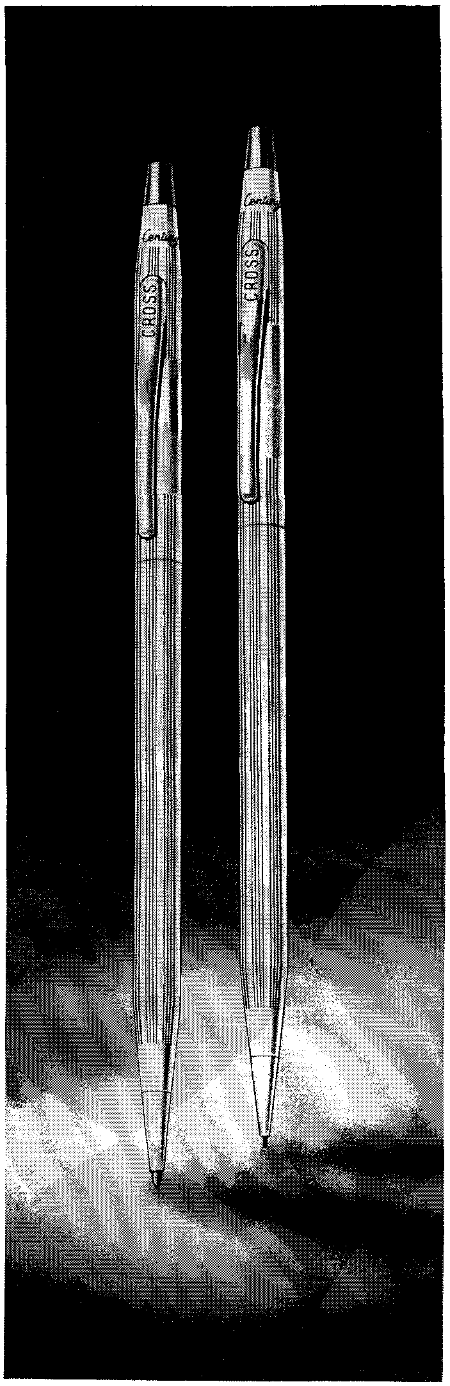
This "Romeo and Juliet" is about two young (unlucky) kids in love. They communicate with eyes and mouths and smiles (in closeup), not in words; the lines of Shakespeare that they speak are redundant as well as meaningless. Olivia Hussey (Juliet), her childish eyes wide open and her mouth open, too, and Leonard Whiting (Romeo), his hair cut like a suburban hippie's, are not really bad; they're rather sweet, and in some ways their simplicity—the simplicity of reasonably talented, blank young actors that is so familiar to us from television—is pleasing. But they're as banal in their youth and innocence as the high-school kids in "Peyton Place;" like the lovers in "West Side Story," they have been made ordinary kids in trouble. In Shakespeare's version, they played together at poetry and at love; they made love through poetry, matching each other's conceits. Here the actors seem dear little children playing at the director's notion of teen-age sex hunger, and, despite the words, they look and move like inarticulate modern kids in the latest movie cycle. Zeffirelli supplies them with nonverbal lyricism: Romeo leaps from Juliet's balcony and runs for joy through a green glade. This is recognizable as a new convention—we know we're not supposed to think about the dusty summer streets of the previous shots (which may also be a new convention; Zeffirelli is very high on dust). But if you're going to go in for the trite lyricism of running through the woods you'd better be



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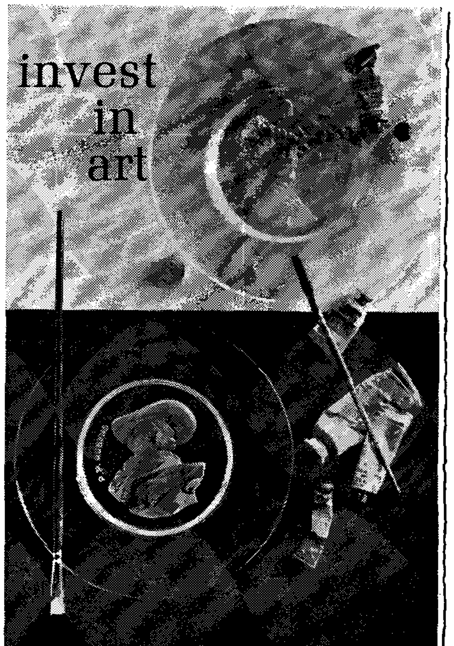

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more of a moviemaker than Zeffirelli; the scene is shot like the romantic, full-of-the-joy-of-life sequences in a dozen current second-rate movies. When he aims for exuberance, he generally settles for overacting or for images that convey commonplace high spirits and coyness and puppy love.

As a movie director, Zeffirelli has a limited sense of movement, and his "cinematic" effects are forced. He goes in for strenuous knockabout stuff—for brawling, cavorting young men and for revels and roistering that have an awful way of suggesting the supers at the opera trying to keep the stage "active." For "immediacy," he plunges the camera into this busywork (which inevitably includes somebody getting kicked in the bottom). In the duel between Mercutio and Tybalt, and, particularly, in the big sword fight between Romeo and Tybalt (with Michael York's Tybalt coming on as a bullish matador), his camera-in-the-midst-of-the-horses'-hoofs technique sometimes works excitingly—perhaps because these sequences (like the scene of the baiting of the Nurse) are conceived in extravagant terms. When Zeffirelli is extravagant, he often succeeds in providing some of the flourishes and the urgency that have been lost in the cutting of the play. But the realistic locations are used like parts of a stage; we can't get our bearings. We never really know where we are in this movie; we get no sense of movement in relation to place. The interiors have no exteriors. We are at a ball without having entered the room or having got a sense of its scale. Theatricality can be effective in a movie when it is consciously used, but it's very awkward when the director is trying for realism—which Zeffirelli apparently takes horseplay and opulent clutter, and dust, to be. He brings to the screen the filler of opera—all that coarse, earthy stuff that comes on when the main singers are off. And Zeffirelli's "robust" realistic detail is ludicrous; when he throws a closeup of the marketplace onto the screen and we see the peppers and onions, it's like the obligatory setting of the scene in the first act of an opera when the peasant girl walks on with her basket on her arm. And when Michael York enters, in a series of closeups working up from calves and thighs to torso to face, the camera is used to make an elaborate kind of stage entrance. (Among the many reasons for giggling at this is that it reminds one of Fred Astaire's description of Cyd Charisse in "The Band Wagon":

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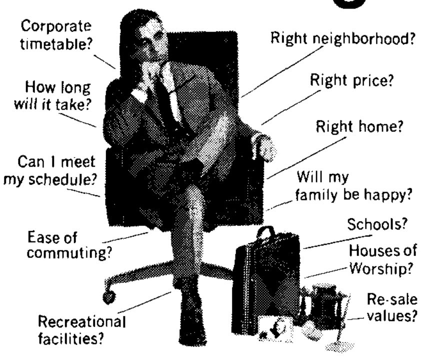
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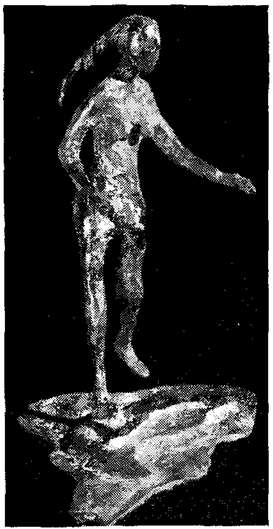

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"She came at me in sections.") The visual compositions are generally academic, and the camera movement and the editing, too, are often just nervous.

Zeffirelli may, however, have hit on something that could knock kids silly. Once Mercutio and Tybalt are dead, the luscious Nino Rota music (the kind of music you feel you've been hearing on car radios all your life even as you hear it for the first time—which you sure know won't be the last) is poured on in emotional torrents, and the movie is filled with weeping and lamentation and carrying-on. Romeo flings himself to the floor while Juliet, hair streaming, bangs herself against the wall. All this violence and hysteria appear to come out of nowhere, because these little child lovers, with their baby talk, hardly seem to have the sensuality or the grand passion to go mad this way. (They are so pure and sweet in bed that it is like a toy marriage.) There's nothing in Shakespeare or in the characters we have seen to prepare us for this; it's out of every wonderfully absurd operatic love-death, and kids unfamiliar with this tradition may really go for it. It's a new development, in a way—teen-agers as grand and passionate. The movie gets so theatrical, in a nineteenth-century melodramatic fashion, that it begins to be rather fascinating. (The lighting even resembles the unmodified yellowish lighting of an opera stage.) There are moments when the production is so bizarre and excessive it suggests "Throne of Blood" and Eisenstein's "Ivan the Terrible," but then it slips back into horse opera, with someone yelling "Montague!" like "Geronimo!" This movie comes at you in sections. The whole thing cries out for arias, but if it were an opera Zeffirelli might cast non-singers.

In retrospect, one may feel affection for importantly bad movies—for the unusual messes that show some talent and lots of aspiration and take themselves seriously enough to convince some people that they are works of art. (Remember "Voice in the Wind," with Francis Lederer as a deranged concert pianist, or Ben Hecht's "Spectre of the Rose," or "Mickey One," or "Privilege"? And I think a Bergman film like "Hour of the Wolf" belongs in this group.) It's characteristic of these prestige-laden flops that they're so bad they often verge on self-parody, and that their champions explain their box-office failure by saying that they're "ahead of their time." Pictures like these are not mediocrities (that's the

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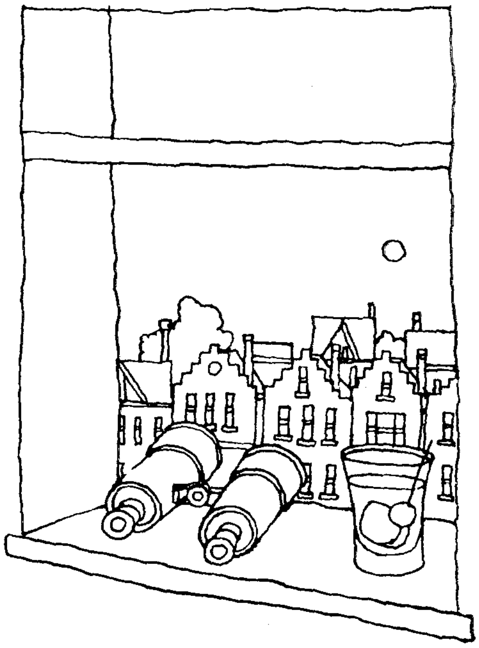

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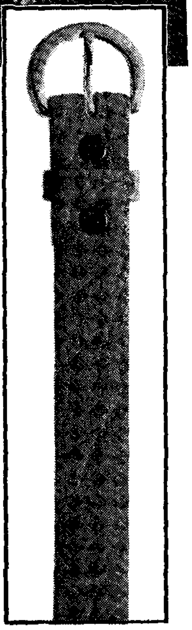

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best thing to be said for them); they're awful. But they do, at least, have some kind of character. They may be hell to sit through, but you don't forget that you saw them. This crazy "Romeo and Juliet," with its rear-view-nude Romeo, and its shots that look like ads for "The Boy," and its Juliet leaning so far out of her dress in the balcony scene that instead of listening to her we watch her bosom as she struggles with problems of breath control, may even be a hit. There are a lot of romantic teen-agers, and a lot of other people who still have their teen-age romanticism intact.

Peter Sellers can do some things perhaps better than anyone else, and he has a scene in "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!" in which he bends over laughing in helpless merriment that is really very beautiful. His inflections for lack of enthusiasm and his look of dissatisfaction are perhaps becoming too close to perfect: his general dissatisfaction, though totally in character here, is the middle-class variant of melancholy, and it begins to suggest a comment on his vehicles. Comic talents are pushed so hard in most movies that they don't have time for comedy. But Sellers, as the Italian in "After the Fox," the Spaniard in "The Bobo," the Indian in "The Party," and now the Los Angeles Jewish lawyer in "Toklas," takes that extra bit of time. He has been evolving a loose, low-keyed style that gives his characters a chance to grow, even in undistinguished pictures. "Toklas" is thin—no more than an extended television situation comedy—but it has some of the appeal of the Harold Lloyd comedies (especially one that Preston Sturges wrote for him), and it makes you laugh surprisingly often. It's the best of his recent vehicles. Sellers' special gift is to reverse the comedian's usual procedure: he turns stereotypes into characters; he embodies the stereotype totally, so that we see the man. The ideas and the development here are crude, but the lines (by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker) are sly, and Hy Averback's directorial attitude is relaxed. The whole thing is giddy and slapdash and entertainingly inconsequential. And there's a charming, inventive comedienne, Joyce Van Patten (who is a bit like Jean Hagen); she is particularly good in her second-wedding scene, when she stands at the altar glassy with anxiety.

Considering what Francis Ford Coppola was working with in "Finian's Rainbow"—a socially con-

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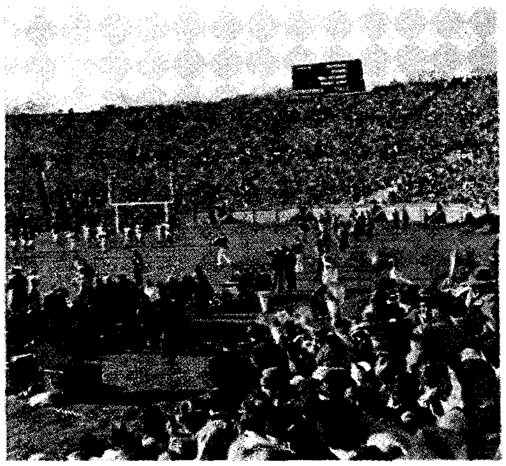

Chester Brown is an alumnus of Yale—a stockbroker on Wall Street—and Mighty-Mac Testing Laboratory #313. His favorite pastime is taking his two boys to the Yale games on Saturday afternoon. And this Saturday is kind of special: it's the Yale-Harvard game. And Chester is well prepared for it. First thing, of course, he made sure he had his sons Junior and Stevie. A transistor radio so he could hear what he couldn't see. And cushions and a blanket for solid comfort. Everyone was outfitted in a spanking new Mighty-Mac.

Play commenced, the cheering commenced, and Chester commenced. "Go Eli, go," he shouted—and, jumping off his seat with a sudden movement, his Mighty-Mac did things *we* never even thought it could do. (That's why we have Chester in the first place.) Well, the coat went whichever way that Chester's body went. Never interfered with his moves. No stress, no strain. In fact, the only way he knew that he had a Mighty-Mac on was that it was 35 degrees that brisk afternoon, and he felt more like it was 60. Even Junior's and Stevie's Mighty-Mac survived 8 hot dogs, 6 bags of peanuts and 6 cans of soda pop. (In addition to surviving the natural elements.)

All in all, it was a grand day for everyone. The only fly in the ointment was that Yale lost. On the way home Chester thought about what he could have done if only he was about 5 inches taller and thirty pounds heavier.

Yes indeed, Mighty-Mac makes outerwear for the "common" man. The man who eats hot dogs at Yale-Harvard games. The man who, after all, is the backbone of our great nation. The man who is our Testing Laboratory #313.

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So whether you're a mountain climber or a spectator, Mighty-Mac thinks that one man is as good as another. And we make our outerwear that way. Eating hot dogs at the Yale-Harvard football game isn't as serious a business as climbing the Matterhorn, but Mighty-Mac makes all its outerwear as though it were.

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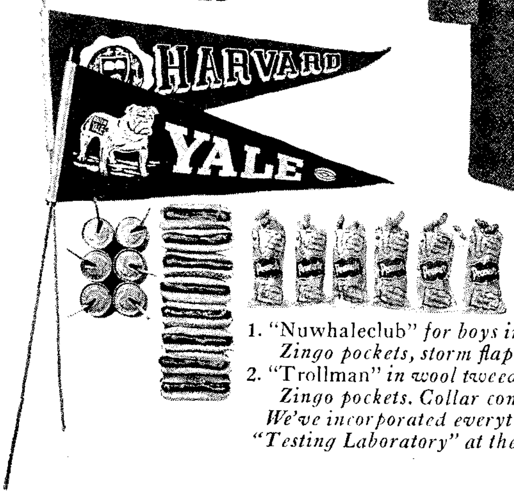

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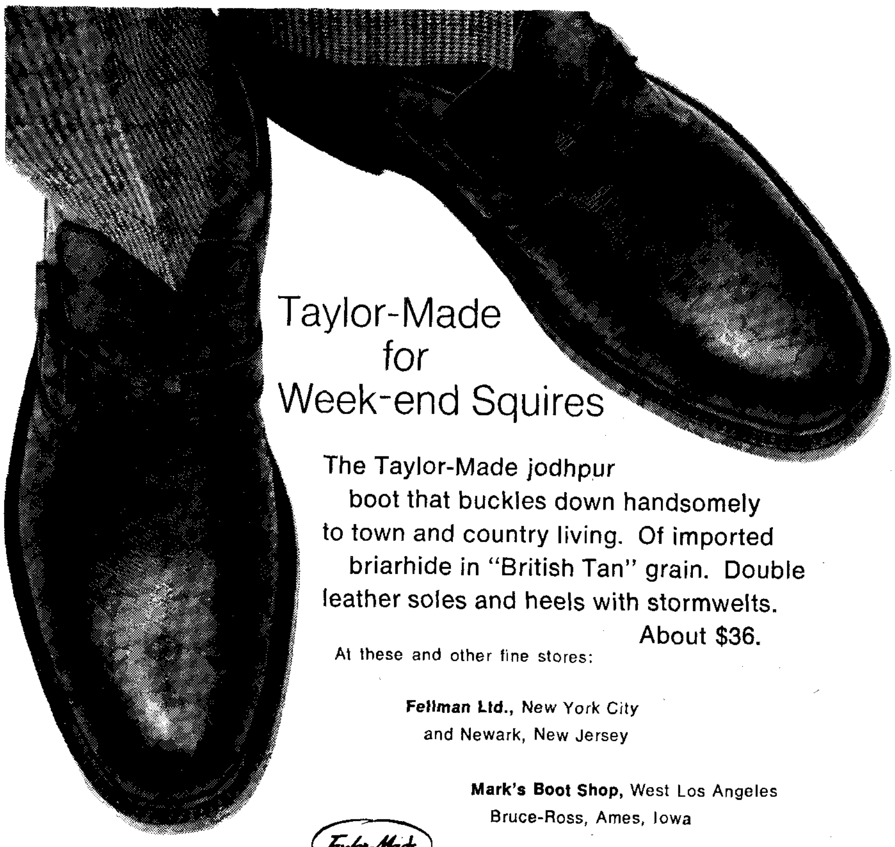
scious whimsey-fantasy operetta—he has done pretty well, or probably as well as could be done short of rethinking the whole thing, and then it would hardly be "Finian's Rainbow." What a book! For the sake of some rather pretty music, one may be willing to swallow one's pride and put up with the three fairy-tale wishes and the race-relations paradise, and even maybe—although it's tough—with the appallingly hypertense Tommy Steele's Puckish leprechaun, but that Susan the Silent routine (a girl who can't speak and, when questioned, ballet-dances her interminable answers) is beyond sufferance. Coppola, trying for freshness and speed and an ethereal "Midsummer Night's Dream" atmosphere, makes a pastiche of visual styles and lyrical effects out of what was already a pastiche. Obviously, he can't make anything good out of it; the best he can hope for is to keep the show moving, and he manages to do that. But the focus is so soft and there are so many filtered, gauzy shots that the occasional hard-focus closeup of the principals is really brutal—Dr. Jekyll becomes Mr. Hyde. With this kind of decaying material that reeks of old Broadway, and with performers who are—to put it as gently as possible—mature for their roles, it is surely simple tact not to let the audience get a very close look at anything. Still, compared with, say, "Doctor Dolittle" or "Half a Sixpence," this big, clean, family musical isn't so bad. Al Freeman, Jr., has a good moment or two, and Petula Clark is lovely in her first big number—though the spectres of Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy hover over her duets with the stolid Don Francks.

NOT having seen "The Subject Was Roses" as a play, I was inadequately prepared for the movie. Can a play that got the Pulitzer Prize, the Antoinette Perry Award, and the New York Drama Critics Circle Award really have been *this* bad? The dialogue has the insulated radio-TV-"realistic"-play sound; it nags at us with over-explicit little points, with hints and motivations drawn from the repertory of the worst domestic-crisis plays. This dialogue has been brought to the screen with such misplaced devotion that although the play concerns a family of three talking together in an apartment, the director never avails himself of the opportunities that movies provide for conversational intimacy and rapid delivery, and for throwing away lines. They should all have been thrown away.

—PAULINE KAEL



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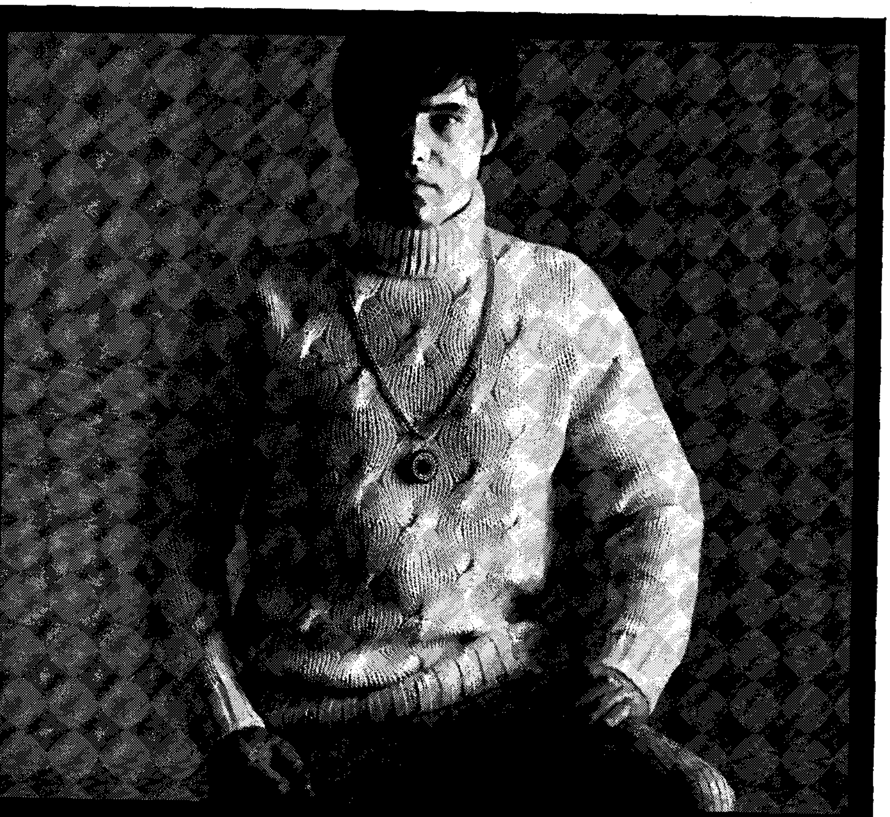

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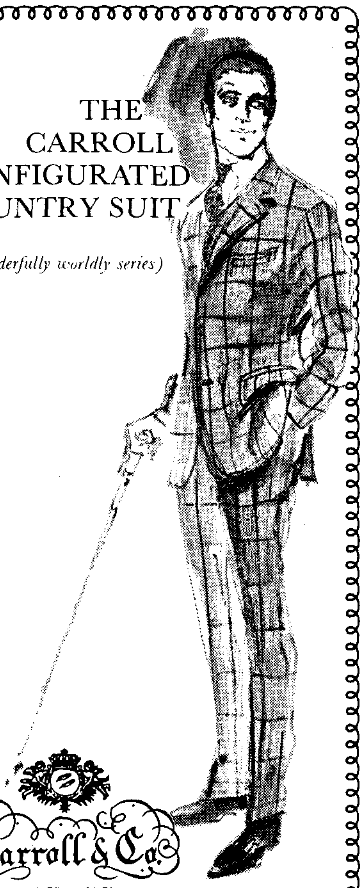

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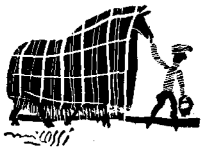

As Top Knight swept irresistibly home in the Champagne Stakes at Belmont Park last Saturday, he left no possible doubt about his being the season's best two-year-old. He looks the part, too. Of slightly more than medium size, he has good length for his height, excellent limbs, and a fine, intelligent head. What's more to the point, his action is smooth and powerful, and he can quicken his pace intensively and all at once. Taking the lead with two furlongs to go, he won by three and a half lengths from Beau Brummel. King Emperor was third, a length and a half farther back. King Loma, the other starter, was twenty lengths down the course.

In the paddock parade, King Emperor appeared lighter in flesh than he had when I saw him last, and his stablemate Beau Brummel seemed more on his toes. I thought that King Loma, who had come from California, with a stop-off in Chicago, was just another two-year-old, but he bounded out of the starting gate like a scared rabbit and led by lengths for half a mile, with King Emperor closest behind him. Approaching the far turn, King Emperor was joined by Top Knight, and the two went together for a couple of furlongs. Then, as King Loma began to shorten his stride, Ycaza called on Top Knight, who promptly produced a decisive burst of speed. The time by quarters was 0:23, 0:46, 1:10⅗, 1:35⅕. Top Knight, by Vertex out of Ran-Tan, was foaled in Florida at the farm of his owner, Steven B. Wilson. He's the second colt ever to win the Hopeful, the Futurity, and the Champagne Stakes; the other was Bold Lad, in 1964. To date, Top Knight has earned $294,688 in eight starts, five of which he has won. Ray Metcalf, his trainer, says his next will be the Pimlico Futurity on November 2nd.

By the way, the betting on the Champagne—Top Knight 4–5, the King Emperor-Beau Brummel entry 7–10—reminded me of the odds the gentry offer on football games.

SPEAKING of two-year-olds, Jack Dreyfus may have a topnotcher in his Hobeau Farm's Scarlet Larkspur. A beautiful filly, she made her very first

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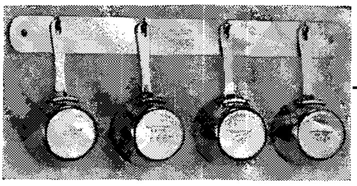

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start last Thursday in a six-furlong gallop at Belmont and led from beginning to end, winning by six lengths in the first-rate time of 1:10⅗. Where does she go from here?

APART from the Champagne Stakes, the most notable happening at Belmont Park last week was the return of the eight-year-old Quick Pitch, the best jumper we've had in ages. He won six races in succession last season, and after the last one, in which he carried 172 pounds, he developed leg trouble. Months ago, Barry Ryan, who trains Quick Pitch for Fortune Ryan, his brother, started working on the old fellow, hoping to bring him back to the races. (No one who hasn't been with horses has any notion of what a job that is, and the skill and patience—especially the patience—that are needed.) It would have been a pleasure to report that Quick Pitch won. He didn't. He was beaten by the Rokeby Stable's Bold Beggar, a very fit horse, who had set a track record for two miles and a furlong—the distance they were running—only a fortnight before. Though Quick Pitch hadn't raced in more than a year, he put up a gallant performance, leading most of the way, with Bold Beggar taking the hurdles just a bit behind him. The other starters trailed by ten lengths or so. Bold Beggar led over the last fence, but Quick Pitch, fighting to the bitter end, was only two lengths away as they passed the winning post. I daresay he'll be under colors again before the meeting ends.

DAMASCUS will try to regain some of his lost laurels in the Man o' War Stakes at Belmont this weekend. As for Dr. Fager, only Johnny Nerud, his trainer, knows when and where he'll next appear. —AUDAX MINOR

•

If Levee Plaza does not become a reality, the Winona businessmen should bow their heads and recall that famous line from Hemingway: ". . . ask not for whom the bell tolls—it tolls for thee."
IRVING GEPNER
A 3rd Street Merchant
—*From a letter to the editor of the Winona (Minn.) Daily News.*

Or John Donne's equally famous "No man is a plaza."

•

DeMent said he hoped a solution other than a fair increase can be found, but he did not know what this might be.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

Oh, something will turn up.

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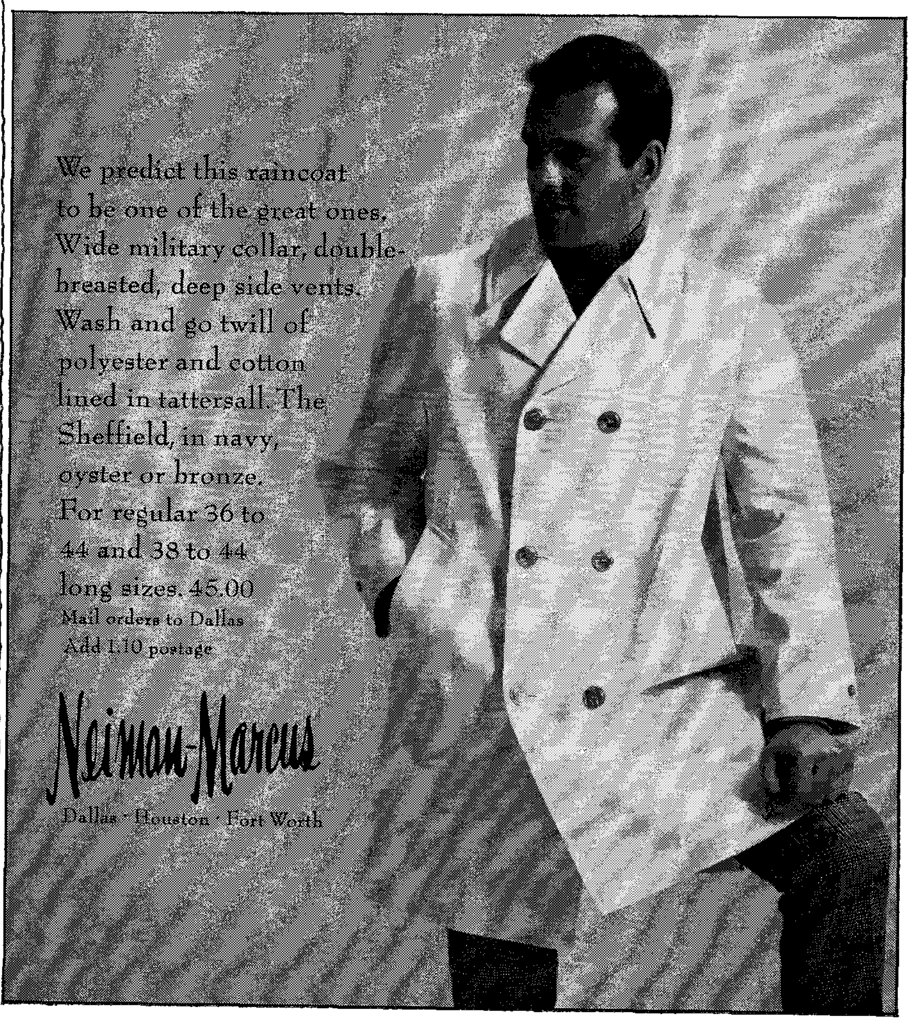

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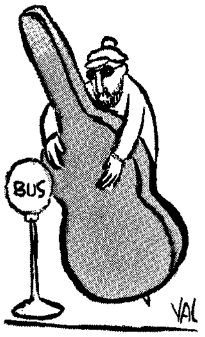
MUSICAL EVENTS

Muddy Water

WRITING an effective atonal opera is a little like making an effective speech with your head in a bucket. It *can* be done. Luigi Nono has done it by sheer resonance. Ginastera and Berg have done it by waving their arms by way of orchestral effects. But it is a feat. I have always hoped that Hugo Weisgall might someday carry it off, but his new atonal opera, "Nine Rivers from Jordan," which was given a première by the New York City Opera last Wednesday night at the State Theatre, is a total bust. I am told that the novel on which it is based has its good points, and the libretto, though its philosophy is ambiguous and its symbolism often incomprehensible, has a certain amount of theatrical flair. It is about a soldier of the Second World War who is, in some way, an avatar of Christ. He throws away his weapons on the advice of a woman who is an avatar of Lot's wife. He lets a German prisoner escape, and later he finds this German as a guard at the gates of a concentration camp named Todenwald, to which he has been led by Michelangelo's Pietà. A friend of the hero knocks the German out, and they liberate the inhabitants. Later, Michelangelo's Pietà, now also an avatar of Eve, presents the hero with a hand grenade disguised as an apple, and bids him find and kill the German, since, by some flight of illogic, the death of the German will absolve them all of guilt. But before he can nail the German, the latter accidentally blows himself up. Meanwhile, God becomes an avatar of a dubious character named Copperhead Kelly, who is himself an avatar of Judas. Get it? Neither did I, but I thought I might have if any words of the libretto had been intelligible. This libretto, by the way, was written in five different languages, but with Mr. Weisgall's music clouding every phrase, it might as well have been in Bantu, for in this work Mr. Weisgall seems to have no feeling whatever for the musical setting of language, and he is not even skillful as an atonalist. The high points of the evening, musically, were "Lili Marlene," which was sung over a radio set, and Mr. Weisgall's own setting of the "Song of the Afrika Korps," which was, surprisingly, not atonal at all, and quite likable.

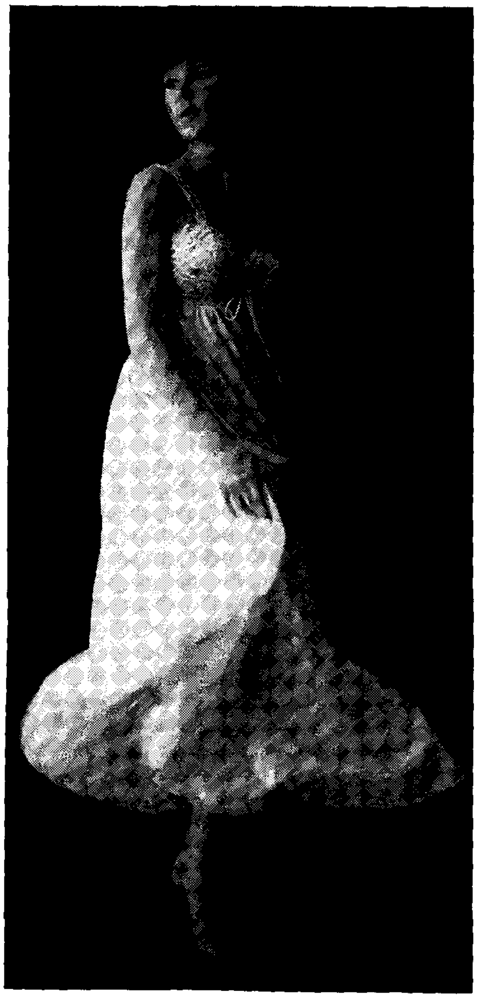


"Nine Rivers from Jordan" was given a splendid production, with scenery and lighting by Will Steven Armstrong. There was an interesting use of rear-screen photographic projections at the sides of the stage, and the direction, by Vlado Habunek, the costumes, by Jane Greenwood, and the choreography, by Maria Grandy, were all acceptable. I cannot make any judgment about the singers. They seemed adequate to Mr. Weisgall's conception, but what they were called upon to do can hardly be described as singing. Gustav Meier, a conductor new to the company, performed dutifully. By the time the last act came around, a good part of the audience had left. I applaud the New York City Opera's interest in new works, but not in works of this kind.

THE preceding Monday evening, the Metropolitan Opera revived Verdi's "Don Carlo," with Nicolai Ghiaurov in the role of Philip II, and the Finnish bass Martti Talvela making his Metropolitan début as the Grand Inquisitor. The other singers, more or less familiar in their roles, were Bruno Prevedi as Don Carlo, Robert Merrill as Rodrigo, Gabriella Tucci as Elizabeth of Valois, and Irene Dalis as Princess Eboli. The "Don Carlo" production, with staging by Margaret Webster, is the oldest in the Bing regime's repertory, and the movement onstage badly needs a refresher course, though to me the scenery is still presentable. The surprise of the evening was a conductor new to the Metropolitan—Claudio Abbado, on whose work I commented favorably a season ago, when he appeared with the New York Philharmonic. Mr. Abbado gave the score a crisp reading and showed a thorough acquaintance with the problems of this opera by helping several singers to appear at their best—notably Mr. Prevedi, who is apt to strangle in his upper register and to disappear almost completely at the top of it. Mr. Ghiaurov played King Philip more like a boulevardier than a tyrant, and he sang magnificently. This was a new kind of King Philip for the Met, and though Mr. Ghiaurov was far less sinister than Cesare Siepi used to be in the role, his performance was nevertheless entirely credible. Mr. Talvela has a big, booming bass voice and a six-foot-seven, two-hundred-odd-pound figure, I thought him slightly miscast. Miss Tucci was adequate, Mr. Merrill considerably more than that, and Miss Dalis, except for a flat high note in "O Don Fatale," sang quite well.

THE most interesting thing about last Thursday night's Philharmonic program in Philharmonic Hall was something called "Sinfonia," by Luciano Berio. I have been rather hard on Mr. Berio in the past, and, to be sure, the first two sections of "Sinfonia" sounded very much like superior sound effects to accompany a science-fiction television serial (electronic sounds were used, as well as those of the orchestra and those of the Swingle Singers, who sang syllables of the name Martin Luther King in various sequences). I could discover no formal coherence in these parts of the work. But for the third section Mr. Berio had concocted an absorbing collage, consisting of the scherzo and parts of the last movement of Mahler's Second Symphony, upon which were superimposed quotations from Samuel Beckett, Joyce, Harvard undergraduates, and the graffiti scrawled by Sorbonne students who were recently on the rampage in Paris. Naturally, Mahler's music contributed an enormous amount to the effect. For one thing, it provided Mr. Berio with a "beat"—the regular, throbbing rhythm that has been so conspicuously absent from the work of "serious" composers for fifty years, and that makes most rock music more moving than the electronic music of most "serious" composers today. But there were quotations from several other composers, too—most prominently from Strauss ("Der Rosenkavalier") and Ravel ("La Valse"). I am not sure about the aesthetic validity of this sort of thing. If the future of music is going to consist of salads tossed together with ingredients from the masterpieces of the past, it does not seem to me to be much of a future. But "Sinfonia" was undeniably effective in a theatrical way, and infinitely more skillful than Lukas Foss's recent lazy mutilations of masterpieces. Mr. Berio has succeeded in adding something of his own.

The work was preceded by Stravinsky's "Agon," which I found terribly dull without the ballet that is supposed to go with it, and it was followed by Beethoven's Fourth Concerto for Piano and Orchestra, with Eugene Istomin playing the piano part. Mr. Istomin is one of America's outstanding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pianists, but I did not find his playing on this occasion up to his familiar standard. There were several fumbles in the first movement, and there were several badly articulated scale passages in the cadenza of the same movement.

I WAS unhappy at the opening concert of the American Opera Society at Carnegie Hall last Friday night. The audience for this series, which was once one of the most sophisticated in town, has been gradually infiltrated by a sort of prizefight mob, which cares nothing about musical values and shouts itself hoarse over every instance of what it imagines to be a feat of vocalism. The opera was Verdi's "Nabucco." The only thing I could find worth shouting about was the sheer sonority of a bass named Luigi Roni, who did the role of Zaccaria, though, to be sure, the trusty Greek baritone Kostas Paskalis did his part as Nabucco well enough. Daniele Barioni, as Ismaele, managed to get over the notes of his role, but not in a particularly engaging manner. The lesser roles were all excellently handled by Louise Pearl, Jacklyn Schneider, Alan Ord, and Sidney Johnson. This leaves for consideration the star role of Abigaille, taken the other night by Elena Suliotis. Miss Suliotis is the possessor of a freakish voice that has enormous range, but it was so badly produced that her pianissimos sounded like the crooning of a little girl, and her fortissimos, especially in the upper register, were apt to sound like screaming rather than singing. A year ago, I was pleased that she could sing all the notes in Bellini's "Norma"—the first singer in my memory to do so since Maria Callas. But I noted at the time that this voice was going to wear out very soon. On Friday night, I thought I heard symptoms of damage—some imprecise intonation and some rather sloppy *fioritura*. I hope that I am mistaken. Carlo Felice Cillario conducted efficiently, but few of the principals bothered to look at him.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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THE OLYMPICS

MEXICO CITY, OCTOBER 12

THE mood of Mexico City on the eve of the Nineteenth Olympiad was typified when the Sixty-seventh Congress of the International Olympic Committee convened at the elegant Palace of Fine Arts on October 7th. Lining both sides of the broad stairway leading to the auditorium was an honor guard made up of, alternately, young women in pink-and-white striped outfits and steel-helmeted soldiers holding rifles with fixed bayonets. True, the soldiers were there in their ceremonial role as the official guard of Mexico's President Gustavo Diaz Ordaz, who opened the ceremony, but they couldn't help reminding onlookers of recent unhappy events in this now relatively serene and relatively festive metropolis. The girls reminded onlookers of how hard Mexico has been trying to make the Olympic Games agreeable. They were *edecanes*—a word for which "guides" is a fairly accurate but inadequate translation. There are twelve hundred *edecanes*, most of them female, and they are striped four different ways: pink and white for assisting members of the I.O.C., retired Olympic athletes, and special guests; blue and white for purveying general information; black and white for helping out around the "cultural" Olympic events that are accompanying the athletic Olympics; and orange and white for helping the press. All the *edecanes* are at least bilingual, and some know three or four languages; they have been in training since early spring; they are supposed to be familiar with every street and monument in the city, and sometimes go well beyond the call of duty. At the new velodrome the other day, for instance, a journalist asked some orange-and-white hoverers what sort of flowers had been used to create an Olympic symbol—the familiar five rings: blue, red, green, yellow, and what appeared to be black—that had been planted in the infield. The dahlia is Mexico's national flower, and is in full and fetching bloom this week in many colors, but these don't include black. Two *edecanes* crossed the track, narrowly missing being run down by scorching cyclists from Austria and Cuba, plucked a blossom from each ring (purple, it turned out, had been substituted for black), found someone who could identify the flowers, and returned with the information. They then gracefully offered the man who had asked the question the five flowers.

At the opening of the I.O.C. meeting, the American president, Avery Brundage—who is ramrod-straight at eighty-one and is beginning to seem as ageless as the gods of Olympus themselves—observed, not without satisfaction, that Mexico had managed to get the Olympics ready despite the grousers who had warned of altitude and bandits and sunburn and other local inconveniences. Moreover, he declared, Mexico was no longer the land of *mañana*. Brundage was right. Mexico, just before the games began, seemed to have won its own big event—what the head of its National Olympic Committee described as "a five-year marathon with high hurdles." At night, the big buildings along the Paseo de la Reforma glow with proud greetings to the visiting outside world. The National Lottery Building pays tribute to the Olympics and announces a fifteen-million-peso prize for a drawing on October 21st, when the more than seven thousand athletes assembled here will be competing for mere medals. On the façade of the Banco Internacional, a neon stalwart repeatedly flings a neon spear fifteen stories into the air. Even many of the billboards in town have undergone a face-lifting. During this month of hot competition for tourists' business, many advertisers have, with fine altruism, substituted non-commercial messages for their usual exhortations. "Everything is possible in peace," the passerby reads in a dozen languages. White doves are everywhere. There are even white doves on the insignia of the Olympic military detachment—men and women posted out at the Olympic Village. What other nation can claim to have adorned its soldiers with the dove of peace?

Yet if people here are relieved that the spectre of *mañana* has temporarily been exorcised, they are still a bit shaky over *ayer*—yesterday. For it was only a little more than a week ago, on October 2nd, at the Plaza of the Three Cultures, that somewhere between thirty-four and two hundred people (depending on whose statistics you accept) died when a student demonstration provoked soldiers into a ghastly spate of shooting. The following day, nobody knew whether there would *be* any Olympic Games, until the unflappable Mr. Brundage announced that his show would go on. The Mexicans who live in the government-subsidized high-rise apartment buildings that border the blood-soaked plaza were not so calm—especially those whose homes were broken into with blowtorches while they were out, in the days just after the shooting, by soldiers who were looking for hidden snipers' weapons and did not have the patience to wait for the occupants to come home. The occupants, like so many other

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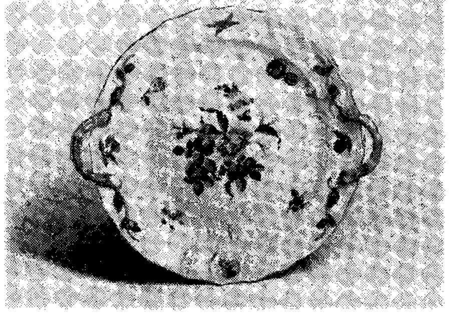

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residents of the city these past days, may well have been at some Olympic installation or other watching athletes practice. Tickets to the games have been expensive and hard to obtain, and for many Mexicans the only chance to see an athlete perform in the flesh was to watch him in training. The Mexicans would watch *anything*—Yugoslav bicyclists riding at half speed around a track, or Peruvian lady volleyball players practicing put-away shots. On the evening of October 9th, when the Russians decided to organize an informal swimming meet at the splendid new Olympic pool, the place was mobbed, and none of the spectators seemed to grumble much when the action started seventy minutes late. (*Mañana* may have been pretty well mauled, but there is still some life in it.) Mexicans who don't have tickets will have ample opportunity to watch the games on television, and, the way traffic has been building up, they may see more than the people trying to travel from one sports area to another will. Children are lucky; the educational calendar here is being revamped, so the schools won't open this year until November. (The student strike had nothing to do with it.) A number of factory owners have said they will shut down their plants during the two weeks of the games; they figure that will be simpler than trying to cope with mass absenteeism. In Mexico City's one English-language daily, the Berlitz School has inserted shamelessly commercial ads: "Improve your business during the Olympic Games—learn a new language during the business slowdown." The athletes of the hundred and fifteen teams here can take language or leave it alone; they communicate satisfactorily, as athletes always seem to, with smiles and nods and grunts and shrugs and nudges.

THERE is nothing terribly new about tying the arts in with the Olympics—in earlier years of this century, gold, silver, and bronze medals have been awarded concurrently with the games for poetry, sculpture, and the like—but for months now Mexico has been beating the drums for its cultural Olympics, telling the world, in effect, that this is the first Olympiad to feature both Mali and Dali. The international poets are supposed to gather here for twenty-five days this month, and thus will be formally involved longer than the international pole-vaulters. The Sports Palace, constructed for basketball, was officially opened this week by the "Bal-

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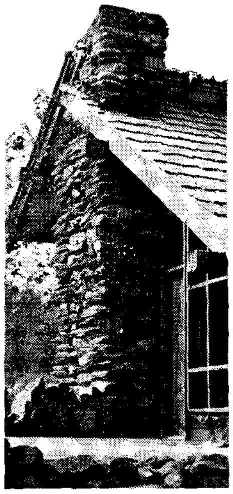

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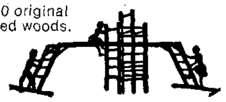

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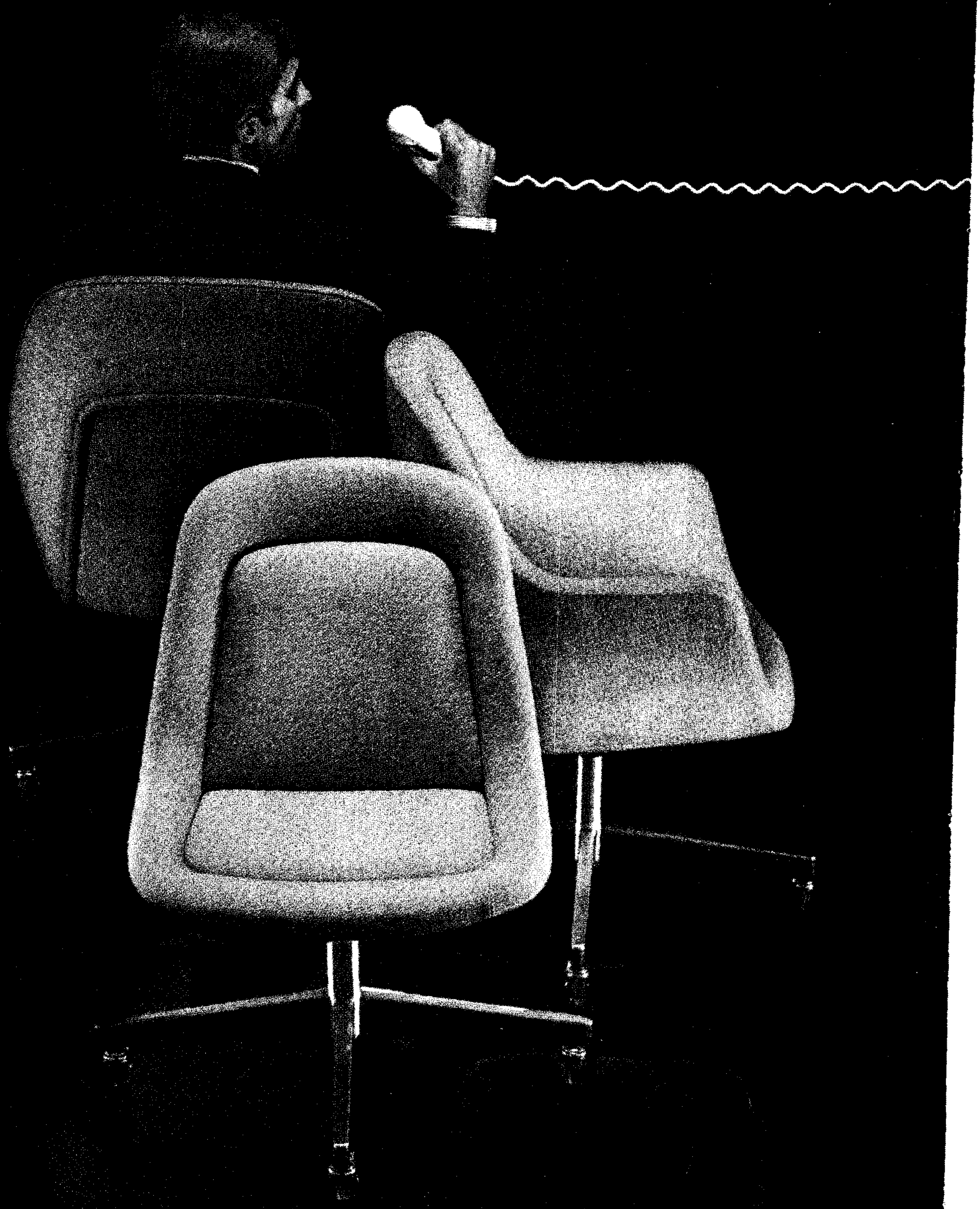

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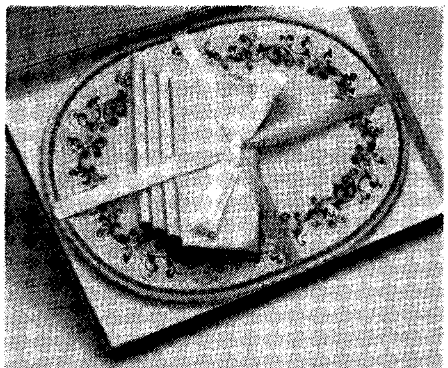

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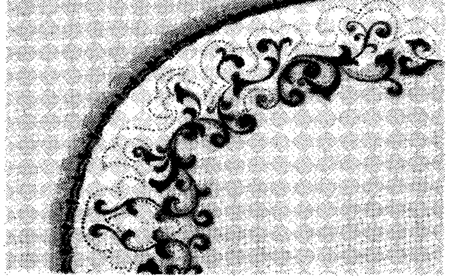

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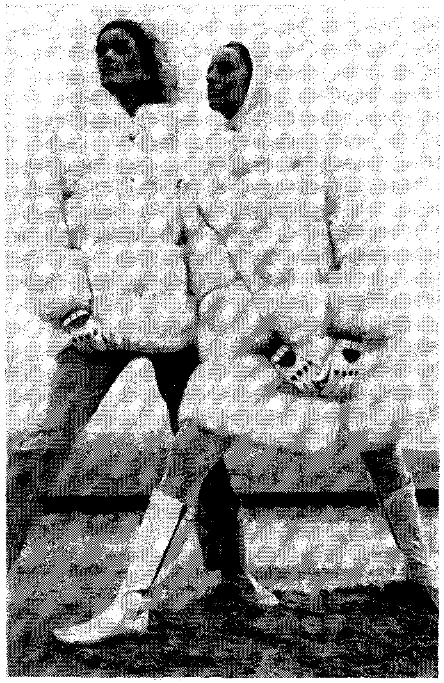
let of the Twentieth Century" from the Royal Mint Theatre of Brussels. Everybody in culture seems to have come to Mexico this year, from the Mormon Tabernacle Choir to Maurice Chevalier. Eighteen huge sculptures, concrete in substance, abstract in form, decorate the route to the Olympic Village. Several dozen pieces from Mr. Brundage's collection of Oriental art, none of them ever before exhibited outside the United States, are on display under, appropriately, Mexico's most famous cultural roof, that of the Museum of Anthropology—which was designed, all the more appropriately, by the architect Pedro Ramírez Vázquez, who was in charge of preparations for the games. Ramírez Vázquez has been turning up everywhere this week. He even took a hand in directing the movements of fourteen thousand young Mexicans who gathered in the Zócalo—the city's main square—Thursday morning in a colorful calisthenic tribute to a lot of Olympic athletes, who were vigorously applauded, and who applauded back. He also helped to stage-manage a hundred-odd children from some fifty countries who were participating in still another cultural enterprise, an international children's art festival. More than a thousand paintings by children from all over have been on display, and, in addition, those children who came here spent three merry, messy days painting eight-foot-high murals in a roped-off section of a public park. Doves predominated. Friendship and peace were supposed to be the basic themes, and when one youngster complained that another's work appeared to strike a wrong note, the second artist said indignantly, "That airplane is not dropping bombs. It's dropping doves."

The older, indigenous young people have also been painting—splashing angry slogans and blood-red "V"s on almost any surface they can lay a brush to. The government has been sending people around behind them to obliterate their protests, but it can't quite keep up with them. When, under the broad umbrella of the cultural Olympics, the United States unveiled a display whose central feature was an atoms-for-peace exhibit on the campus of the National Polytechnic Institute at Zacatenco, the exterior of the building that housed it proclaimed, in a bold, hasty scrawl, that the Mexican government should be overthrown and that the President was an assassin. A curious feature of the American show is a large-scale photographic reproduction of a mural by



American travel author, Temple Fielding, said of Copenhagen: "It's too good to be true". American women who know high fashion say the same of Birger Christensen furs. (No wonder we adore Americans.)

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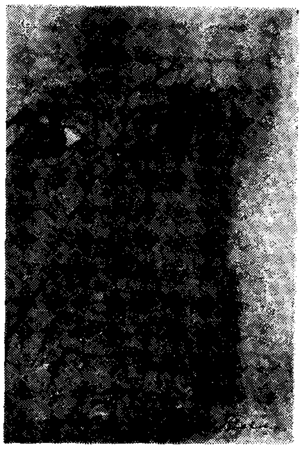
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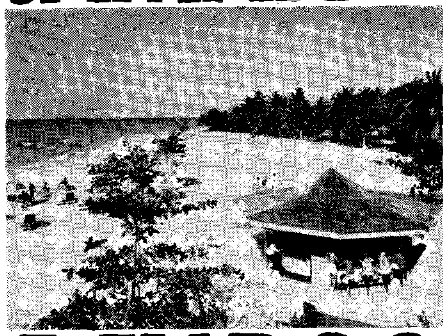
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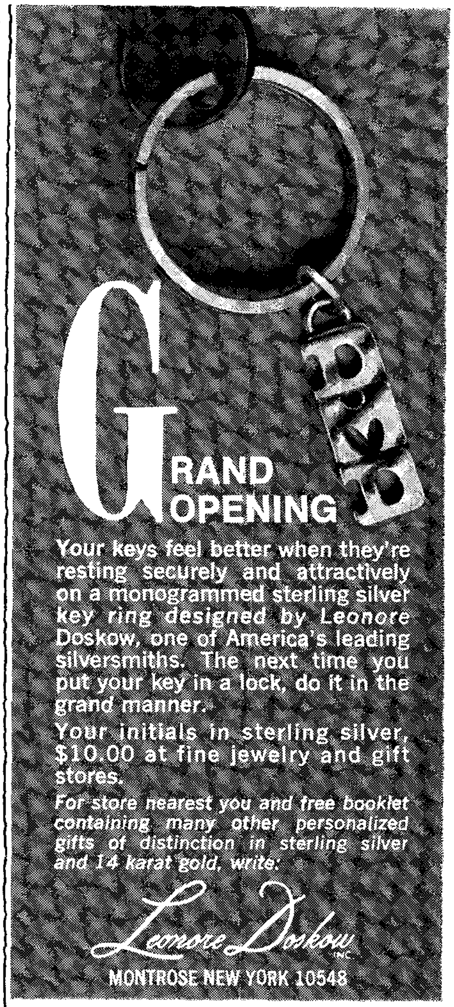
Diego Rivera showing a man who resembles John D. Rockefeller, Jr., holding a champagne glass while American workers riot on Wall Street for bread and Soviet workers bask in the glory of revolutionary life. To be sure, Rivera's daughter helped arrange the United States exhibit, but one would be hard put to it to relate the controversial old painting to either atoms or peace. The Russians, who might have enjoyed the mural most, weren't around when the show opened. They were supposed to have an atomic exhibit of their own, but whatever it was they meant to display hadn't been uncrated. Maybe they were concentrating on athletics.

"We are expected to settle the Chinese, South African, Korean, and German problems," Mr. Brundage told the delegates to the I.O.C. meeting. Nobody really expects the Olympics to do that; to impose a political Olympics on top of a conventional Olympics already crowned by a cultural Olympics would be too much. But it is hard to be in Mexico City now and think just of fun and games. The American shooting team had a press conference the other day, and the only matter that the journalists on hand seemed really interested in was the marksmen's attitude toward gun-control legislation. (Their attitude appeared to be not very different from that of the National Rifle Association.) The organizers of the Olympics have obviously given practical thought to avoiding ideological confrontations wherever possible. Thus, in the Olympic Village, representatives of East and West Germany occupy well-separated buildings, and Russia and Czechoslovakia have a lot of Pacific-island people between them. The track-and-field teams of Iran, Jordan, Lebanon, and the United Arab Republic have been training at the same time and place, but Israel is on another schedule. Czechoslovakia has not been training with any other Eastern European nation. Still, the Olympics are supposed to break down antagonisms, and maybe they do; when a Russian woman athlete who knew no language other than her own became separated from a group of friends in downtown Mexico City, she was rescued by the wife of a Czechoslovak diplomat, who escorted her back to the Village. Much attention has been focussed, understandably, on the Czechoslovak competitors. The graceful gymnast Vera Caslavska, who won a gold medal in Tokyo four years ago, was asked whether she resented competing against women from a country that had treated her own so high-handedly, and she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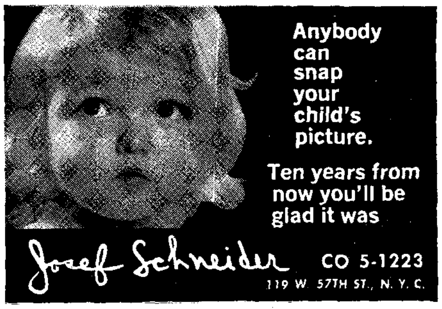
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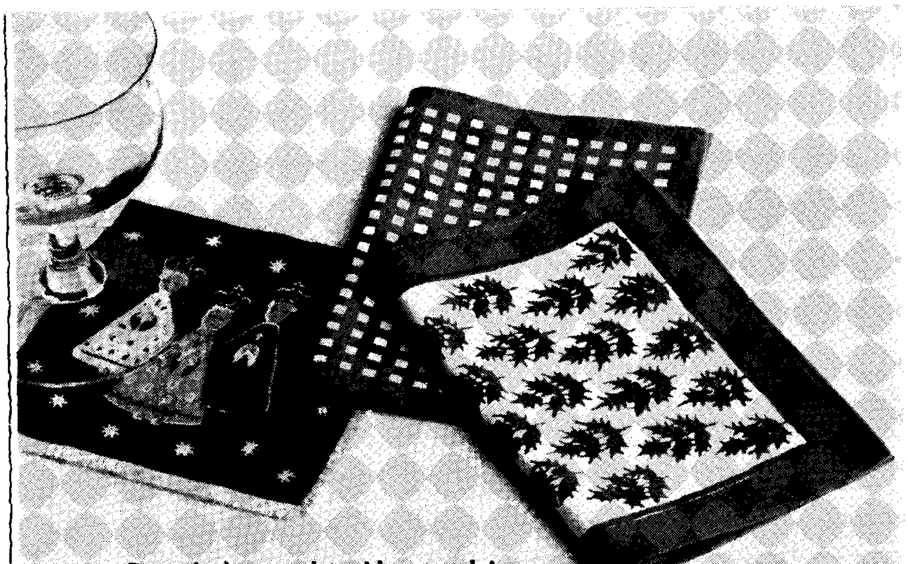
gave a graceful reply. "No athlete is responsible for the activities of his government," she said.

Miss Caslavska is one of the athletes here who would attract attention whatever their nationality. When she practices, all the other women in the gym stop to watch her, and when she has finished there are cries of "Bravo!" But she is mortal; almost before the applause ends, a Czech doctor or trainer grabs her wrist to check her pulse. The Czechs are the only people I have seen doing this, but concern about the effects of the altitude here on the athletes' well-being is, of course, universal. The Mexicans continue to be self-conscious about this, and they recently put out a report saying that the altitude would *improve* performances if the participants "safeguard their physical and moral condition, doing away with all fears." Roger Bannister, the first man to run the mile in less than four minutes, is now a doctor and is covering some of the medical aspects of the games for the London *Sunday Times*. He agrees with most people here that entrants in track events of less than eight hundred metres may well come up with extra-good times but he thinks that the longer-distance runners may be in for it. The I.O.C. decreed way back last spring that after July 12th competitors were to have no more than four weeks' training at high altitudes, including whatever time they spent here before the games. The British, having lost the Himalayas and having nothing at home higher than Ben Nevis, which is a mere forty-four hundred feet and craggy, have seemed put out by the Americans' use of our varied and rarefied heights. Some of the British correspondents here have suggested that the United States track-and-field team nay have circumvented the I.O.C. uling. There have been spirited pubic exchanges—the American defense igainst the charge being, in brief, that ilthough some *individuals* may have iad more high-altitude acclimatization han what was prescribed, the *team* iadn't. A few hours after this particuar rhubarb hit the Mexican papers, a 3ritish athlete approached an Amerian sprinter at the Olympic Village raining track and asked him how long ie had been in Nevada. "I was only here seven weeks," the American reied. "Some people were there four nonths." Perhaps the American was utting the Englishman on.

The Olympic Village has been magietic for Mexicans. Until it was closed o the public just the other day, they



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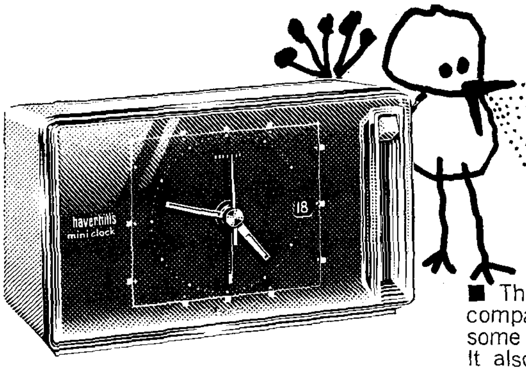

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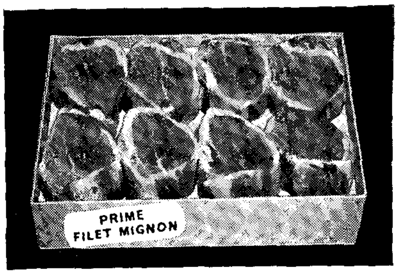

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would queue up for hours to take a ten-minute bus ride around its streets. They could be fairly certain of seeing something like a heel-and-toe walker going about his strange, awkward business, and if they were lucky they might recognize one of the heroes whose photographs have adorned their newspapers, such as the giant Russian basketball player, Vladimir Andreev, who tops seven feet. (One Mexican cartoonist drew a chap asking Andreev what *his* opinion was of the altitude.) The Village, which is to be converted into permanent housing for Mexicans, is an attractive enough area, and its momentary residents are on the whole pleased with it, though they've been complaining about inadequate telephone service and poor laundry facilities. The food looks good (in each of six dining halls on the premises is a big bin full of fresh fruit; it is not uncommon to see an athlete carrying off a bunch of bananas for an after-dinner snack), and there are several spots where soft drinks are dispensed free. I met a young American boxer who said ruefully that he was eight pounds overweight because of all the free Coke he'd consumed. Olympic athletes can be as naughty as kids. Of course, many of them *are* kids. As usual, the United States hopes to harvest a large crop of medals in the swimming events; only four of the twenty-nine members of its ladies'—or girls'—swimming team are out of their teens, and seven are all of fifteen. There is still a nice balance to things, though. This year, for the first time, the United States flag was carried in the opening-day ceremonies by a woman, and she, bless her, was an attractive forty-year-old fencer.

AMONG the questions on local minds these past forty-eight hours have been three big ones: Would the invincible Mr. Brundage be dethroned when the I.O.C. met to elect its president? The answer, after an undisclosed vote day before yesterday, was no; the International Olympic League has no Mickey Lolich. Second, would the precious Olympic flame arrive safely, and still flickering? (It had exploded in Spain, and everybody knows the risks of playing with fire.) And, third, would the opening go off without incident? (Despite assurances by representatives of both groups, neither Mexican students nor American Negroes had been wholly absolved of at least the capacity for some sort of unscheduled, disruptive action.) There were two chances for a spectacular, as it were, misfire while the flame was ap-

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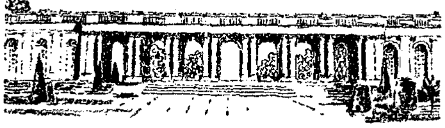

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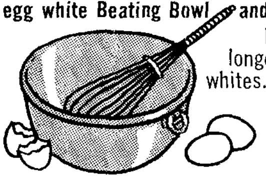

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proaching Mexico City. It had left Greece on August 25th and had arrived offshore at Veracruz on October 6th. There seventeen swimmers, symbolizing Mexico's seventeen coastal states, relayed it eight hundred and fifty yards to shore, surrounded by small boats and skin divers to repel sharks, to which these waters are hospitable. A thousand runners moved the legendary flame along to the legendary pyramids at Teotihuacán, thirty-one miles northeast of the capital, where swarms of people gathered Friday night to see it arrive. Some of them made a six-hour round trip to do so, and the ceremonies lasted only fifteen minutes. In a rehearsal on Wednesday, a torchbearer had slipped on the steep steps of the Pyramid of the Moon, and had trouble transferring his flame to a waiting censer after he reached his goal, but when the chips were down all went well. The program began with a colorful performance by still more schoolchildren—fifteen hundred of them, whose dancing on half a dozen pyramids and the huge open plaza they surround was vigorously applauded by hundreds of Olympic athletes. This international set led the crowd in what is fast becoming the local cheer: "ME-XI-CO!"—the three staccato syllables followed by three sharp handclaps, the routine repeated several times and climaxed by a language-barrier-breaking "*Rah, rah, rah!*"

Today was the big day—"a day of triumph," as Mr. Brundage called it, speaking in halting Spanish and appearing oblivious of some disrespectful whistles, at the opening ceremony. Even in ordinary years, Mexicans celebrate Columbus Day, which they call the Day of the Race, but this was something special. "GRANDIOSE" was the one-word headline spread across the front page of a local paper tonight. October weather is tricky here. Some years it rains, some years it doesn't. This has been a vexing month, with frequent showers. An hour before the opening ceremony began, there were dark clouds over the unroofed Olympic Stadium, and now and then they obliterated the hot autumn sun, but they dumped no rain. Obviously, the Mexicans couldn't control the weather, but they controlled the crowds, blocking off all access roads for a mile or more around the stadium except to official cars, buses, and axis. Soldiers were in evidence, some with tommy guns, but they seemed relaxed; yesterday the students' strike committee had reiterated its earlier tatements that it planned no disturb-

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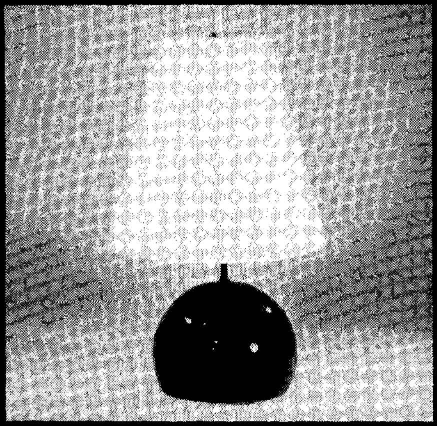

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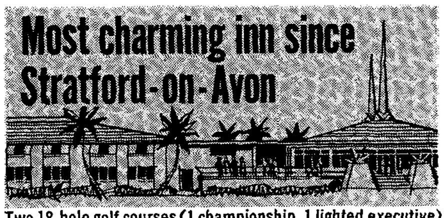
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ances, and there were none. Before the traditional inaugural rites got under way, still more young girls danced, and some skipped rope—so agilely that if medals were awarded for that, the host nation would be sure of a handful. The Olympic Stadium is also the setting for the track-and-field events, and along the perimeter of the track flocks of balloons were cached under canvas, and what were said to be ten thousand pigeons—a reasonable approximation of doves—fluttered restlessly in a hundred and fifty cages. The Mexicans had become so confident of their stage management by this time that they were announcing that the official program (rope-skippers not included) would last precisely two hours, eight minutes, and fifteen seconds—or almost exactly four minutes less than the Olympic record set for the marathon in Tokyo by Ethiopia's Abebe Bikila. For a sometime *mañana* country to use seconds in pretiming a complicated business involving thousands of participants—and without allowing for applause—was bold indeed, but even so the proceedings ended up only thirty-three minutes four-odd seconds late. (I had no finely calibrated stopwatch.) The entrance of the competitors was, as always, the high point. A hundred and eleven delegations paraded into the stadium. (For one reason or another, Congo Kinshasa, Gabon, North Korea, and Togo, though all here, didn't parade.) It is always a stirring sight to see so many scattered political entities represented *anywhere*, and this was no exception. The costumes were varied and sometimes dazzling. The Austrians and the male Bulgarians, probably without ulterior motives, wore television-blue shirts, and the Bulgarians of both sexes carried roses, which they now and then flung at the spectators. The Rumanians carried small Rumanian flags, the Spanish carried Spanish flags, the Cubans, the Peruvians, and at least one South Vietnamese carried small Mexican flags (the spectators gave the Vietnamese unusually warm acclaim), and the U.S.S.R. team tactfully waved two kinds of colors—the Mexicans' and their own. The three-man Liechtenstein team caught the fancy of the crowd by wearing sombreros; Luxembourg, marching behind Liechtenstein, looked staid and envious. The Mongolian flagbearer chose to appear in a striking native costume—half naked, with sturdy boots and a flowing pink cape, an outfit all the more distinctive because the rest of the Mongolians were

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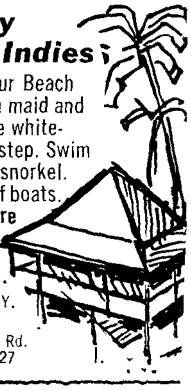
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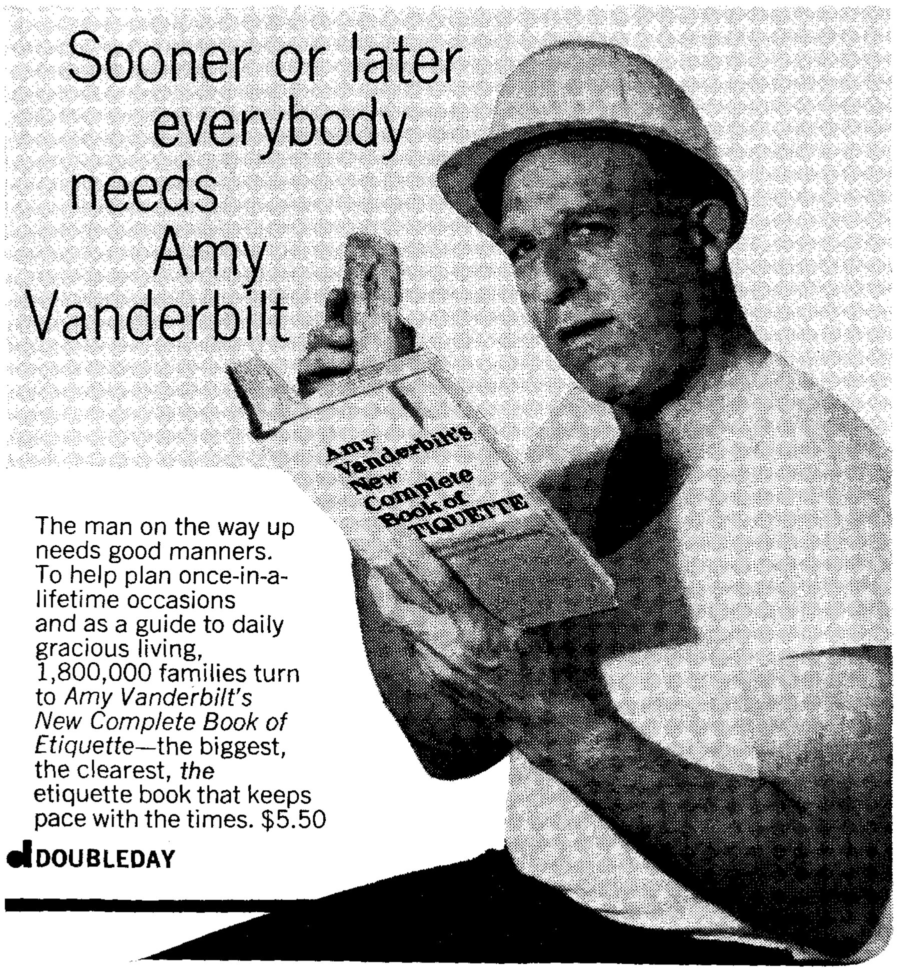
in plain business suits. Some Nigerian women marched in high heels, some in sandals. Except for the Mexicans, who, as the host country, entered the arena last, the biggest ovation from the whole crowd—in part a standing ovation—went to Czechoslovakia, for self-evident political reasons. Since the countries marched in alphabetically—except for Greece, which, whatever *its* politics, got to march in first because it invented the whole idea—the Russians had not yet entered the stadium when the Czechs were so pointedly hailed, and did not have to react. The biggest ovation from any single part of the crowd went to the Japanese. As they passed one section of the stands, a mass of Japanese flags erupted, adoringly waved by the astonishing numbers of their countrymen who are here. (There are even Japanese *edecanes*.) As the flags unfurled, they made those of us who were in Tokyo four years ago almost feel back at that Olympic home.

The United States has the most athletes here: four hundred and eighty-four by the latest count. (Surinam has the fewest—one.) When the American team marched in, there was inevitable speculation about how its Negro members might behave. Some United States officials were obviously edgy about this; when they were asked earlier in the week how many blacks there were on our track-and-field team, they professed not to know. About twenty-five per cent, they finally said, though it is hard to see why they shouldn't have known; a woman with a very fine necklace would surely know how many diamonds there were in it. Most of the American Negroes themselves had seemed unruffled by all the talk of what they might or might not do. I tried one day to get a black boxer to talk about protests, but all he wanted to talk about was how his coach had been urging him to keep his hands up. "If somebody wants to do something up in the United States, let them do it there," he said. "I don't see why they should bring that sort of thing down here. I can't wait to get back home so they can see me fight with my hands up." Still, there had been rumors that when the American team marched in all the blacks would be together. This turned out not to be so at all, and only a very few blacks stayed away—among them the ebullient sprinter John Carlos, who to date has been taciturn about his motives. All he would say tonight was "I didn't care to march." The only segregated marching I saw involved snob sports: the equestrians of Chile and the yachtsmen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of Canada, Great Britain, Hong Kong, and the Netherlands walked by themselves and wore costumes slightly different from those of their fellow-countrymen.

After the smartly dressed—and, for the most part, smartly stepping—athletes had marched around the four-hundred-metre track and had assembled in midfield—there are 7,935 of them here as of this evening, outnumbering by more than two thousand those who were in Tokyo—the rest of the show went briskly and, in a way, anticlimactically. The Mexicans had added some ginger by selecting as their final torchbearer a woman—Norma Enriqueta Basilio, a twenty-year-old track contestant—and although she had hurt her leg badly enough a few days earlier in hurdles practice to miss a press conference, she carried out her assignment without faltering as she scrambled to the top of the stadium and lit the censer there. The official Olympic flag was then passed ceremoniously from Japan to Mexico, and the balloons went up, some of them lodging in a light tower. The pigeons were released, and all got away nicely, except one, which settled in front of some athletes and was deftly captured by, of all people to seize a fowl, a man from Guinea. The athletes moved out, and on the stadium's big electronic scoreboard, which had been performing erratically all morning, there appeared, firm and clear in three languages, the words "We offer and desire friendship with all the peoples of the world."

As I was driving away from the stadium, my eye was diverted from a handsome, stately bed of dahlias by a young man scrawling something on a wall. What was it going to be, I wondered as I drew close: "Down with the police"? "Kill the C.I.A."? He turned out to be decorating the side of a private house with the five Olympic rings. For him, as for so many of the rest of us, the games were formally under way.

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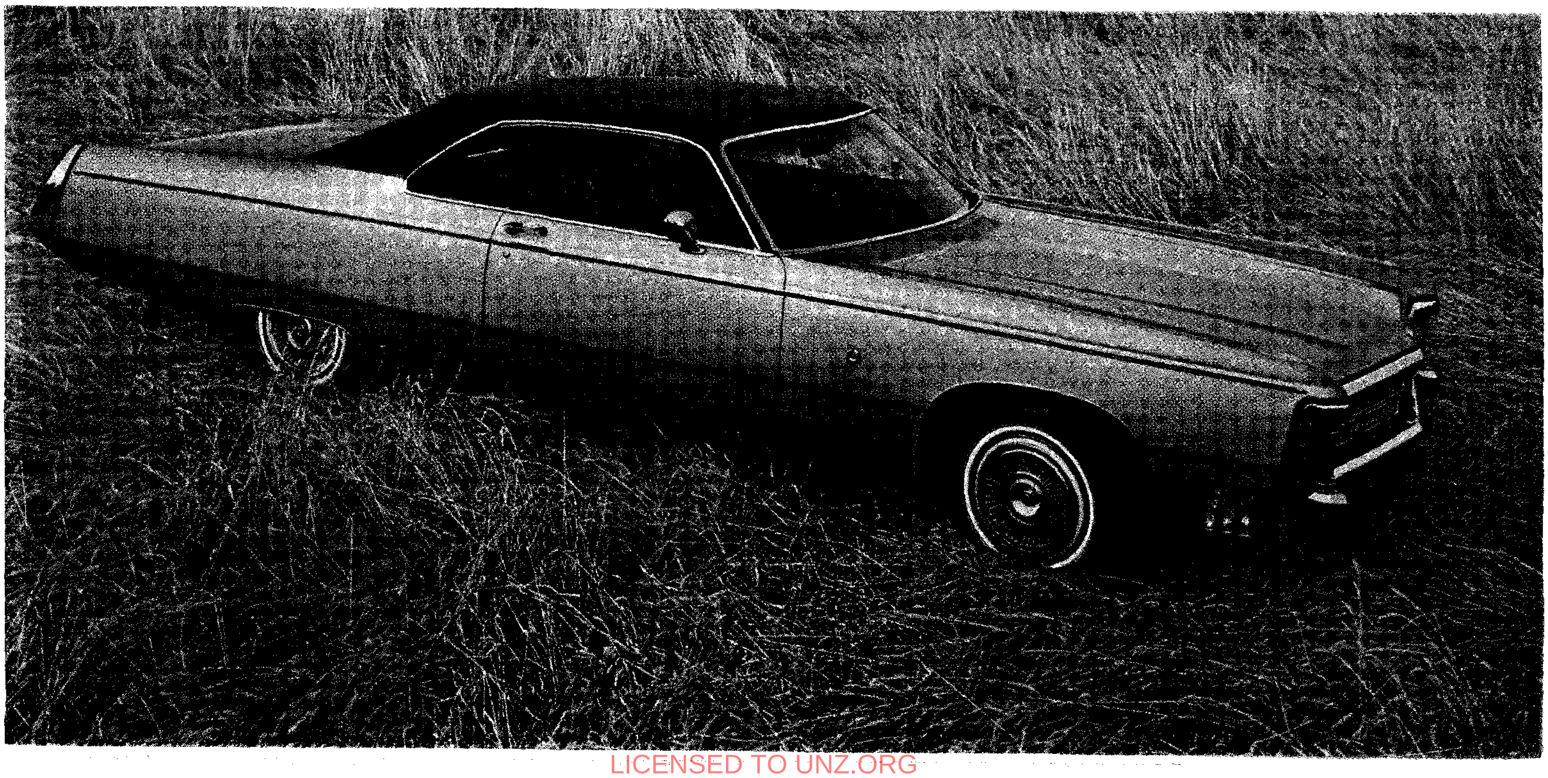

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